

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

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Winter 1949

Annual Report, *Leopoldo B. Uichanco*
The Discovery of Gold in California, *Dean Albertson*
The Twilight of the Printed Book, *George R. Stewart*
Rodeo Parade [A Poem], *Robert A. Hume*
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The Ballads of Australia, *Brian Elliott*

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THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

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PUBLISHED FOR THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES
OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES BY

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THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS

LEOPOLDO BANCAIN UICHANCO ("Annual Report" [of the College of Agriculture, University of the Philippines]) has been dean of the College of Agriculture, University of the Philippines, since 1939. For the twenty-one years preceding, he served on the faculty of the University, the last ten of them as head of the Department of Entomology.

Dean Uichanco was Philippines fellow at Harvard from 1919 to 1922, has served on the editorial board of the *Philippine Journal of Science*, has edited the *Philippine Agriculturist*, is now chairman of the Section of Entomology of the National Research Council of the Philippine Islands. He was a delegate for the Philippines at the Fourth International Conference on Locust Control, in Brussels, and the Seventh International Congress of Entomology, in Berlin, in 1938. Even with all of this activity, however, it is doubtful whether, at any time, he has made a contribution to education, and to the cause of free men as well, more important than in his steady, self-forgetful struggle to protect his institution from the three forces which threatened it—the Japanese, the bandits, and finally the American soldiery.

DEAN ALBERTSON ("The Discovery of Gold in California as Viewed by New York and London") carried on his early studies in American history at the University of California, interrupted those studies to serve as a Naval Air Corps fighter pilot during the war, and since the war has taught American history at the University of California, Berkeley, and at New York University. He is now completing the work for his Doctorate at Columbia University.

GEORGE R. STEWART ("The Twilight of the Printed Book"), professor of English at the University of California, is the author of *Storm, Names on the Land, Man: An Autobiography, Fire*, and many other books and articles. He has been one of the editors of *The Pacific Spectator* since the quarterly's founding.

ROBERT A. HUME ("Rodeo Parade"), associate professor of English at the University of Nevada, is the author of "Homage to Henry Adams," which appeared in the summer 1948 issue of *The Pacific Spectator*. As noted in that issue, his poems have appeared in many quarterlies and in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

W. STULL HOLT ("Uncle Sam as Deer, Jackal, and Lion") is professor of American history at the University of Washington. He is the author of several books, one of which, *Treaties Defeated by the Senate*, is concerned with the foreign relations of the United States. During World War I, he was in the air over France for two years, and during World War II, he was for three years in a chair on the ground in England, France, and other parts of Europe. "These five years in uniform in Europe at war," he writes "constitute so significant a portion of my adult life that no other explanation is necessary to account for my interest in international relations."

THOMAS A. BAILEY ("Russian-American Relations: Legend and Fact"), professor of history at Stanford University, is the author of "Finnish Facts," which appeared in the summer 1947 issue of *The Pacific Spectator*. As noted in that issue, Professor Bailey is the author of many books and articles, of which *The Man in the Street: The Import of American Public Opinion on Foreign Policy* is the latest.

The article here published is a partial preview of a forthcoming book tentatively entitled, *Czars and Commissars: An Analysis of American Attitudes Toward the Russians*.

HARRY C. BAUER ("Books at the University of Washington") is director of libraries and professor of librarianship at the University of Washington.

Mr. Bauer entered upon library work at the St. Louis Public Library in 1920, later joining the staff of the University of Missouri Library. From 1934 to 1942 he organized and administered the Technical Library of the Tennessee Valley Authority, his services there being interrupted by the war. During the war, in which he served as a major in the Army Air Forces, he was awarded the Air Medal, the Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart.

Mr. Bauer has been on the staff of the University of Washington Library since 1945 and director of libraries since 1947.

JOHN A. LYNCH ("The Surgeon"), answering an editorial request for biography, says of himself, "graduated from the University of Notre Dame . . . served with the infantry of the Eighty-eighth Division in Italy, was wounded. Since my discharge have been in and out of three universities, attending writing classes. Presently hold a fellowship in creative writing at Stanford." Work by Mr. Lynch is included in *Prize Stories of 1947* and *Best American Stories of 1948*.

(Continued on page 124)

EDITORIAL

Lately we have been giving a great deal of thought to this matter of poetry. If we are to be a quarterly for the humanities, certainly we must be a quarterly for poetry also, since poetry lies right at the center of the humanities. Nevertheless, during our first year, we published no poetry at all, not feeling sure of ourselves. This was, we admit, a pusillanimous policy, but then "pusillanimous" means "having the mind of a small child," and during our first year we were naturally nothing but a small child.

In our second year, we began to grow up. We gratefully published a sheaf of poetry collected by Miss Rukeyser. Thus we, so to speak, hid behind her skirts and called out, "Don't throw that brick, there's nobody here but Miss Rukeyser!" Then, under cover of Miss Miles's excellent essay, we published more poetry, this time selected by her. But finally, in our seventh issue, we actually published some poems for which we ourselves took responsibility.

Now, for some reason—perhaps it is because they are so sensitive—poets and poetry lovers are likely to be somewhat irritable. Our first venture into poetry brought them swarming out, as if that brick which

we have just imagined being heaved at Miss Rukeyser had actually lit in a hornets' nest. We are not going to go over the letters that reached us and discuss their comments, good and bad. There was, however, one specific suggestion offered, and that one we should like to consider.

This rather uncomplimentary suggestion was that we should appoint for ourselves a poetry editor, a carefully chosen specialist who would know about modern poetry, about all its currents—its crosscurrents, countercurrents, and undercurrents. Obviously, this suggestion of a special editor for poetry assumes that we are not ourselves fit to choose it.

Now as to our being unfit to choose the poetry—and the prose too, for that matter—we are inclined to agree. After editing a quarterly for two years, we are nothing if not modest. On the other hand, this idea of having a specialist as a poetry editor did not appeal to us either, and our thoughts were led off into various digressions.

For instance, we began to think about the great novelists of the last century—Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith, George Eliot, Scott, even Dickens. They were primarily prose writers, all of them, and yet

they enjoyed poetry and enjoyed writing it, and several of them wrote distinguished poetry. What has happened in the meantime? Why can't prose and poetry still walk hand in hand, still work harmoniously for the general good and pleasure of humanity? Why must they be considered, as it were, natural enemies?

So we thought, and then a great light came to us. "No," we said, more in courage than in defiance, we hope, "no, we are not going to have a poetry editor, and yet we are going to go ahead and publish poetry. We hope, indeed, that we shall be able to publish a great deal of it."

Moreover, we have arrived at a criterion. We are going to judge poetry by the same standards that we use for prose.

Please lay down that brick for a moment, until we can explain. We think that this has some points. We think that it will work for the good of *The Pacific Spectator* and possibly even for the good of poetry on the Pacific Coast.

Now, let us explain what standards we use to judge prose. There are two of them. First, we try to see whether the contribution says something which is interesting and sufficiently important to pass on to our readers; by "interesting," we mean informative or pleasing, or even amusing or uplifting. Second,

we ask of the contribution whether it says its something well.

All right then—we are going to do the same with poetry. We are not going to let ourselves go into a flurry because the lines stop halfway across the page, and we are not going to be overawed by any tradition of the divine frenzy whether based upon Apollo or upon Freud. We are also not going to be concerned with spondees, tetrameters, symbols, free association, idiom-of-our-time, or any of those hundred other things. No, we are just going to ask of poetry as we ask of prose—does it say something interesting and important, and does it say that something well?

From this major decision follows a corollary. We have used the word "say" and thus, of course, have tied ourselves to the idea of communication. Naturally, we have heard that modern dictum, "The artist expresses; he does not communicate." As it happens, we believe in this dictum, and believe in it most strongly. Also, however, we believe that, unless the artist chooses or happens to express himself in some such way as also to communicate, his expression is of no importance to others, however significant it may be to his own psyche. This belief, therefore, lets us out from printing mere exercises of formal virtuosity, ingenious verbal gymnastics, and private

codes composed of personal symbols.

On the other hand, we interpret "interesting" and "important" very freely. An extremely personal reaction, the struggle within a sensitive mind for unity, the expression of a private and unique emotion or reaction—any of these may be interesting and important, especially if they are expressed with some approach to universality, and always provided that they establish communication with others.

We are hopeful. We hope that this policy may do a lot. First, it may bring a great deal to our readers. Second, the promulgation of this policy here may bring in to us the work of many new poets. By new poets, we do not necessarily mean young poets, although we hope that there will be plenty of them also. But we have a theory that many sensitive and thoughtful people — professors, physicians, bankers—have written poetry in the last few years and laid it aside in the drawer. They did not like to

submit their thoughts to the chance of being rebuffed by the highly specialized magazines that generally deal in poetry, and they were perhaps overawed by some of the modern criticism of poetry.

We have another hope also, that of possibly bridging a gap. Poets and readers of poetry have been going off more and more by themselves and growing more and more specialized. We remember that after the poetic renaissance of 1912, poetry moved toward a larger and larger circle of readers for a while, but in the 1920's the trend set in the other direction and has set that way more and more strongly. Such splits, we believe, are bad—they result in a kind of cultural schizophrenia.

So we are not going to look for a poetry editor. Having a poetry editor could only result, we believe, in further separation and specialization. We are going to try this new policy, and we have hopes for it. Possibly, we may help a little to bridge or to fill the gap.

ANNUAL REPORT *

Leopoldo Bancaín Uichanco

The President
University of the Philippines
Manila

SIR:

HEREWITH IS SUBMITTED the annual report of the College of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June 4, 1946. Attempts have been made to include part of the record of the College from the outbreak of the war. Because all the official documents were lost when the Japanese burned the campus on February 26 and 27, 1945, a large portion of the material herein presented has had to be reconstructed from memory. Records in the hands of private persons, including diaries as well as published reports, were utilized as far as these were available.

After the Japanese occupied Manila on January 2, 1942, and began to overrun the Philippines, an atmosphere of suspense pervaded the campus. We had read and heard much about the rape of Nanking and other Japanese atrocities in China. Those left behind in the College had difficulty deciding whether to stay or to run away. However, if we ran away then, where could we go that would be safer than the College or at least not equally dangerous? Likewise, we did not know at that time that the USAFFE forces

* The full title of this article is "The Annual Report of the Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of the Philippines, 1946." The report was obtained for *The Pacific Spectator* by Edwin Bingham Copeland of Berkeley. It is published (in shortened form) with the consent of the writer and of President Gonzales of the University of the Philippines. Of it, Mr. Copeland said, "You would not want most deans' reports, but this one is unusual. Most deans are not tortured and sentenced to death. They do not keep their colleges in function through years of enemy occupation, nor finally see them sacked. . . . This seems to me to be a remarkable historical document." The editors of *The Pacific Spectator* are in hearty agreement.

had already retreated to Bataan and Corregidor for their last stand, and, in our own uninformed way of reasoning, we felt that fighting with the Japanese might take place almost anywhere but on College grounds, where no sensible army would care to bottle itself up. Furthermore, desertion of the campus by faculty members would give a field day to looters, who would make away with our animals, crop seeds, valuable plants, machinery, laboratory apparatus, books, and furniture, and in a short time undo all the work of the College in its thirty-two years of existence. As a matter of fact, armed bands of looters wanted to force their way through the College gate on the evening of January 2. They were repelled by our own men, who were mostly stranded students, taken in to serve as volunteer guards.

Technically, the College remained open even during those chaotic days. Animals and crops had to be taken care of, and thesis students had to attend to their experimental cultures. The College, however, was not formally reopened until January 23, 1942, with the establishment of the Philippine Executive Commission. Under the new regime, most of us were in a quandary as to what to do. Should we reopen the College and in this way co-operate with the enemy? In the belief that the war would be but short-lived, we decided to reopen if only to save intact the plant of the institution. Word was soon received from Manila that we were not to teach English in any form. This order solved a difficult problem, because all of our American professors of English had gone away by then and the lone Filipino faculty member on the campus who could teach English refused to teach it, doubtless because of fear of possible consequences to himself. We accordingly instituted courses in Spanish and German to take the place of English. There happened to be faculty members who were able and willing to teach these two languages. It was, however, a revelation when the chief educational adviser of the Japanese Military Administration, Mr. Y. Utiyama, visited the College for the first time on August 21, and, after pointing out to me that the College had no business being open because it had not yet secured a permit from him, asked, "Who told you

to teach Spanish? 'Who told you to teach German?'" I told him about the instructions from Manila prohibiting the teaching of English. Then he said, "Until you can have a working knowledge of the Japanese language, you will still need English in your instruction and research. Therefore, you should teach English, and not Spanish or German. 'But you may teach only English reading; no composition, no grammar. However, before a student can graduate from your College, he must know Japanese.'" Hence, we reinstituted English in the curriculum; but there cropped up the new problem of teaching the Japanese language. None in the entire municipality of Los Baños knew Japanese, except two Japanese civilians of long residence in the Philippines, who were, however, only half-educated and were almost illiterate even in their language.

This business of trying continuously to give at least an outward semblance of co-operation with the Japanese was difficult and exhausting to most of us. It also proved dangerous as time went on. After the liberation, I was told by Mr. Domingo Nolasco, of the School of Forestry, one of the guerrilla officers, that I for one had been a marked man among the guerrillas, many of whom by coincidence were my own faculty members and students, primarily because of the programs which from time to time I was required by the Manila authorities to hold. These programs included an obligatory salute to the Imperial Palace and prayer for the success of the Greater East Asia war. I was not finally cleared of suspicion by the guerrillas until I was tortured and sentenced to death by the Japanese in August 1943 for guerrilla activities, among other accusations.

In the first few weeks after the reopening of the College, instruction was further handicapped by the fact that few faculty members were on the campus. Many who had evacuated did not return to their posts until later and quite a few chose not to return. Moreover, for four months, from January to April, 1942, we received no salaries. When the salaries for these four months

finally did come in April, the amount was one-half that of our prewar rate, and largely in Japanese occupation money. This bogus currency was then already negotiable anywhere in occupied Philippines, owing to the threat of Japanese bayonets. One interesting sequel was that many long-standing accounts with the College and the Cooperative Store were quickly paid by the debtors in an effort to rid themselves of the worthless money before the Americans could recapture the Philippines, which everybody thought would come soon.

Life on the campus was superficially quiet although certainly other than normal. A spirit of uneasiness prevailed, particularly because of much-reduced income, the mounting cost of living, and the general sense of insecurity. A number of faculty members and employees had to look for other means to meet their living expenses, largely in the form of one commercial venture or another. Private business of this kind necessarily affected instruction and scholarship in the College, but it had to be tolerated, except in extraordinarily flagrant cases, because of the difficult condition of the time.

Further adversely affecting scholarship was the fact that there was little or no money left for supplies; and items such as stationery, chemicals, and fertilizers were either unavailable or were very difficult to obtain. The influx of scientific literature, which, prior to the war, had streamed into the College in lusty freshets, largely in the form of exchanges with the College journal, *The Philippine Agriculturist*, stopped abruptly with the outbreak of the war. The local body of scientists thus became an intellectual derelict during the three dark years of Japanese occupation. As if these difficulties were not enough, many factors operated from time to time which tended to destroy the College or at least weaken it to near impotence. A bureau director, who incidentally was an alumnus of this College, tried to take advantage of his strong position with the Japanese and appropriate most of the farm lands of the College to establish therein for his bureau a central experiment station. Another alumnus, who, in addition, was a former faculty member, very nearly succeeded

in securing through the Japanese authorities the best rice lands in the Experiment Station of the College for the use of a Manila entity to which he had recently transferred. Fortunately, both attempts at dismembering the institution were successfully thwarted, but our ex-professor was not to rest content until he could do the College harm. He surreptitiously offered a number of the members of our teaching staff positions in his office at much higher salaries; he succeeded in inducing a few of them to leave Los Baños and in creating a general air of discontent among those left behind. This discontent was particularly aggravated by an order from the Commissioner of Education to reduce the faculty of the College to one-half, following adverse reports made by the Japanese educational advisers that the College had then but a small enrollment and that it was not doing its work properly. This order, however, was fortunately never carried out.

But what affected the activities of the College most was the setting up of the internment camp for Allied nationals on the College campus in May 1943. This internment camp was located on the students' campus and the Experiment Station grounds to the north of the road. The area thus occupied was fenced and made inaccessible to civilians. Many valuable trees were cut along the fences and the decapitated trunks utilized as fence posts. Splendid age-mellowed specimens in the orchard were sacrificed for use as firewood for the Japanese and internees. What little freedom had been left on the campus was suddenly curtailed by the Japanese garrison that was stationed there to guard the internees. There were frequent calls on the College for chairs, desks, tables, beds, iceboxes, and other pieces of furniture for use of the Japanese officers and men. Our College infirmary was given three days to vacate its building because it happened to be located on the site of the internment camp, and we had to give it much less satisfactory accommodation in some of the rooms in the Rural High School building. The now depleted stock of medicines was frequently drawn upon for use in the camp. Seeds and other planting materials, farm implements, and work

animals were, likewise, requested from us from time to time. The recuperative camp which by then had been shoved over to the Protestant Mission compound adjoining the College campus, continued to cut, likewise, into the slim resources of the College.

Almost daily, Japanese and Taiwan soldiers from Los Baños and elsewhere, and later from the internment camp itself, descended on the College to help themselves to bamboos; iron roofing which they detached from the roofs, lumber, furniture, fruits that we were making observations on, and even live pigs and chickens. A Japanese civilian, Mr. W. Utino from Los Baños, who had been in the Philippines for a few years as a small innkeeper, was making increasing demands on the College for milk, meat, and eggs, allegedly for the Japanese Military Hospital in Los Baños but actually largely for sale in his food shop in town. Representations made with the hospital authorities to reduce the order were only temporarily successful because Mr. Utino got in touch with more powerful Japanese officers whom he once had brought to the College to scold us for non-co-operation.

An illuminating incident occurred which might be cited to illustrate the difficulty in warding off raids on College property by the Japanese. A report was given to me by the faculty members-in-charge that Japanese soldiers attached to the internment camp had stolen a Berkjala pig from the College pens. I accordingly went to the captain, with Mr. Kogiso to serve as my interpreter, and complained about the case. I pointed out to him that these pigs were valuable, not as mere pigs, but as scientific material representing some twenty-five years of work. The captain resented my remark and told me in no uncertain terms that I was lying, because no Japanese soldier ever stole. They did not steal, he added, because Japanese military discipline was very strict and every soldier knew that the punishment for stealing was death. My complaining faculty members were then called and, strangely enough, when confronted by the irate captain, their declaration, which had not been put in writing, took a blander form—that two soldiers went with ropes to the pen and, without

asking permission, started to catch a pig. Because that particular pig was the prize of the lot, they ran to the soldiers and dissuaded them from taking it, at the same time offering another one in its place. Technically, therefore, the soldiers did not steal the pig; the pig was given to them (although the original intention was to steal). I accordingly had to offer my apology to the captain and retire in embarrassment, but I believe I accomplished my purpose in preventing any further raids on the hog pen.

One of our most difficult problems proved to be that in connection with firearms. As early as January 4, 1942, the very first group of Japanese to visit the campus after Japanese occupation of the Philippines was a truckload of soldiers from the Biñan garrison. They were accompanied by Mr. H. Monden, a Japanese civilian of many years' residence of Los Baños, who acted as their interpreter. They asked me to surrender the R.O.T.C. firearms. I explained to them that the R.O.T.C. organization in Los Baños had never been under the administrative control of the dean of the College of Agriculture and that, when the Army training camp was closed in December, none of their firearms had been handed to me or to any other responsible College official. I added that I supposed that each Army trainee took his equipment along with him when he joined the Army. The Japanese soldiers thereupon made a minute search of Baker Hall, where the R.O.T.C. armory was located, and found nothing, except a set of musical wind instruments of the R.O.T.C. band, which, however, they did not take away with them. As I was to learn after the Japanese had left, a large cache of these R.O.T.C. rifles, numbering some six hundred pieces, had been left behind on the campus and hidden right in Baker Hall itself, under the theater stage. Some of the former trainees among the students who for some reason could not join the Army and were left behind discussed the situation with me. We realized the danger to us and to the College of continuing to hide the firearms on the campus, but at the same time we could not in our conscience surrender them to the Japanese, who in turn might use them

against our own brothers in the USAFFE forces in Bataan and Corregidor. Fearing that another search would be made in Baker Hall, we lost no time in transferring the firearms to safer hiding places. As matters turned out later, however, we made a serious miscalculation; we had assumed from the start absolute loyalty and over-all anti-Japanese sentiment among our own people. Within two or three weeks after Japanese occupation, fellow Filipinos, some of them formerly connected with the College in one capacity or another, and therefore with ample chance to familiarize themselves with the internal working on the campus, turned out to be in the employ of the Japanese military authorities as "special agents." The harmful activities of the Ganaps and their successors, the Makapilis, during the Japanese time are too well known to need further elaboration. Things at length came to such a pass that one constantly had to be on guard in his thought, speech, and action, lest some "friend" report him to the Japanese and cause his undoing.

Within a few months after Japanese occupation, Ganaps and other hirelings of the Japanese were searching the grounds and buildings of the College almost daily, investigating residents, and threatening them with severe punishment at the hands of Japanese soldiers. The campus was in a continuous state of nervous tension. In September 1942, Dr. Pedro A. David, the then supervisor of students and in charge of the College guards, was taken by the *kempeitai* and garrisoned for one week in their headquarters in Santa Cruz, Laguna. In order to get him out of this trouble, we decided to surrender a sizeable part of the R.O.T.C. firearms, which we pretended we had chanced upon in their hiding place in the cesspool behind Baker Hall, where, we claimed, they must have been dumped by the retreating USAFFE forces. Even after Dr. David was released, however, we were not to be left in peace by the spies, who continually plagued us with their unwelcome attention, looking, in addition to firearms, now for cannon, now for short-wave radios and transmitters, now for gasoline and other kinds of contraband. Additional surrender of R.O.T.C. rifles and a number of privately owned firearms had to be made

from time to time in an attempt to appease the *kempeitai* and Filipino investigators. After I thought I had surrendered all the firearms that could possibly be found on the campus, I was approached by emissaries from Marking's Guerrillas for a supply of rifles. Also, an importunate letter was sent to me by an alumnus of the College and formerly one of my students, who, signing himself as a colonel, Marking's Guerrillas, demanded that I hand over fifty R.O.T.C. rifles which, according to him, I was still keeping, and that I was not to answer there were none because he knew definitely that there were. I dared not answer in writing, for fear that my letter might be intercepted by the Japanese; so I sent word through a messenger that I knew of no more rifles on the campus and that if he was as certain as he claimed that there were still any, he was welcome to come and get them. I added that whatever he did, he should be careful not to involve the College.

As if to test further human endurance, the worst typhoon since November 1, 1926, lashed Los Baños on September 29 and 30, 1942. Large trees were uprooted, overhead telephone, telegraph, and electric lines severed, their posts blown down, some of the buildings unroofed, and sharp pieces of iron roofing and jagged portions of tree limbs shot wildly in the air. The campus was soon thick-strewn with debris. There was considerable loss to standing crops. Classes could not be held during those two days.

Unknown to me, under the leadership of one of the younger assistant professors, a guerrilla organization which was called the Home Guards was founded on the campus in December 1942. It included among the members some of the associate and assistant professors, a number of instructors and assistant instructors, a few employees, and a good number of laborers. All the telephone operators and College guards were members of this guerrilla unit. I was to learn later that these men were taken in as a strategic move, to assure control of the situation on the campus. Early in August 1943, three of the principal leaders of the Home Guards were arrested by the *kempeitai* and investigated in San Pablo. On being threatened with water cure, they admitted their

guerrilla connection and promised to effect the surrender of all the members. Upon their release and return to the campus, I was to learn for the first time of the presence of a guerrilla unit among the College constituents. When I upbraided these leaders for the perilous situation they had placed the College in, they could not see it that way. In their own way of reasoning, they claimed that they did me a favor by protecting me as dean when they testified before the *kempeitai* that I had no connection with the guerrillas, and that they saved the College, because, on the strength of their promise to surrender the members of the Home Guards, the Japanese military authorities discontinued their plan to reconcentrate all the College people, as they had originally intended to do.

To my surprise, despite those confident assurances, reconcentration, or *zona*, was carried out, not only of the College, but of the entire municipality of Los Baños. The reconcentration began on August 19. All of us adult males of the College were herded into the Agricultural Chemistry Building, where we were given nothing to eat for three days and the bare cement floor was our bed. Later, mainly through the help of our Nippongo instructor, Mr. Setuda, our families were able to smuggle small amounts of food by working on friendly Japanese guards. The reconcentration lasted about two weeks, until September 1. The effect of the protracted gnawing hunger on our Home Guards was soon manifest; after two or three days of reconcentration all of them signed their confessions to the Japanese of their guerrilla connection. The surrendered Home Guards were then asked to hand in their firearms because, according to the Japanese, surrender without firearms ~~was~~ no surrender. According to Mr. Setuda, who acted as interpreter, the guerrilla leaders explained to the Japanese interrogator, Captain Kato, that they formed their organization with no firearms in their possession, that they depended on the weapons that had been left on the campus by the R.O.T.C., and that only the dean of the College of Agriculture could have any knowledge about them. Besides, in an effort to save himself from further torture, the mayor of Los Baños told

the Japanese that few firearms were surrendered in his municipality because he had sent verbal instruction to the dean of the College to bury all the R.O.T.C. rifles, which constituted the greatest number of weapons within his jurisdiction. Again, as the pangs of hunger began to grow, faculty members, employees, and others who had on their own responsibility hidden firearms and ammunition came forward one by one and led the Japanese to the hiding places of these contrabands and surrendered them. Anyone who surrendered even a rusty bullet was released and sent home, except the self-confessed Home Guards. The final result was that several truckloads of all kinds of weapons were unearthed. I as head of the institution consequently received all the blame for the ill-timed burst of patriotic fervor among my colleagues. In the eyes of the Japanese, these weapons were part of my private arsenal which I had kept hidden in preparation to fight them at the opportune time. I was punished very severely, with the result that my left shoulder was dislocated; so was my supervisor of students, Dr. David, on whom a big police dog was set by the Japanese.

The surrendered Home Guards, together with Dr. David and myself, were confined in the Santa Cruz military garrison for spiritual rejuvenation. Here we ate hog-fashion out of a wooden trough. I was soon removed from Santa Cruz to the Japanese military hospital in Lucena for treatment of my dislocated shoulder. The rejuvenated group was released late in September. The rest of the College was, likewise, subjected to spiritual exercise during the first fourteen days of September.

The Japanese were noticeably getting more hostile and suspicious, not only on the campus, but in fact everywhere in the country. By 1944, men and women suspected of any connection with underground activities were garrisoned on mere say-so of informers and savagely maltreated. Many of them were never found again. . . . In the meantime, guerrillas on their part were actively kidnaping and assassinating, so that, as elsewhere in the Philippines, the noncombatants in the College found them-

selves tightrope walking between the Japanese on one side and the guerrillas on the other.

By January 1945, many of the male students of the College had joined a local guerrilla unit. . . . American bombing planes, which had made their noisy debut in this locality on New Year's Day, were accelerating their tempo of violence. The powder keg finally exploded on the campus on February 23, when the local guerrilla units, many of them our own College boys, aided by several outside guerrilla units, surrounded the internment camp and held it until General MacArthur's forces could enter and liberate the Allied internees.

The American troops, together with the internees, returned to the American lines in the Manila area on that same day. The guerrillas, now left to themselves, were confident they had the situation well in hand, and so they told the panicky townspeople, who were thus lulled into a sense of security. Unfortunately, they very much underestimated the considerable reinforcement which the Japanese were to send shortly after. The enemy forces soon became too strong for the local defenders. Hell broke loose all over Los Baños, and the guerrillas were put to flight, the non-combatants exposed, with no protection at all. In the College compound, on February 26 and 27, residential and laboratory buildings were systematically set fire to. The refugees that had sought sanctuary in the Catholic Chapel of Saint Therese adjoining the campus were nearly all massacred and in the College community many were victims of the carnage.

When at last the College could be visited on April 4, Dr. Ocfemia, who accompanied me on the trip, and I were not prepared for the dreary homecoming in store for us. From the provincial road crossing at San Antonio to the College, the once flourishing shops and residences, gardens, orchards, and coconut trees were now black and contorted ruins. At intervals there were signs of life in some of the yards, people combing the debris for possible articles that could still be put to use, or a group constructing makeshift shelter, or *barongbarong*, out of salvaged

wood and iron roofing. The red coat on the iron roofing unmistakably pointed to its genetic relation to the College, which hitherto had been the only place in this vicinity that painted its roofs red.

The entire College campus was a picture of gaping desolation. The air stank with the smell of maggoty corpses, which were scattered unburied or lying in shallow graves in the churchyard, near the College main building, and along shaded paths. Homeless dogs roamed about, plump from feasting on offal. Ruins here, ruins there, ruins everywhere, with only the indecently bare cement walls and building foundations standing to mark the scene of thirty-six years of devoted labor by faculty members and students.

On April 28, without any previous arrangement or notice, the College was occupied by the Sixth U.S. Army as a recreation camp. Several big units of the Fourteenth Corps established themselves on the campus, pre-empted every building, and forthwith set soldiers, laborers, and machinery to work clearing away the formidable piles of debris. Thrown among the trash were our old machine parts, half-burnt iron sheets, and other material which we had not yet succeeded in gathering up but which we were trying to salvage for future use. Much otherwise servicable iron roofing and other building materials were thrown into the dump or given away to people of the adjacent barrios that had quickly made friends with the officers and men of the Army.

In the Agricultural Education Building, which had only been partly damaged, the students' records of the Rural High School had been scattered on the floor by looters. The work of re-assembling the cards had hardly begun when the soldiers started sweeping them up and making bonfires of them. Nobody could stop the cleaners. "That's O.K.," they would say, "we've got plenty of papers at home. You can have back any number of them." Toilet bowls, sinks, and other fixtures were removed from different buildings, and many were damaged in the process. We had no way of checking this destruction because, not only

was the salvage force small, but also were put up in the buildings used as barracks ill-mannered signs such as "Filipinos not allowed to enter," "Natives keep out," and others of similar import.

Our remaining good tractor, a Farmall, which was quite new, had the engine block forcibly removed and used to run their electric generator. Although we were subsequently able to recover the property, it could no longer be used to run the tractor because the magneto had disappeared and the rear coupling had been smashed. College lumber and furniture that we had gathered and piled together was "liberated" by soldiers in our presence, without the courtesy of asking our permission. No property, even in private homes, was safe.

The R.O.T.C. assistant commandant's residence, which belonged to the College, only a small portion of the floor of which had been touched by flames, was dismantled by the American soldiers for use in their barracks. This, at the time when only three or four faculty residences remained standing. Because of the Army's large manpower and mechanized equipment, to tear down the house was the work of but a few hours.

"Who did this?" asked the major from corps headquarters to whom I complained of the damage.

"I cannot tell you now which ones," I answered. "You have hundreds of soldiers on the campus and they all look alike in uniform."

"Why didn't you have it guarded?"

"I did. In fact, my guards at first tried to stop your men, but the latter scared them away with carbines." (Our College guards had by then been disarmed by the Army units on the campus.)

"In that case," said the colonel, who was with the major, "we will have to build you another house." The other house has never been built.

My plea that we be given one or two of the undamaged laboratory buildings so we could reopen the College resulted in our being allowed by the major to occupy the Seniors' Social Garden and two of the flimsy former barracks of the internment

camp in the Experiment Station. But no sooner had we turned our backs than a large group of soldiers were making short work of dismantling the roofs and sawing off the posts of those very barracks.

As a last resort, I appealed on May 3 to the Army liaison officer in Malacañan, who advised me to put what I wished in writing, so he could forward my letter to the proper Army authorities. "If I state exactly what I want," I asked him tentatively, "would not the Army be likely to interpret my letter as non-co-operation?"

"No," he said, "if you do not tell us what you want, we will never know. If the Army needs your place, they will take it away from you anyway. So, go ahead and write exactly what you wish; I will endorse it."

The sequel was that, shortly after, the Army units on the campus received orders to vacate the entire campus because it was needed for the reopening of the College. This result was, of course, more than I had expected or wished. I knew full well that if the Army were to abandon the College entirely, we would not feel safe living on the campus, and many students would be afraid to come. It would then be difficult or impossible to reopen the College at the time. So when the Fourteenth Corps Army officers came to me, seeking a compromise, and I was able to assure myself that they, and not I, were now on the begging side, I allowed them to persuade me to reduce my demands so the Army could continue to stay on the campus. An agreement was signed in Malacañan on May 22, 1945. With this document the College could at last occupy buildings with the assurance that we would not sooner or later be driven out by the Army. Also, the soldiers were noticeably better-behaved and more considerate after that incident.

The loss to the College in buildings and other structures destroyed is estimated at 461,439.46 pesos; in contents, 434,770.49 pesos, making a combined total of 896,209.95 pesos. It would be unfair, however, to assess these losses exclusively in

terms of money. Much of the material destroyed was priceless and irreplaceable, the disappearance of which represents a severe blow to science, not only in the Philippines, but also in the entire world.

The breeds of farm animals, namely, the Los Baños Cantonese chickens, the Berkjala swine, and the Philamin cattle, have come about as a result of continuous painstaking work of the College which extended over a period of some twenty-five years. Previous experience had convinced the College experimenters that superior standard breeds of farm animals originating in temperate countries quickly went to pieces in the humid and hot tropical environment of the Philippines. They thus set to work to solve the problem by fashioning anew comparable breeds to suit the conditions peculiar to the islands.

The Los Baños Cantonese chicken was improved so that it could finally be counted on to mature in six months or less, and produce an average of 125 eggs a year, each weighing about 50 grams. When the work was started with the original stock of Cantonese chickens, it took the chickens over eight months to mature, and the hens laid an average of only about 95 eggs a year, with an average weight of about 46 grams, many of them undergrade. The Philamin ox has not yet been satisfactorily standardized, not only because the work was started only in 1928, some sixteen years ago, but also because cattle are much slower-breeding animals. Indications so far, however, have been quite promising. The chickens and the pigs of the College were cleaned out as a result of the war. Fortunately, our pens could be restocked with authentic material of the Los Baños Cantonese chicken and the Berkjala pig through loan or donation from friends. The surviving pair of the Philamin cattle, a male and a female, especially the latter, both showed undesirable defects and it is feared that the work has to be started over again.

Nearly all the hand tools were gone, not even a garden hoe was spared. Although one Fordson tractor could be made to run, it proved to be a cranky old machine. It was wont to go on prolonged sit-down strikes in the middle of busy days. All the

planting material of sugar cane, rice, tobacco, vegetables, root crops, forage grasses, with the exception of guatemala, many of them the result of years of systematic breeding and selection, disappeared. The variety collections of important crops were gone. Most of the recently introduced plants that were still waiting to be set out in permanent plantings were destroyed when the plant-propagation nursery was burnt. Nearly one-half of the trees in the College orchard were destroyed, largely from their being cut and used by the Japanese in their trenches and foxholes and even as firewood.

With the exception of a few odds and ends, nearly all the scientific equipment — microscopes, microtomes, ovens, balances, dynamometers, and many others—were either burnt or looted. Likewise, nearly all office equipment, typewriters, calculators, and adding machines disappeared.

The College library, which used to contain a collection of 20,000 volumes, 6,000 pamphlets, 1,400 thesis manuscripts, an assortment of maps, and some 500 scientific journals and serial publications, together with its well-equipped bindery, was completely destroyed, with the exception of 180 books and an assortment of pamphlets which we were able to salvage.

A large part of these losses, particularly in the records, research manuscripts, collections, library, livestock, and planting material can never be replaced.

On July 1, 1945, the Board of Regents was appointed, which in turn recalled President B. M. Gonzalez to his old post. Then things began to happen in the University. After a conference with the President on July 3, I set to work on the budget of the College of Agriculture according to his general instructions that I could recall only 60 percent of the prewar personnel. Compliance was by no means easy, considering that the faculty had steadily declined in number from eighty-eight in 1930 to only sixty-four in 1941. Hence, when the war broke out, we had almost reached, for the College, our irreducible minimum in faculty size. The preliminary budget was submitted to the President on July 12;

the final form, on the morning of July 13. The Board of Regents acted on it on the afternoon of the same day.

The first faculty meeting was held on July 19, with an attendance of twenty-nine members. The first-semester classes were started on July 25, making this the first unit of the University to reopen its doors to students.

Classes were very crowded and, although every student could be given seating accommodation on rough-hewn benches, there was little or no elbow room. The few blackboards, many of them mangy from previous exposure and rough handling, had to go the rounds of classrooms as they were needed. The small supply of chalk that we were able to beg from the Army had to be rationed in stingy pieces to faculty members, who took care of them as they would of any precious property. Text and reference books were a curiosity and even pencils and writing paper were rare and expensive. Two typewriters and a compound microscope that had been salvaged had to answer for the time being for all the needs of the entire College.

The housing problem was solved to a considerable extent by making the row of large poultry-breeding houses of the College available for conversion into residences for faculty members, students, and employees.

Looting was very bad all over Los Baños, and the campus was no exception. Fruit trees were picked clean of their fruits; corn ears were plucked wholesale from experimental cultures; clothing disappeared from the laundry line or even from the house; books, tables, and chairs got lost from buildings; and eventually rooms could not be left without first bolting all the windows and locking the doors, and even then these were sometimes forced open.

Even the unsophisticated fruit bats (*Pteropus*) seemed to have fallen upon evil ways. To our knowledge, these animals acquired for the first time the aberrant habit of swooping down in flocks at night and nibbling off rice panicles in large patches in the field. The severed heads could not be found on the ground and the presumption was that the bats had made away with the loot.

The work of at least three thesis students was ruined as a result of this depredation.

Fortunately, if there were any attempts at organized brigandage against the College, they were mainly indirect. Our ten tenants in the lowland rice fields in the Experiment Station one by one had their private carabãos forcibly taken away from them until but a single animal was left. There may be no direct connection, but it is certainly a striking coincidence that the first case of robbery of carabaos in this vicinity occurred on August 15, the day after Japan surrendered.

Before a departing Army unit left the campus, the officers in charge generally arranged to leave to the College for its use the lumber which made up the wooden framework of tents and odds and ends of furniture pieces, fixtures, tools, miscellaneous equipment, books, and other articles which were unobtainable elsewhere.

From the three buildings that had been initially available for classrooms, laboratories, and offices, namely, Agricultural Botany, Agricultural Engineering, and the Seniors' Social Garden, the College was able toward the latter part of 1945 to expand to other college buildings as the Army units vacated the campus.

The dairy barn and the part of the hog house which was not occupied by the Army were fixed for the accommodation of the Department of Animal Husbandry.

The construction projects consisted mainly in restoring partitions and repairing damaged walls, doors, and windows in the buildings that had escaped burning by the Japanese. Considerable time had to be spent in preparing benches, desks, tables, and shelves. Farm tools had also to be made. No major building project was attempted inasmuch as the prices of building materials continued to be prohibitive and labor was not only high but also very unsteady.

Thanks to the interest and help of the University authorities, we were able to acquire a jeep in January 1946 and a weapons carrier in June.

Since January 1946, pamphlets, journals, and books from

the United States have been coming to the College library, so that by the end of the academic year we were able to replenish the library stacks with 158 books, 6,713 periodical issues and serial publications, and 179 surplus pocket books and educational manuals of the United States armed forces.

Beginning June 1, 1946, we were able to resume publication in mimeographed form of the *College of Agriculture Biweekly Bulletin*, following acquisition of a mimeograph machine through the University.

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*Apricot out of currant—great man out of small—
did never yet art or effort make; and, in a general way,
men have their excellence nearly fixed for them when
they are born; a little cramped and frost-bitten on one
side, a little sun-burnt and fortune-spotted on the other,
they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and
taste as generally belong to men of their calibre, and the
small in their serviceable bunches, the great in their
golden isolation, have, these no cause for regret, nor
those for disdain.*

—JOHN RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA AS VIEWED BY NEW YORK AND LONDON

Dean Albertson

INTO ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, on July 24, 1848,* rode the famed mountaineer, Kit Carson. Immediately he was recognized by newspaper reporters, and pressed for news of the far West. Were any Indian tribes on the warpath? What route had he taken? What was the situation in California? Carson, weary from weeks in the saddle, brushed aside their questions. He had left California on the fifth of May and had come to St. Louis without incident by way of Santa Fe, Taos, and Fort Leavenworth. General Mason was in command of the California forces. All was quiet there

All, no doubt, had been quiet at the time of Kit Carson's departure. One week after that, the calm of the former Mexican province was shattered forever. "Gold, gold on the American River," shouted Mormon leader Sam Brannan as he rode through the streets of San Francisco waving a bottle of the yellow particles. The inhabitants of northern California took up the cry, "Gold, gold, gold!" as they left their tools and businesses, and hastened to Sutter's Mill. First San Francisco, then San Jose, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles were nearly deserted as the citizenry shouldered picks and shovels and started for the placers. As whispered rumors crystallized into fact, the news spread rapidly throughout California. But once the tidings of the gold discovery reached the outposts of settlement, the word ceased to travel. Not until the end of June were any ships able to muster a working crew and sail out from San Francisco Bay, carrying with them samples of gold and unbelievable tales of its abundance.

* Nineteen forty-nine is California's Gold Rush Centennial year. The actual discovery of gold was in January 1848, but it took months for the news to travel—and more months for it to obtain belief.

New York, during the summer of 1848, was enjoying the heady brand of American politics common every four years in a presidential election. The 1848 campaign had brought the slavery issue back into the national arena after its partial neglect throughout the course of the war with Mexico. President Polk had lost the support of his party, and the regulars had nominated Lewis Cass to carry their standard on a slavery compromise platform. With New York as a rallying point, rebellious Democrats had bolted and aligned themselves behind ex-President Martin Van Buren in a Free-Soil third party. The other major party, the Whigs, having suffered exclusion from political rewards for twenty lean years, now played safely along with undecided popular sentiment and nominated the hero of Buena Vista, General Zachary Taylor.

Politics in the election year 1848 meant more than the mere choosing of the next White House occupant. President Polk had carried his party into war with Mexico, and Whig opponents, led by Daniel Webster, were eager to denounce the mass of arid wasteland which America had gained in the conquest. The question became even more complicated as Northerners looked at the map and realized that California and the new West might become part of the slaveholding South.

As the campaign rolled on into September, it became increasingly apparent that General Taylor would be elected. The *New York Herald* proclaimed the tenets of Whiggism on its front pages, relegating less important campaign news to the inside pages, and other items to the wastebasket. On Friday, September 15, however, New Yorkers found a small notice from the Pacific Coast amid scraps of miscellaneous town gossip:

INTERESTING FROM CALIFORNIA—We have received some late and interesting intelligence from California. It is to the 1st of July. Owing to the crowded state of our columns, we are obliged to omit our correspondence. It relates to the important discovery of a very valuable gold mine. We have received a specimen of the gold.

True to its word, two days later, September 17, the *Herald*

devoted the larger part of an inside column to a letter from its California correspondent "Paisano," dated July 1. The correspondent admitted that the *Herald* publisher, James Gordon Bennett, "had better fill his paper with, at least, probable tales and stories, and not such outrageous fictions as rivers, flowing with gold." But, believed or not, he went on, this was the situation in California. The entire population had gone to the mines, many to return a few days later with hundreds of dollars in dust and nuggets. Spades and shovels sold for \$10 apiece. Blacksmiths were making \$240 a week. Why, even a child could pick up three dollars worth of gold in a day from the treasure streams. In comparison with California, "the famous El Dorado was but a sand bank, the Arabian Nights were tales of simplicity!"

Here was news beside which the front-page items of Free-Soil party meetings and General Taylor's grand fancy ball paled to insignificance. On September 18, the front page of the *Herald* was covered with recently arrived European news; a turbulent election in France, war in Italy, rebellion in Ireland, cholera in London. But again on page 3 was another letter from "Paisano," describing the golden discoveries in California.

Two days later, New Yorkers read a reprinted article from the *Washington Union* in which the exciting news of the California placers was confirmed by letters from Commodore Thomas Jones and Naval Agent Thomas O. Larkin. The *Union* editor suggested that "the danger in California is from want of food for the residents, and still more for the stream of immigrants. Would not some of our merchants find it a profitable speculation to send cargoes of biscuit, flour, &c., 'round to the Pacific coast?" The *Herald* answered that the United States Steam Packet *California* would sail from New York on October 2 for the Golden West.

By this time, the national capital was in a ferment of excitement. Partisan newspapers might continue to play politics on their front pages, but Democrats, Whigs, Free-Soilers, and Abolitionists alike had turned their attention toward the West. "There, Mr. Webster," sneered the *Washington Union*, "is the country you

declared was not worth having! Why, it is a solid mass of gold, which, if worked properly, would pay for all the expenses of the late war in a fortnight."

A provocative thought for the idea-men of Washington—though, unfortunately, Congress was not in session to help in the carrying out of ideas! If the often-defeated bill for a trans-continental railroad were brought up now, it would surely pass. Emigration to the new territory would drain off excess population from the crowded Northern cities. This would halt the current downward trend of prices and wages. Gold from California would fill the banks. Credit restrictions would ease. With the expansion of markets and industry, the old Bank of the United States might rise from its ashes, issuing its own currency backed by a never-ending stream of bullion from the West. "Here's to our new territory! Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the day of judgment!"

Throughout September, the *New York Herald* continued stories on the California gold mines, most of them being paraphrased passages from "Paisano's" first letters. The front pages continued to play up the campaign speeches of the leading candidates and the disquieting news from far-off Europe, but, at the same time, advertisements began to appear of parties organizing for the trip to California, along with notices that large stores of camping and mining equipment were for sale. No rush was yet apparent, however; it would take official notification of the California strike to make the hardheaded Easterner leave civilization for the rigors of the West.

Meanwhile, the Royal Mail Steam Ship *Europa* sailed from New York on September 27, arriving in London on October 10. The editor of the London *Times* scanned the latest accounts from the United States, found an item regarding gold discoveries in California, and promptly buried it on page 4 amid the Latin-American commercial notices. Even though the unbelievable details were all included, the article concluded on a hesitant note:

The placera sand is said to be so rich, that if exported to England or the United States, it would be very valuable. Consequent upon this excitement, the price of provisions has increased enormously. We need hardly observe that it is necessary to view these statements with great caution.

In Queen Victoria's London, in 1848, the gorgeous voice of Jenny Lind could be heard each Wednesday at Exeter Hall. The Haymarket Theatre featured Mr. and Mrs. Kean in *The Merchant of Venice*. *The Beggar's Opera* was at the Royal Olympic Theatre. But beneath these social niceties of English life were the grim realities of mid-nineteenth-century Europe.

Ireland was in constant turmoil. In London, articles telling of new cholera outbreaks appeared daily. Hundreds had already perished. Medical advice to let blood and dip clothes was making little headway in stopping the epidemic.

News from the continent of Europe was equally gloomy. Revolt was everywhere in evidence. The people of France had risen eight months before to sweep away the monarchy of King Louis Philippe and to institute a republic. Civil war had followed in June, and not until October had French leaders gained enough strength to hold a national election. The condition of France after a year of revolution reminded the London *Times* editor of a pool that has been searched for some imaginary treasure. "The whole body of turbid water has been strained—but the stream held in its depths no lumps of California gold—a fine and even sand alone darkened the waters, and a worthless deposit is all they leave behind them."

Prussia had also succumbed to the leveling processes of reform; and London read in the same newspaper issue which revealed California's fortune, of the outbreak of war between Austria and Hungary over the attempted unification of the two countries. The separate little kingdoms of Italy were torn in jealous combat, and the Pope had lately fled the Vatican for his life.

Britain, though facing a world hostile to its monarchy, was going with remarkable calm about its business of enlarging the Empire and maintaining peace in the home isles. The daily interments of cholera dead were mute evidence that the govern-

ment's plan of encouraging emigration had merit. Already, a half-million Britishers had been transplanted to Canada and hundreds of others to the remaining colonies. California might now present a new outlet to relieve the pressure of population, but the government looked with disfavor on having large numbers of Englishmen leave the Empire entirely.

Probably in pursuance of the intra-Empire emigration policy, London newspapers continued to scoff at the reports emanating from California. The *Times* was quick to print a notice in early November that the gold fields had been denounced as a delusion by one who claimed to have prospected in California for many years. Continued news items to the contrary were given small space. With some evidence of irritated envy, the editor of the *London News* commented that Brother Jonathan had taken California for its fine harbors and tallow trade, when, lo and behold, he found gold. Wrote the class-conscious editor:

The discovery of gold in the Sacramento, like that of Communism on the Seine, has produced a confusion of rank and a startling degree of equality . . . even politics have disappeared and republicanism ceased to be preached for the moment. . . . We must hear more of this El Dorado before we bestow upon it our serious consideration. There are some textures which will not bear many weeks washing, and the gold mines of the Sacramento may be one of them.

By late November, Irish discontent had been momentarily stilled as the whole of the British Isles turned to face the common enemy, cholera. Thousands of cases were now being reported weekly; 1,900 were already dead, 600 had recovered, 1,400 were under treatment, and still the disease showed no sign of having run its course. The month of November also brought more word of the gold mines, and even greater exaggerations of its scope. News from anywhere was diverting.

With the printing of the complete text of President Polk's December message to Congress, official recognition of the California gold discoveries assured their validity. Londoners were as excited by the thought of picking nuggets out of stream beds

as were Americans, but editorial scorn still filled their newspapers.

The Journal of Commerce loftily stated that the small amount of gold found in California would not affect its world price, that gold mining in the Ural Mountains was much less expensive than in California, and that surface gold usually meant subsoil sterility.

The *Times* turned its sneers on Polk:

But to one topic he returns again and again. The Mines, or rather the fields of gold and quicksilver in California. . . . Paragraph after paragraph glitters with gold and groans with bullion. The 4,000 gold hunters wildly scraping the sands . . . the greedy haste with which whole crews desert their ships for this Lotus shore; and all other circumstances of a real El Dorado are described with gloating exstasy. A mint is forthwith to be established on the western coast, which is to deluge Asia and Polynesia with glittering tokens of the fortunate Republic. There was need of many mines to gild the Mexican war, and to pay its expenses. These acquisitions have cost the Union twenty-five millions of our money. If in the course of twenty years, the principal and interest be repaid by the dust collected from the rivers of California, the Union may deem itself most fortunate.

Despite these unfavorable comments, companies began to form immediately, either for speculation in goods or to carry gold hunters to the mines. The government, annoyed at this turn of events, took care to warn its citizens against the machinations of the wily Yankee. "Emigrate to British soil," pleaded the London *Times*, "then, if such is your desire, cross the boundary to swell the anti-British party in the United States." But the British Government would at least see to it that the emigrant "is not trepanned by fraudulent agents, and is not exposed to disease, starvation, and shipwreck by dishonest shipowners, and is not landed absolutely helpless at a Canadian port." The *Times* correctly concluded that the impulse which would soon drive a quarter of a million people from the shores of England would not discriminate as to the types of emigrants, and that the movement was already out of control.

New York, meanwhile, enjoyed a tremendous burst of prosperity. The election was over. General Taylor had won by a narrow margin, and the unsettling activities of the Free-Soilers

had subsided. Confidence in a coming upswing of business had been reflected all over the eastern half of the United States. Steamer lines to California were multiplying to carry those bent on getting rich quickly. The more shrewd Easterners planned to make their fortunes in trade. "Any person strolling along our docks," commented a New Yorker in December, "cannot help being struck with the quantity of merchandise of all kinds, which is marked for shipping to the new El Dorado. . . . Nearly a million dollars' worth of supplies have been shipped from this port alone, of which not less than \$400,000 have been sent within the last thirty days."

All along the Atlantic Coast the story was the same. Citizens of New Orleans met in the St. Charles Hotel to organize an expedition to California. A company of a hundred Bostonians put up \$500 apiece for a ship and cargo, and were counting on selling their goods to pay for passage around the Horn. Philadelphia was sending tremendous amounts of flour, while Baltimore clothing prices skyrocketed in rampant speculation on old stocks bound for the Pacific Coast.

The announcement of James Marshall's chance discovery at Sutter's Mill was a principal cause in halting a depression which threatened the economy of the entire Western world. Cancellation of contracts at the conclusion of the Mexican War, and the release of the American Army to inflate the half-employed ranks of labor, must otherwise certainly have brought a business recession to the United States. European markets were already sagging after months of strife on the war-torn, unproductive Continent. Rebellion in Ireland and the ravages of cholera throughout England had nearly stalled all but her overseas trade.

Even though the news of the gold discovery moved slowly around the world, and though it was many times overshadowed by more spectacular events closer at hand, the quickened pulse and the stirred imagination caused by the words "Gold, gold in California!" had finally a far greater effect than any other news of the time.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE PRINTED BOOK

George R. Stewart

THE PRINTED BOOK began to dominate literature in the fifteenth century; after a sway lasting nearly five hundred years, it began to decline about the middle of the twentieth century, and by the end of that century had been largely superseded."

I have put this passage into quotation marks as the presumed words of some historian who may be writing after the year A.D. 2000. Some of it, therefore, is prophecy, and may be all wrong. On the other hand, some of it is a mere statement of facts as they already exist, since we have already approached nearly to the middle of the twentieth century.

The reality is that the printed book is already being replaced, and rather rapidly. It is no longer anywhere nearly so dominant as it was fifty years ago, or even twenty years ago. On the contrary, it is constantly yielding all along the line to the encroachments of microfilm, miniprint, and audible recordings.

So far, this already partly accomplished revolution and its even more greatly looming possibilities seem to have received strangely little publicity. The ordinary reader or writer scarcely knows of them. I have talked with several book publishers, and found them unaware of what was happening. They seemed to me like old-time railroad men who refused to take the automobile seriously.

Curiously enough, it is the scholars (those usually-considered old fogies) who have been the first to make use of the new techniques. Our large university libraries are rapidly passing over into collections of microfilm and miniprint. As examples, a project is now well toward completion to microfilm *all* books printed in England before 1600. Thus for a very moderate sum and within a short time a library can have available in compactly stor-

able form a collection of early English books not to be surpassed in the Huntington or even in the British Museum. Similarly, there is now under way a project to microfilm *all* American magazines before 1825. For current material, we may note that the journals of the British Parliament are now distributed in miniprint.

"This is all very well," the objector will now say, "and I readily grant that these new techniques will revolutionize library practice and scholarship along with it. But all this is very far, to my mind, from justifying such a scare-head title as 'The Twilight of the Printed Book'."

Let us list the points which the objector is sure to raise.

"First," he will say, "microfilm and miniprint are hard to use. You have to sit at a desk, not very comfortably, and peer at letters illuminated on a ground glass. This is very hard on the eyes.

"And then, second, the ordinary person does not own a projector, and projectors are expensive."

After a pause, he will add: "Those are the chief objections, but others also are troublesome. I would rather just grab a book from the shelf than put a film into a projector. And how are you going to use an index, or refer to notes at the end of a volume, or compare one page with another?"

These are valid objections, and yet they are objections similar in nature to those made at first to automobiles, steam engines, printing itself, and doubtless to the bow and arrow. The method of projection will certainly be improved, and eventually such reading may be easier on the back and on the eyes than reading in an ordinary book. As for the nonexistence of projectors in ordinary homes and their expense, I need only point out that a few years ago radios, electric washing machines, and electric refrigerators were also lacking in ordinary homes. If the American citizen is ready to spend hundreds of dollars for such articles, he is probably willing to spend something for a reading projector—especially since, at the same time, the price of his reading material can be substantially reduced.

The entering wedge should be the large reference work, such as the encyclopedia. An encyclopedia now sells, let us say, for

\$150. At the present moment, with the cost of materials high and with manufacturing processes still disorganized, I would not like to estimate what would be the sale price of that same encyclopedia put out in miniprint and marketed with a projector included. Actually, however, a projector is not a large or essentially expensive piece of equipment, and the cost of the miniprint text of the encyclopedia would be much less than that of a conventional edition. With the aid of quantity production the new edition plus the projector might even be sold for less than the old one, and certainly the difference in price should not be prohibitive.

The projector plus the new text would occupy about the same amount of space as an encyclopedia in book form, but the same projector could be used for subsequent acquisitions of text, and remarkable savings in shelf space (and expense) would soon result. In fact, for the private individual who wants a large number of books, the new methods offer a dazzling chance. The ordinary home library will be able to contain as much reading material as the ordinary public library. The book lover (if he changes a little his interpretation of "book") will be able at last to equal, almost literally, that old ideal: "infinite riches in a little room."

"Well enough," the objector may now say, "you have insinuated the projector into the house, and I grant that it might be useful for such a thing as an encyclopedia. But how about the people who just want to settle back and enjoy a good book—not the antiquarians and the scholars, but your ordinary readers, male and female. The future of literature is with them."

Well, I am glad that you brought up that matter of ease in reading. Constantly holding a book in the line of vision or holding your head so as to see the book, turning the pages one by one, at the end of every line having to flash the eyes back to the beginning of the next line—all that is not the easiest thing in the world.

Against that picture, let me set this one: You lean back relaxed in an easy chair with your head comfortably against a cushion. Your hands can be anywhere you want them to be,

except that one of them should be available now and then to adjust a remote-control lever. If you have reached the time of being farsighted, you do not even need to wear your glasses. You set the lever, and words appear in large size or whatever size you wish, against a light-colored space of wall, perhaps above your mantelpiece. A hundred words may appear at once, arranged in conventional lines. When you have read to the bottom, you press a button, and a new set of lines appears. One hand is free to manipulate a cigarette or a tall glass. Or you can doubtless hit the button with your elbow or your foot, and in that case you can get on with your knitting.

But we are being merely conventional in our imagining. Perhaps it will be better to have the words appear in quick flashes a few at a time, in the natural groupings of language. The rate at which they flash by can be readily adjusted—rapid for rapid readers, slow for slow readers. With such a system the eye muscles will not have to move the eyes along the line in quick little jumps, and then back suddenly to the left in a longer jump. No, the eyes no longer have to go to the words, but the words come to the eyes. And if you wish to re-read a particularly fine or difficult passage, you merely set the lever to reverse, run back a bit, and then go over it again. Also there will be the advantage that the words will appear in natural grouping. No longer will you read “she departed in” and then have to skip back to the head of the next line or turn over a page before you discover whether she departed “in a carriage” or “in high dudgeon.” In fact, one can imagine a slight pause to indicate a comma, and increasingly longer ones for periods and paragraphs. And instead of mere dashes to indicate profanity and obscenity, are we too fanciful in suggesting new conventions, such as sudden flashes of crimson and mustard yellow?

Devices for large-scale projection are actually in use for hospitals. They can just as well be transferred to ordinary bedrooms. Many people like to read in bed, and there is no reason why they should have to be propped up against pillows, to be wrapped in bed jackets, and to be continually involved in the problem of

whether or not to open the window. No, they might just as well lie back comfortably on the pillow, well blanketed, and have the words appear on the ceiling.

But even this is not all. So far I have merely been considering microfilm or some form of miniprint—that is, visual literature. Recently, however, tremendous advances have been made in sound recording. We are no longer restricted to a disk which must be changed every few minutes. Moreover the voice can be recorded on wire, and wire can be rolled into coils indefinitely long.

Again, instead of sitting up in bed reading a book, why not have it read to you in a pleasant voice? I suppose another advantageous gadget. When you become sleepy, you do not even have to turn off the machine. No, you merely go to sleep. Thereupon your heart beat and breathing rate alter, and a delicate instrument placed beneath your pillow picks up this change and turns off the voice. Next evening you crank the machine back a little to where you lost consciousness, and go on from there. . . . This is not a fairy tale. It is already well within the range of practicality. And remember that each generation is growing up more audibly minded; in any good shop you can buy recordings of much juvenile literature.

At this point I imagine the objector quite overcome, perhaps only able to mutter in hidebound conservatism: "Well, as far as I am concerned, I don't like the idea of all this. I'll stick by the printed book."

People said similar things, let me remind you, in the fifteenth century, when in the days of Dr. Faustus all printing was new and had something of the foul fiend's smell about it. "I'll read honest manuscript," they said, "none of this dirty quantity-produced printed stuff!" And so also it was, I presume, somewhere about 700 B.C., when the epic tradition was strong in Ionia and the Greeks were just learning their letters. "Writing is good enough for practical affairs," they undoubtedly said, "but when it comes to the *Iliad*, give me the recitation of a genuine minstrel who knows it by heart. As for my actually reading it in those

nasty-looking Phoenician characters—that means that I lose the sound of the lines, and that takes all the poetry out of it for me!”

As a matter of fact, I suspect, I am myself old enough and firmly enough set in my ways so that I shall never want to hear a book read to me from a wire or to see it running past on the wall before me. But as history shows, what you or I individually want—that is of little importance in stemming such a tide. . . .

But what effect, if any, will all this have upon literature and upon the writer? That it will really have some effect upon both seems highly probable. Any change in medium is almost certain to affect the art concerned. Greek epic poetry developed as oral literature, and is verbose, probably because the spoken word is easy and cheap. So we have in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the constant employment of ornamental epithets, and of words and entire half-lines which could just about as well be omitted. Then the Greeks learned to write, and the scratching of those unfamiliar characters on lead plates, or parchment, or marble, or papyrus was laborious. Largely for this reason, so I believe along with other scholars, we have the rather crabbed brevity of Hesiod, and the terseness of the early Greek epigram.

Similarly our new modern techniques may affect literature, doubtless in ways which we cannot now conceive. Yet, since one of these techniques represents a shift from written to oral, we can easily imagine something the reverse of what has occurred at various times and places when literature has shifted from oral to written.

That is—all poets should look upon the return of oral transmission as the most important thing which has happened in poetry since, perhaps, the invention of the dactylic hexameter. For always poetry is essentially an oral art. Poets know this, but in modern times they have not been able to do very much about it. One may say that with the invention of writing and with the invention of printing, poetry received two body blows from which it has never really recovered. Perhaps it is once more about to come into its ancient high estate.

Not only will poetry be the gainer, but also there will be

a premium upon sound prose which can stand the test of being read aloud.

Moreover, the increased ease of the new methods may have an important effect. The ordinary human being is notoriously lazy, and since listening and viewing is easier than reading he has lately been turning more and more toward radio, phonograph, talking picture, and picture magazine. Perhaps authors may now have a better chance.

The whole economic situation is also interesting—just what is going to happen to publishers' dividends and to authors' royalties. By and large, I do not think that there need be any great effect. Some individual old-line publishers of course will fail to see the writing on the wall, and will suffer. The new-type publishing houses may rise to positions from which their imprints will dominate the field. Since some of these publishers have sprung up outside of New York, perhaps Manhattan's hundred-year-old stranglehold on the book trade may be broken. All this is doubtful and not of fundamental importance.

As for the author, his share will be determined, as now, more by what pressure he can manage to bring upon the publisher than upon whether the child of his brain is born as a conventional codex or as a coil of wire. . . .

What I have here written—particularly, the title—may seem radical to many. Actually, I think that it is conservative. Even the title limits itself to the *book*, and does not imply that we are arriving also at the twilight of the printed magazine and newspaper, or that microfilm will be substituted for incidental bits of printed material, such as theater programs, menu cards, and advertising pamphlets.

For, if history indicates that one technique replaces another, it also indicates that the replacement is never complete. We have had writing for a long time, but we still tell stories, and sing songs, and recite limericks—and sometimes, indeed, even more serious poems. We have had printing for nearly five hundred years, but there is still a great deal of writing by hand, and even a little calligraphy. So, doubtless, printing will survive.

As long, for instance, as a man continues to buy a newspaper from the stand at the corner, he will presumably want to read it then and there, or as he rides home on the commuters' train, rather than to take it somewhere and put it into a projector. So also it may be with other incidental reading.

But even for newspapers, at least for those delivered at the home, the new methods offer great possibilities. I hear a rumor that before long you will have a facsimile device as an attachment for your radio and that an actual black-and-white newspaper will come to you over the air. And no longer, perhaps, will we need to be awakened on a week-end morning by the heavy clump of the Sunday edition being thrown against the door. Instead, the whole massive bundle may be delivered in miniprint on a single four-by-five card—to the great ease of the newsboy and the wholesale conservation of spruce forests.

And think also of the convenience to you, even with the daily issue. No one has as yet really solved the problem of how to prop up the newspaper at some point south of the coffee cup and east of the butter plate. But in the rosy future all you need to have on the table will be a tiny device with a remote-control lever. The reading matter will appear upon a white wall, and—this is the greatest of all!—husband and wife will be able at the same time to read the front page!

When people see a banker taking a glass of beer in a cafe, they say, "There is Smith." When they behold a writer taking a glass of beer, they say, "Send for the police."

—STEPHEN CRANE, *Letter to Wallace McHarg*

RODEO PARADE

(Reno, July 4)

Robert A. Hume

First the motorcycle-police brigade and then
the flag and of course the fanfared grimacing queen
appointed for her horsemanship and for her teeth,

slim loins, and bosom. The high-school band, sky-blue
and flashing white, not quite in step, pursue
their bright-kneed majorette while lacerating Sousa

with adolescent stridency. The deputy's
posse of the Old Time West rides nattily
despite hangovers, and the kids' accordion band

jolts reedily by in the motorized festooned hayrack;
nine tissue-flowered floats conveying girls
who flip cosmetic kisses to the crowd assert

the grandeurs of realty, local beer, and gambling;
the Governor correctly doffs his hat
and the ragged clown on the burro wins his laugh.

Only the Paiute Indians march unsmiling.
Squaws and children first on foot; behind,
the braves astride their broncos, saddleless;

they submit dirt, lice, and honor without clangor
of music or placard, indifferent to the silence
and to how the street lies suddenly shamed beneath
the trampling of their undefeated anger.

UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLITICS

W. Stull Holt

THERE IS A PERSISTENT, widespread, and dangerous belief in the United States that power politics is a wicked European institution from which we have remained aloof during most of our history. With this comforting assumption of moral superiority there is always the determination that we must continue to stay out of power politics—if for no other reason, because power politics breeds war. Woodrow Wilson expressed the traditional American view when in a speech in 1917 he referred to “the great game, now forever discredited,” yet, as will appear, Wilson himself instinctively and deliberately played the game when he felt national interests would thereby be promoted. Henry Wallace included power politics among the other things to which he objected in his notorious Madison Square address. In so doing he was certain to receive the approval of his audience, for practically any American audience, at least during the past seventy-five years, would have applauded a denunciation of power politics. The American people have repeatedly joined in thanking God that we, because of our geographical isolation and because of our resistance to the temptation of conquest, have escaped this curse of humanity which has flourished with such disastrous consequences in Europe and the rest of the world.

So axiomatic is this belief in America it has rarely been subjected to any analysis. Yet tested either by general considerations or by the facts of world history or, curiously enough, by the facts of American history itself, the belief is untenable.

The theoretical objections to the prevailing American view of power politics can be stated briefly. The choice is not power or

no power. There can be no organized society without power being present and active. Power can be, has been, compared to gravitation. Many people have fallen out of windows or down mountains suffering painful injuries or death, yet without gravity there would be no world or life. Power can accurately be regarded as both essential and beneficial. All law, all civilization, all freedom depend on the existence of power. The question, Mr. Churchill has correctly stated, is not power or no power, but who is to have the power and for what purpose is it to be used.

Power politics would not have its bad reputation if it were called "the politics of not being overpowered," as Schwarzschild proposed in his *Primer of the Coming World*. That name is equally justified. If power politics means conquest by some it also means national independence and freedom for others. These desirable results are attained by the balance-of-power system which is the method by which the game of politics to prevent being overpowered is played. Whenever any nation or group of nations becomes so powerful it can and does dictate to other and less powerful nations, the latter will eventually try to combine to establish an agglomeration of power sufficient to resist the threat. The balance-of-power system has preserved the independence of nations of the world. The small nations live by it. The people of Holland, of Turkey, and of many other nations undoubtedly regard the balance-of-power system of power politics as their sole bulwark against extinction and not as something evil and sinful.

Why nations should wish so desperately to preserve their national independence is not easy to explain. It is one of the inevitable characteristics of nationalism, and like other aspects of nationalism defies rational explanation. Nationalism is a sentiment, a belief, a consciousness of belonging to one group distinct from and often hostile to all other national groups. Man belongs to many groups—economic such as labor unions or manufacturers' associations, religious, social, scientific, and professional. Yet the national group is the one to which he gives ultimate allegiance. When the test comes it prevails, proletarian shoots proletarian,

capitalist shoots capitalist, Catholic kills Catholic, and scientist his fellow scientist. A man from Mars, or a detached philosopher, could easily regard such human behavior as illogical. The highly educated and economically favored professional man in Germany had much more in common with the highly educated and economically favored professional man in France, England, or the United States than any of them had with the peasant or tenant farmer or industrial laborer in his own country. These professional men talk the same mental language (medicine, physics, or music), they read the same literature, know the same music, look at the same art, dress in the same kind of clothes, live in the same kind of houses and by the same mores, yet they give their ultimate allegiance to the national group. It is the peasants and workers with whom they feel identity rather than with the other professional men. Similarly the workers of the world have refused to unite and instead have acted along national lines.

What causes nationalism—this consciousness of belonging to an all-important group which triumphs over every other loyalty—I do not know, nor have I ever seen an adequate explanation. Certainly a common language is not a decisive factor; witness Canada or Switzerland each with one nation but several languages, or the United States and England with one language and two nations. Nor is geography decisive, as Ireland and the Iberian peninsula demonstrate—for two nations exist where geography says one should—or Poland proves with no natural geographic boundaries. Economic interests are not decisive nor is a common history. Indeed nationalistic historians will invent a history in any case. But if its origin is in doubt, there can be no doubt as to this one great result of nationalism. Each group is determined at all costs to have its own national government, however bad, and finds rule by the people of another nation an intolerable tyranny. In behalf of national independence life and property will be sacrificed, and have been by French and Germans, and Russians and Americans, as well as by Belgians and Dutch and Norwegians.

The nationalist who feels his nation in danger inevitably and

hopefully turns to the balance-of-power system or power politics. For him it is a beneficent institution.

Whether sinful or beneficent, the American people from the beginning of our history to the present have been participants in the game of power politics, and the course of our history has depended on it. Our status in power politics has changed in the course of time. First we were the stakes of diplomacy, one of the prizes over which big powers fought, the deer hunted by the powerful beasts of prey. Then we became for a century or more the jackal who lives and prospers on the power politics of the truly great, who picks up what he can but does not play a dominant role. Finally we attained the stature of a lion, a ruler of that jungle which is international power politics.

About the career of the American people as deer little need be said. The colonies became one of the rich stakes of diplomacy. Mercantilist theory made most of the statesmen of Europe think of colonial wealth and colonial trade as the true source of national power. Consequently wars were begun to extend or capture colonies in the New World and the victor was apt to estimate his winnings by the new map of America which resulted. The European wars, all of which were part of power politics and the balance-of-power system, were re-enacted in America. The colonists of each government went to war when their governments in Europe went to war. Being members of the nation, this involvement in power politics seemed as natural to them as the rise and fall of the tides or the movement of the heavenly bodies. It would have required the emergence of a new nationalism or at least the disappearance of English nationalism to have caused the colonists to question the wisdom of their participation in English wars. There is no evidence that any aversion to the consequences of power politics played any part in the movement for independence. This is true in spite of the fact that Tom Paine, a recent immigrant from England who was an eighteenth-century internationalist, urged that point in *Common Sense*, where he wrote "any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain tends directly to involve this continent in European wars and quarrels; and

set us at variance with nations, who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint."

It was for other reasons, not aversion to power politics, that the Americans declared their independence, and in so doing changed from deer to jackal. The career of the United States as jackal was highly successful. One great prize after another was won with little effort and at little risk. While the huge lions fought costly battles or watched each other with snarling suspicion, the clever jackal making the most of each situation snatched what he wanted and grew mightily.

No antipathy to power politics restrained the Americans who declared their independence in 1776. Without hesitation they plunged into the very center of the game of power politics, assumed its risks, and came out the only winner. Theirs may well have been the courage of desperation. Only power politics and the balance-of-power system could make it possible to withstand the strength of Great Britain, then the dominant power in the world. The paradox is that if Great Britain had not been so powerful the Americans would not have received any help from France and Europe. There had to be some compelling reason to induce absolutist France to help revolutionists who proclaimed the doctrine that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed and that the people have a right to abolish a government which is tyrannical. Such ideas were incompatible with the existence of that French government and those very ideas were soon to end that French government and the life of that king. Fortunately for the Americans the exigencies of power politics proved stronger than ideological objections. If the French statesmen did not openly state that they would ally themselves with the devil were he fighting the enemy, they acted on that theory.

Long before the Americans thought of independence French leaders calculated the effect of that event on world politics. In 1765 the French foreign minister proved his vision as a statesman, provided the key to French policy, and incidentally gave

a fine illustration of how the balance-of-power system works when he wrote to his king: "England is the declared enemy of your power and your state, and she will be so always. Many ages must elapse before a durable peace can be established with this state, which looks forward to supremacy in the four quarters of the globe. Only the revolution which will occur some day in America, though we shall probably not see it, will put England back to that state of weakness in which Europe will have no more to fear of her." So French statesmen viewed the struggle between England and her colonies in terms of power politics and as an opportunity to restore the balance of power.

The Americans of 1776 did not have to read such statements to know what the policy of France would be. They knew how the balance of power must operate. And they accepted all its risks, venturing much to gain much. Perhaps the most sinister feature of power politics, in the eyes of later generations of Americans, is the formation of secret military alliances. The Americans of 1776 joyfully entered into a secret military alliance with France and owed their victory to it. True, the secret was not kept long. British intelligence had a copy of it in London in forty hours after its signature in Paris, which was rapid traveling in those days not even allowing for the time it took Dr. Bancroft, Franklin's friend and the secretary of the American Mission, to make an extra copy for the British. The military alliance, however, contained every danger a timid mind could imagine. It bound the United States to continue fighting until France, too, should lay down her arms and it guaranteed France her possessions in America for all eternity. Neither of these provisions proved harmful to the United States. It is true that France in order to get Spain into the war had to promise to continue fighting until Spain obtained Gibraltar. The United States suffered in no way and fought not an extra day. Meanwhile the military alliance paid huge dividends. France, Spain, and Holland entered the war against England, making it a general European war of power politics of which the American revolution was only one campaign. There were twice as many Frenchmen in the Yorktown campaign

as there were Americans. Without the military alliance which power politics alone made possible there would almost certainly have been no American independence in 1783.

The winner at the gaming table seldom fails to return to the game. The early Americans were no exception to the rule. Time and again they entered the game of power politics and extended their winnings. Events were soon to show they could not avoid the game no matter how hard they tried to do so.

Reference to only a few instances will illustrate the process. The United States claimed the right to the navigation of the Mississippi River, then the only outlet for people west of the Alleghany Mountains. Spain with a better right closed the river to Americans and American produce. The United States and Spain had conflicting claims to territory now in the state of Georgia. Suddenly Spain freely gave^c the United States all it had been claiming without power to take and without legal right. The explanation for this fortuitous gift is to be found in the power politics of Europe. Spain had been an ally of England against revolutionary France. French successes and the fear of England's growing naval power made the Spanish government decide to put an end to her war against France and accept the probable war with England. With the British navy between Spain and her possessions in America the Spanish feared the Americans would make the most of the opportunity and seize not only the items in dispute but more of the Spanish empire. To protect the greater part Spain freely gave up the Florida area in dispute and the navigation of the Mississippi. The lions contested in Europe; the jackal in America walked off with some unearned winnings.

Power politics was soon to drop a richer prize in the American lap. It has long been recognized that neither American skill in diplomacy, nor American power, nor American righteousness accounts for the Louisiana purchase. The two giants of the world, Great Britain and Napoleonic France, were locked in deadly combat, and in their struggles the vast inland empire of Louisiana was shaken loose. The United States picked it up.

The same struggle of power politics and the balance-of-power system which brought us Louisiana also brought serious dangers. That war, like all wars, tended to spread and threatened to involve the United States. The American government headed by Jefferson tried to remain aloof from power politics. It accepted humiliation, it appeased with the surrender of rights, it adopted policies which injured American prosperity, it created internal dissension that bordered on rebellion. Eventually all efforts failed and the United States entered the war. Here the dangers resulting from power politics in the world were clearly illustrated. Instead of new territorial gains from participation in power politics which the young nationalists expected, the war brought defeats, invasions, and a blockade of the coast. Yet when Britain no longer had Napoleon as an active enemy and could therefore have concentrated her strength against the partially defeated United States, the international situation came to the rescue. The chief reason the British government decided to make peace with America without exacting tangible gains was the fear of an explosion in France, just such an event as occurred when a little later Napoleon returned from Elba. The British also knew that her continental allies would support the American and not the British interpretation of maritime rights. There was already enough to quarrel about in Vienna. So the jackal which had become entangled in the fights of the lions escaped with no more serious loss than a few wounds.

An intensive study would show that power politics repeatedly and decisively affected the course of American history. The illusion of success which attended the Monroe Doctrine in its early years was the direct result of power politics. Not the American policy or the threat of American power but the inability of the competing European powers to agree on any policy, and especially the opposition of Great Britain for reasons of power politics, kept Europe from intervening in Latin America. The balance of power in the world affected American foreign relations with the Republic of Texas, with Mexico in 1846, with Great Britain at the time of the dispute over Oregon, with Great Britain and

France during the crisis of our Civil War. It was the necessities of power politics, specifically the policy of concentrating all strength in Europe to meet the threat of Germany, that induced the British to abdicate in favor of the United States the dominant position they had maintained in the Caribbean area for a century. All these episodes and many more can only be correctly understood if they are related to the international balance of power. Yet, one other episode must be mentioned because it illustrates the jackal period in our history so well. During the 1840's and '50's Great Britain, frequently joined by France, applied force to China. Successful applications compelled China to open up her ports to British and French trade, to grant extraterritoriality, and to make various other concessions. The United States played no part in the use of force. But we claimed and secured all the same concessions the others had gotten by power politics. On one occasion the American diplomats were on a steamer immediately behind the British gunboats and we shared in everything extracted from the Chinese by the use of the most-favored-nation clause in our treaties with China.

In time the United States outgrew the role of jackal. Somewhere in the '80's or '90's we assumed the proportions of a lion. The British were the first to perceive the change and to adjust their calculations accordingly. The rest of the world, and indeed most of the American people, did not note the emergence of the United States as a world power until after the Spanish-American War.

Power politics with its balance-of-power system continued to alter the course of American history, as it had previously. But in its new role the United States could not stand aloof as a frightened or hopeful spectator waiting for the decision to be reached. Now it played a direct and major part in making the decisions. It could not escape the heat of the battle nor would it leave the contest to others, since it now had power enough to determine the outcome and was not content to leave the decision to others. The possession of such power overcame even the greatest reluctance to engage in power politics. A moral philosopher

might explain the process by saying one cannot avoid one's responsibilities.

At all events the United States has played the part of a lion. With undisturbed equanimity the United States has employed balance-of-power ideas and power-politics techniques in its foreign relations. It is perhaps not strange to find Theodore Roosevelt, who manifestly enjoyed the sensation of being a lion, trying to establish a balance of power in the Far East. During the course of the Russo-Japanese War he stated that "for the rest of us, while Russia's triumph would have been a blow to civilization, her destruction as an eastern Asiatic Power would also in my opinion be unfortunate. It is best that she should be left face to face with Japan so that each may have a moderative action on the other."

What is strange is to find Woodrow Wilson, who dwelt on loftier moral planes and who particularly denounced power politics, using methods worthy of the most confirmed Old World addict of the game and using them against his allies. After Germany applied to Wilson for an armistice, and before the introduction of the demanded democratic changes, Wilson consulted his allies. He proposed that the German armies should be permitted to retreat within German boundaries without any real disarmament. The Allied authorities and Wilson's own generals, Pershing and Bliss, opposed any such idea and demanded complete or crippling disarmament of the German army. Wilson instructed House to fight for his proposal and in his cable gave his reason. "It is certain," he cabled, "that too much success or security on the part of the Allies will make a genuine peace settlement difficult, if not impossible." Here is the balance-of-power technique with a vengeance. Insecurity for the Allies and insecurity guaranteed by the German army. The German army was to be too weak to stand against the combined Allied and American strength but it was to be strong enough to be a danger to the Allies without the United States. He wanted to be able to threaten, and did in fact threaten, to make a separate peace with Germany. By so doing, if the German army were still

a danger to the Allies alone, he could exert enough power to make the Allies accept his terms of peace. Although Wilson lost on the armistice terms he had sufficient power to win most of the peace settlement he wanted.

These were minor episodes. The same balance-of-power policy was decisive in the major events. In seeking to understand our entry into the two world wars, our greatest and most direct participation in power politics, a major factor each time was the danger that the balance of power would be upset by a nation with a program and a philosophy hostile to ours. German submarine warfare and other violations of our rights in the first case and German conduct as well as the Japanese attack in the second instance were obviously important but no more important than our concern about the balance of power. Had there been no submarine warfare or other such events we would have entered each war on our initiative to preserve the balance of power.

Theodore Roosevelt with a flash of insight correctly predicted our course one afternoon in 1911 when the German diplomat Baron von Eckardstein called on him. "As long as England succeeds in keeping up the balance of power in Europe" said Roosevelt, "not only in principle, but in reality, well and good; should she, however, for some reason or other fail in doing so, the United States would be obliged to step in, at least temporarily, in order to re-establish the balance of power in Europe, never mind against which country or group of countries our efforts may have to be directed."

What Roosevelt predicted is what happened. When war broke out in 1914, Wilson said to Colonel House, "If Germany won it would change the course of our civilization, and make the United States a military nation." A few days later he repeated the same awareness of American involvement in world politics to the British ambassador. A year later he said to House he "had never been sure that we ought not to take part in the conflict and, if it seemed evident that Germany and her militaristic ideas were to win, the obligation upon us was greater than ever." As the war continued it was apparent that more and more Americans

thought as Wilson did in terms of the balance of power and power politics.

More proof would perhaps be necessary had we not gone through the same experience again so recently. Every American adult must remember how, during 1939 and the first half of 1940, it was generally assumed in America that the war was 1914-18 over again, that the Allies would ultimately win, that their superior economic resources would tell in the end. During this period of unreality the Americans generally wanted only to stay out of the war, out of the grim business of playing the part of a major power in determining the course of events in the world. Combined with this overwhelming desire to stay aloof there was a distinct assumption of moral superiority over the wicked Europeans who indulged in power politics and brought on wars. Then came the sudden military collapse of France, and the prospect of British defeat. The balance of power was gone, and with it went the illusions of a generation of misguided thinking. Facts as obvious as Hitler in Paris and his invasion boats at the Channel are the most effective teachers in the world. The American people soon learned what the balance of power had meant to them. Even some of the pacifists realized that their pacifism had been a luxury to be enjoyed only while Great Britain, as Theodore Roosevelt had stated in 1911, had kept "the balance of power in Europe, not only in principle but in reality." Speedily policy was adjusted to the new situation and not long afterward the United States was completely involved in power politics. No thinking person who lived through that period can fail to know that most Americans understood the impossibility of remaining aloof from power politics, no matter how much we wanted to do so. The lesson was driven home to everyone when power politics reached us in the form of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

To say that the United States in one capacity or another has always been involved in power politics, that it has benefited appreciably on numerous occasions from the struggles incident to power politics, and that power politics and the balance-of-power system has meant independence and freedom for the United States

as well as for others in the world, is not to say that the world should be run on any such principles. If power politics has meant those things it also means inevitable war. Conflict may often be avoided but when it comes it will, because of the balance-of-power system, involve more nations and leave devastation over a larger area. Moreover, the very process of forming competing and mutually suspicious alignments produces an atmosphere which favors the resort to war.

Whether beneficial or disastrous, power politics and the balance of power are inevitable, judging from the experience of the past centuries. There are only two other possibilities. The first would be the conquest of the world by one power which would monopolize all power and preserve peace. Rome did approximately that for several centuries. Each of you can make your own guess as to the likelihood of this solution of the problem in the near future. The second alternative is the one Wilson proposed in the League of Nations and to which the world is now vaguely committed, in theory, by the creation of the United Nations.

It is, unfortunately, necessary to stress the words "in theory" because, in fact, the United Nations as now constituted offers no solution or escape. The two decisive facts in the existing international situation are (1) all states have physical power and (2) no superior physical power exists over them. Only if these two facts are reversed can international organization eliminate power politics, the balance of power, and war. Military power must be taken away from the members of the United Nations and transferred to the United Nations. At least the relationship in terms of power must be such that the United Nations must have at its disposal overwhelming power which no nation or group of members could possibly resist. Obviously this means a surrender of sovereignty and the elimination of the veto.

The only possible hope of achieving a revolution of this character—more fundamental than what we call the American, French, or Bolshevik revolutions—is through the pending proposals on the control of atomic power. They could lead to an international authority with overwhelming power and with no

veto to prevent its use. For a variety of reasons that is not likely to be accomplished although it is a bare possibility.

Meanwhile, the present United Nations is no solution. It has no power except through its members. It is not even intended to operate against any of the big powers, whose continuing unity of purpose was assumed contrary to all experience. It will not operate against any small power which is tied by interest or force to one of the big powers. Most of the small powers are already so tied and probably all will be soon. The veto of the big powers is the instrument for protecting sovereignty and is the fatal weakness.

Consequently there is no choice between power politics on one side and on the other a world system of law enforceable by the United Nations against even big powers. And consequently nations seeking to preserve their independence and to avoid rule by alien peoples will resort to politics to prevent being overpowered and will try their best to create and maintain a balance of power. If history teaches anything, it teaches that attempts will be made to destroy the balance and that war will result.

Learning is a seamless subject.

—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT

Thomas A. Bailey

"Among the infinite subjects of my misunderstanding, that of everything Russian is conspicuous."—HENRY ADAMS, 1897

Mr. Harry S. Truman, during his spectacularly successful "whistle stop" campaign of 1948, tossed off a remark to the effect that "Old Joe" Stalin is a good fellow but he is just "a prisoner of the Politburo." If this is indicative of the mental muddiness at higher levels, one can only wonder whether the man in the street has any clearer picture. The brutal truth is that our relations with Russia, whether under czars or commissars, have been more richly encrusted with misrepresentation and legend than those with any other power.

One need list only a few of the myths that have been handed down to us from the late eighteenth century:

That Catherine the Great refused to hire out her Cossacks to George III, because of her love for the American revolutionists.

That Alexander I mediated in our War of 1812, because of his attachment for the American republicans.

That Alexander II kept the European powers from intervening during our Civil War by sending over two of his fleets for that purpose.

That—and this is the biggest myth of them all—until the revolution of 1917, relations between Russia and the United States were uninterruptedly pleasant.

No one with a rudimentary knowledge of the facts will deny that on the whole, and especially on the diplomatic level, we got along conspicuously well with Russia during the nineteenth century. This was primarily because we saw relatively little of each other and developed no important clash of interests. We were also drawn together by a common enmity for Great Britain. But by the sunset of the century, when we finally clasped hands with our long-estranged mother, and when we ran afoul of Muscovite imperialism in the Far East, the historic friendship had become largely a ceremonial phrase. And the more we had to do with the

U.S.S.R. in the 1930's and 1940's, the more friction we succeeded in generating.

Misconceptions about Soviet Russia are perhaps even more numerous than those about czarist Russia. A few representative ones are these:

That all Russians are Communists; that communism rather than a form of state socialism exists in Russia today; that everyone gets the same wages; that no one can own private property; that there are no social classes; and that most of Russian equipment in World War II was obtained from America by way of lend-lease (actually, about 10 percent came from the United States).

II

In attempting to explain why this nest full of misconceptions has been hatched, one must at the outset consider certain over-all factors.

First, remoteness. Russia is off the beaten path of travelers, and on the whole our sources of news from this vast and mysterious land have been less reliable and more roundabout than those for any other major power.

Second, Muscovite aloofness. Russia has long been relatively indifferent to what the rest of the world thought about her. Whether behind the iron curtain of czarism or the iron curtain of Stalinism, the Russians have been introverted,

self-sufficient, and under no strong compulsion to correct such errors as the outside world might entertain about them.

Third, language. Russian is notoriously difficult for Western peoples to master, and this fact has resulted in much honest—and some dishonest — misunderstanding of primary definitions, such as “democracy.”

Fourth, the psychological barrier. The Russians, as the easternmost of the Europeans and the westernmost of the Asiatics, have superimposed a veneer of Oriental-Byzantine culture upon a framework of Western civilization. Henry Cabot Lodge, who traveled in Russia some fifty years ago, sagely observed that we would understand the Russians better if they wore gowns instead of trousers. We would then expect them to be different, and make due allowances for their differences.

Fifth, myths and legends. The most persistent myths about Russia relate to incidents connected with times of great crisis in our history: the War for Independence, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. The deeper the stress, the deeper the sense of gratitude for what we unthinkingly regarded as acts of unselfish assistance. This was notably true of the tense Civil War days, when the appearance of two Russian fleets gave a tangible basis for the

illusion. Professor Frank A. Gold-
er in 1915 proved that these naval
demonstrations were staged pri-
marily for czarist ends, but the
legend lives on, too tenacious to
die with the researcher's pen thrust
through its heart.

Sixth, stereotypes. During the
czarist regime the stereotype lodged
in the American mind that the Rus-
sian peasant was filthy, stupid, sod-
den, lethargic, vodka-soaked, un-
imaginative—that, in effect, Russia
was, as one traveler reported, "the
land of the flea and the home of the
slave." Whatever the basis for such
a picture—and there was consider-
able — we have failed to make
proper allowance for the fact that
the unshackled Slav might blossom
forth and do some remarkably in-
telligent things.

Seventh, the schools. Many of
our textbooks—whether geography,
civics, or history—repeat the ancient
legends and misconceptions. A de-
tailed study recently made by Pro-
fessor Richard W. Burkhardt of
Syracuse University reveals that
neither our text writers nor our
teachers have lived up to their re-
sponsibility to find out the truth and
then teach it—assuming, of course,
that interested pressure groups
would let them.

Eighth, ignorance of European
history. If, for example, our people
only knew more about Russia's past,
they would not regard Soviet de-

signs on the Dardanelles as a plot
just recently cooked up inside the
Kremlin.

Ninth, similarities in develop-
ment. The number of parallels be-
tween Russia and America—
whether geographical, historical,
ethnological, or industrial — are
astonishing. In the nineteenth cen-
tury both nations were faced with
the problems of servile peoples and
rebellious minorities; both cham-
pioned freedom of the seas against
a common foe, Great Britain; and
both were expansionist. Both have
had a common frontier experience;
both underwent great revolutions.
As ideological menaces to the rest
of the world, both were looked up-
on with acute distrust by other na-
tions. But parallelism of devel-
opment does not necessarily mean
community of interest. Henry Ad-
ams, visiting Russia in 1891, re-
marked that we had "next to noth-
ing in common except size."

Tenth, a failure to differentiate
between the diplomacy of the De-
partment of State and the attitudes
of the American people themselves.
For example, B. P. Thomas, in
his book on Russian-American re-
lations, has a whole chapter on diffi-
culties growing out of interpreting
the treaty of 1824 on the North-
west coast. Only a handful of
American fur traders were in-
volved, and although there are
sheafs of documents in the archives

of the State Department on the subject, the public was almost completely uninterested. In the 1880's and 1890's, on the other hand, George Kennan published a penetrating and sensational exposé of the Siberian prison system which antagonized a host of American readers. Yet no mention is made of his activities in the voluminous diplomatic interchanges, or in Foster Rhea Dulles' recent survey of Russo-American relations. Czarist persecutions of Jews likewise aroused the American people profoundly, but little of this bitterness is reflected in the diplomatic interchanges of the time.

In brief, the story of Russian-American relations, as drawn from the diplomatic documents under the czars, is predominantly one of sweetness and light. But if we record on the other side of the ledger a number of disagreeable but neglected diplomatic episodes—such as the Kosloff rape incident and the Catacazy affair—and add to them those occasions when the American people were deeply angered by actions of the Czar—such as the stab-in-the-back crushing of the Hungarian rebellion in 1849 — just about every friendly act, or presumably friendly act, is canceled out by one conspicuously unfriendly, if not to us directly, at least to those things for which our democracy stands.

III

So much for certain broad factors that have tended to distort our picture of Russian-American relations. Now for certain specific influences that operated under the czars.

Much if not most that American newspaper readers learned about Russia in the nineteenth century was filtered through British news agencies, notably Reuters. These media were disposed to be anti-Russian simply because they were British. The same was generally true of British magazines, whose articles were frequently reprinted in such American journals as *Niles Weekly Register*, *The Review of Reviews*, *The Living Age*, and *The Literary Digest*. Some of these accounts were written by exiled Russian revolutionaries, like Stepniak and Kropotkin, who naturally did not paint czardom in roseate hues. One expatriate penned an exposé entitled, "My Exile in Siberia," although it later developed that he had never been in Siberia. In a category by himself, but certainly not to be overlooked as a fomenter of Russophobia in America, stands Rudyard Kipling, who in 1898 published "The Truce of the Bear," a horrendous and long-remembered warning against the treachery of Adam-zad, "the bear that walks like a man."

Pro-British groups in early nineteenth-century America, notably the Federalists, were markedly anti-Russian, and their fear of the Muscovite menace increased when Alexander I emerged from the Napoleonic Wars with the most powerful army in the world. From then until Russia's collapse in World War I, the Czar had by far the largest military establishment and at times the second largest navy. The expression, "Colossus of the North," curiously enough, was used in the United States to describe Russia long before it was used in Latin America to derogate Uncle Sam.

American pressure groups have also had their share in directing public sentiment. The persecutions of Roman Catholics which were carried on in Russian Poland during much of the last century aroused a vast amount of ill will between the Vatican and St. Petersburg, and much of this was reflected in the attitude of American Roman Catholics. Religious journals in the United States, whether Catholic or Protestant, were in addition bitterly critical of the Russification of the Lutheran Finns and Balts, to say nothing of the savage suppression of dissenters. And near the turn of the century American missionaries feared that the bear would invade their Far Eastern vineyard, while businessmen were no less ap-

prehensive that he would claw shut the Open Door.

Closely connected with some of these pressure groups were large and vocal bodies of immigrants who had felt the lash of Russian despotism. Among them were Polish-Americans, who could not forget the ruthless crushing of their revolts in 1830 and 1863; Finnish-Americans, who resented the faithless destruction of their constitutional liberties; and above all the Jewish-Americans, tens of thousands of whom had fled from their burning homes and who in their misery and destitution provided walking documentation of czarist tyranny.

All this helps explain why American opinion should have turned against Russia as the century neared an end, but it does not explain why the tradition of an earlier unselfish friendship should have survived so tenaciously. The answer lies partly in the enormous capacity of the American people for self-delusion. The Russian officials were candid enough in 1812 and in 1861 to say that they favored us because they wanted to build up America as a makeweight against Britain. But the traditionally sharp Yankee, with a gullibility born of desperation, assumed that helpful results meant unselfish motives on the part of the Russians. The myth of czarist love for America was

born in the United States rather than in Russia.

IV

We come now to more familiar territory. Why is our present information regarding the Soviet Union so frequently distorted or completely false?

Fear is a great obscurer of vision, and when the Bolshevik revolution burst upon the world in 1917 conservative and capitalist America was paralyzed—and to some extent still is—with fear that the new virus would spread to these shores. Stereotypes were seared into the public mind. Many Americans still think of Russia as it was in the days of Leninist communism, when the women were allegedly “nationalized,” when packs of illegitimate waifs roamed the streets, when divorce could be obtained even more easily than in Reno, and when many other innovations were introduced which shocked our bourgeois sensibilities. In 1921 the Bolsheviks were forced to retreat from communism and adopt a modified form of capitalism, but most Americans were unaware that any sharp change had taken place. Many are still not aware of it, and continue to think of Russia as a land of bewhiskered, bomb-throwing, free-loving, Trotskyite Bolsheviks.

Shell-shocked Russian *émigrés* have also had a strong impact upon

American thinking. A disproportionately large number of our experts on Soviet affairs are refugees, and some of them naturally view the present regime with less than scholarly detachment. There are also the ship-jumpers who have published sensational exposés, notably Kravchenko’s best-selling *I Chose Freedom*. The Polish-Americans, Finnish-Americans, and other hyphenates are no less vocal for having new grievances to nurse. They are joined by native pressure groups, especially the overpercented patriotic organizations which are the self-appointed guardians of our teachers and the books from which they teach. In this year of grace 1949, the safest policy for the schools, though certainly not for the Republic, is to ignore the Soviet experiment entirely.

But Russia’s side of the story has had warm advocates, who make up in zeal what they lack in numbers. While Mr. Walter Lippmann’s studies show that even our best newspapers slanted their reports of the Bolshevik revolution in such a way as to prejudice the reader against communism, it is equally true that in the 1920’s and 1930’s, the professional liberal journals, notably the *New York Nation* and the *New Republic*, found that the Russians could do little or no wrong. Further discoloration was produced by Communist propaganda

in this country, dispensed through mediums such as *The Daily Worker*. More subtle were the accounts of newspaper correspondents, who were not ignorant of the fact that their stay in Moscow—which meant their bread and margarine—depended upon their seeing no evil. *I Write as I Please* is the title of Walter Duranty's 1935 best seller about Russia. One suspects that while the author may have written as he pleased, it pleased him to write in a way that was pleasing to the Kremlin.

A final barrier to a clear view of the Soviet Union was our wishful thinking during the recent war. We were confident that Russia would continue to co-operate with us because we so desperately needed her if a new world order was to succeed. We conveniently overlooked her avowed ideals of world revolution and her open preaching of the impending clash between capitalism and communism. The only full-length historical study of Russian-American relations published in those days of vodka visions, *The Road to Teheran* by Foster Rhea Dulles, reflects in optimistic overtones the high hopes of the time.

V

One of the most misleading misconceptions of all is that the fiery furnace of the 1917 revolution

changed the internal chemistry of the Muscovite. Actually there is surprisingly little new about Russian practices, and nothing essentially new about Russian character. There are still passport difficulties; restrictions on travel; ironclad censorship; the ubiquitous secret police; arbitrary arrests; and confinement in huge slave camps, beside which those described by George Kennan seem inconsequential. The bureaucracy is again entrenched, and extreme centralization leads to protracted delay through a fear of making decisions at the lower levels. The Russians still eschew trade treaties; they are still pushing for the Dardanelles; they are still aggressing upon their neighbors; they are still setting up satellites (as they did in the nineteenth century in the Balkans); they still have expansionist ideals, this time through communism rather than Pan-Slavism; and they are still conducting wars of nerves, as they did against Turkey and Persia in the nineteenth century.

One of our diplomats who was stationed in Moscow during the 1930's turned to the yellowing files of the embassy in a moment of discouragement, and was relieved to find that our envoys a hundred or so years ago were complaining of the very things that were a source of vexation in the 1930's. From the days of Francis Dana in 1781,

our representatives have found the Russian officials isolationist, dilatory, mendacious, hypocritical, pathologically suspicious, fearful, enigmatic, and ignorant of the outside world. In 1833 Minister James Buchanan met a highly cultured Russian princess who was astonished to hear that the United States no longer belonged to England. One wonders if the "prisoner of the Politburo" is getting much more authentic information from his agents, who are under some pressure to write as *he* pleases.

I present these thoughts with the object of neither whitewashing nor blackwashing the government and people of the Soviet Union. I believe that if we were to devote more attention to a study of Russians in the past we would be able to deal more understandingly with Russians of the present. We might even be able to keep a more level head during the current cold war.

Czarism was about as antipathetic ideologically to democracy as is present-day Stalinism. Czarism was a menace not only to Europe but at times to us. The Monroe Doctrine of 1823 had only two barrels, and both of them were aimed directly at Alexander I. Although the menace is now much more insidious and formidable, we are vastly stronger. In the nineteenth century the two nations succeeded, in spite of their antagonisms, in getting along reasonably well in the same world, although it was a larger world and although Pan-Slavism was a far cry from hemispheric revolution. Perhaps we can continue to tolerate each other, and possibly work out some kind of *modus vivendi*, if—and this is a big if—we keep our heads clear, our nerves steady, and our powder dry. But we can hardly hope to blunder through to a lasting solution if each of us continues to live in ignorance of the other.

BOOKS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Harry C. Bauer

INSTITUTIONAL BEGINNINGS are often fraught more with quaintness than with significance. The library of the University of Washington, though it was founded in 1862, did not assume the stature of a research and scholarly institution until better than sixty years had passed, and in its beginning it was undoubtedly quaint and its nourishment meager and uncertain.

From their first entrance into the new country, the pioneers of the Northwest were avid for education. No sooner had they provided food and shelter than they turned their attention to the schooling of the young. They were ambitious, too; they thought in terms of higher education. Shortly after Washington Territory was established, its governor, Isaac I. Stevens, suggested the need for a university. On February 28, 1854, he advised the Territorial Legislature to petition Congress to appropriate land for this purpose. Congress accepted the proposal and on July 17, 1854, passed an act reserving two townships of land for university purposes. After considerable local maneuvering, the University of the Territory of Washington was established in Seattle. Its doors opened on November 4, 1861.

During its initial year, the University had three distinguishing features. First, its enrollment was small, amounting to fewer than sixty students; second, it admitted children from the primary and intermediate grades as well as men and women of college age; and, third, it had no books. In derision Seattle residents dubbed it, "The Seattle High School," a name that stayed with it until it was moved to its present campus in 1895.

Early in 1862 the Territorial Legislature decided that the University should be incorporated and be controlled by a Board of Regents. They also stipulated that the Regents should appoint

a librarian, though as yet there were no books in sight. The Regents complied by electing Samuel F. Coombs, Esq., of Seattle, who thus became the first librarian, but librarian in name only. His term ran for but one year, and during that time he served also as postmaster of Seattle and secretary of the King County Agricultural Society.

So far as can be determined from early records, the Regents did not replace Mr. Coombs for several years. The library acquired few books and these mostly through gifts. In 1865 a legislative committee decided: "The library is very small and of little value; but on account of the low state of funds of the University and the high price of books at present, we are of the opinion the interest of the University would not be advanced by a further expenditure for books." What few books there were tended to disappear. On April 1, 1867, George F. Whitworth, president of the University, was instructed by the Regents to mark and number the volumes in the library and permit their loan only to students and faculty. He also was authorized to advertise in the *Seattle Gazette* for the return of books missing from the collection. President Whitworth, then, might logically be called the second librarian of the University.

During the next year or two little is recorded. Because of legislative turmoil the University was closed from June 1867 to April 1869 and again closed in February 1874, continuing, however, on a private basis. The 1879 Legislature appropriated \$500 for books and apparatus, the first money appropriated for library purposes. Thereupon the Board of Regents approved a reference list for purchase and authorized President Alexander J. Anderson "to correspond with publishers and ask bids for furnishing said list of books to the University." President Anderson announced in his 1879-80 calendar that the library had "upwards of 200 volumes . . ." About this time funds were augmented by a library fee of twenty-five cents per term for students using books, and a pittance from library fines.

Small as these beginnings were, they still constituted improvement. Soon the Seattle City Library turned its collection over

to the University. Students now had access to 1,800 bound volumes and 800 pamphlets. Louis F. Anderson, son of the president and teacher of Latin and Greek, became the official librarian.

On October 1, 1887, the Board of Regents submitted its biennial report to the Governor of the Territory complimenting Emma Clarke, a new librarian, under whose "intelligent oversight the library has been kept in first-class order," and recommending "a suitable appropriation to be expended for additional standard works and books of reference." The value of the library at this time was placed at \$3,200. In 1883 a course of public lectures given in the University Chapel netted \$140, all for the library. In 1885 the special library fee was revoked. By 1888 legislative appropriations for the library, though meager, were set up on an annual basis.

In November 1889, Washington was admitted to the Union. The territorial school became the University of Washington. A new "Act in relation to the establishment and government of the University of the State of Washington," signed by Governor Ferry on March 27, 1890, stipulated that "the Regents shall appoint a secretary, a treasurer, and librarian."

When in September 1895 the University moved to its present site, there was on the new campus one stately building, Denny Hall, which provided on its top floor a suitable home for the accumulated books.

In 1896 President Mark W. Harrington prepared a detailed comparison of the library's holdings with those of outstanding universities in the country. Excluding duplicate copies, public documents, and his specialty, books on meteorology (of which there were approximately 1,000), he judged the remainder of 780 titles as a fair measure of the efficiency of the library. Harrington's report concluded, "The question with some of our departments of instruction is not if they can find what they want in our library, but rather if they can find anything whatever in their departments." He emphasized the benefits that would accrue by having a full-time professional librarian administering the collections and fostering their growth, and offered an in-

teresting delineation of "the three stages in the growth" of a research library: "The first stage is reached when the library is 'likely to have *something* on the particular detail one is investigating.' The library reaches this stage when it has 25,000 volumes or so of fairly well-selected books. The second stage is reached when the library 'is likely to contain *enough to pass muster*' of the references the researcher has in hand. This means . . . the minimum number of books and pamphlets is 100,000. The third stage is when the student 'is certain to get *a sufficient number* of his references' in the library. This requires the largest class of libraries and has been reached at Harvard, as I judge by the comments I hear from professors there."

Certain that the University could not do "work worthy of respect" with fewer than 100,000 volumes, President Harrington established the second stage for a goal. His figures, of course, lack significance today. Harvard then had 720,000 volumes, today over 5,000,000 volumes. Nevertheless, his estimates show his appreciation of the requirements of research.

Until 1900 the job of librarian was taken none too seriously. With such small resources there was no reason why it should be. Librarians stayed a year or two, then left. Their salaries were pitifully low. The first fully trained professional librarian was obtained in September 1905, when Charles W. Smith, just out of the University of Illinois with a B.L.S. degree, arrived as assistant librarian. This was the beginning of a notable record of service. The days of short tenure were over. Mr. Smith remained for forty-two years, and is still serving the University as librarian emeritus and bibliographic consultant. With his coming, the library began to shape up as a reference center.

In fairness to the earlier regimes, however, tribute should be paid to their achievements against many odds. Mr. Smith recognized these in a letter written in 1906 to William E. Henry, who came from the post of state librarian of Indiana to take over the chief librarianship at Washington University. "Do not expect too much of the library," Mr. Smith wrote. "Our conditions are far from ideal. *The book selection has been excellent*, however, and

I am sure you will find a good working basis" The italics attest the endeavor of the early University presidents and librarians to build well with the limited funds at their disposal.

From 1906 until Mr. Henry's retirement in 1929, he and Mr. Smith worked side by side. The building of collections was the task that lay before them. When Mr. Smith joined the staff, the library possessed about 20,000 volumes. When, at the close of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, in 1909, the building erected by the Washington State Commission was given to the University and by the University to the library, there were 40,000 volumes to be conveyed to the new quarters. In the biennium following, a stack annex was constructed, and from this time on acquisitions became a main interest. The collections have subsequently grown in close conformity with Fremont Rider's formula for the parabolic doubling of research collections every sixteen years. As late as 1920, however, there was but \$15,000 a year for book purchases.

Thus conditioned by limited funds, the steady accretion of books represented more hard work than drama. Occasional purchases and donations supplied what excitement there was to be found. The first outstanding acquisition was the purchase of the Clarence B. Bagley collection of books, newspapers, and other publications relating to the Pacific Northwest. The Bagley Library contained a wealth of newspaper files and a large number of manuscripts, including documents, letters, and papers covering many phases of the history of Washington from the 'thirties to the 'seventies. It had also about a thousand miscellaneous volumes bearing on the history of the Oregon country, among them numerous accounts of maritime voyages and overland travels.

In the summer of 1923, Mr. Smith was sent to Europe armed with a lengthy desiderata list, \$25,000, and a commission from the University to search for essential research publications. Among the prizes resulting from his efforts were: *Accademia dei Lincei* (Rome), *K. Akademie der Wissenschaften* (Vienna), *K. Akademie van Wetenschappen* (Amsterdam), *K. Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften* (Munich), *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole*

des hautes études, *Journal des Sçavans*, *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, *K. Preussische Akademie der Wissenschaften* (Berlin), and other academy publications of like significance, as well as the private library of Professor Edmond Bouty, long-time head of the physics department of the Sorbonne, Paris.

Even before 1923 the library shelves had become overcrowded. Plans for a building had been on the drawing boards since 1912, and under the urgency of President Henry Suzzallo ground was broken in 1923 for the library's present home, the Henry Suzzallo Library, so named after President Suzzallo's death in 1933.

Designed by Carl F. Gould, this structure was one of the last to be patterned along classic monumental lines. The basic design called for a main section and two wings forming a triangle, with a fourth "stack" unit fitting in where the two wings converge. Surmounting the whole was to be an ornamental tower. The main unit was completed in 1927. One of the wings was completed in 1935. It was given over mostly to administrative purposes but supplied a few seminar rooms, a science reading room, and considerable shelving. These shelves, however, were hardly sufficient to absorb the annual increment in the library's holdings. Books went into storage in basements on the campus, waiting for the day when the library should have room for them. Many are still there.

Under construction at present is a portion of the stack room. By the time it is completed, it will barely accommodate the library's collections and the material now in storage. Efforts are afoot to speed the construction of the second wing and more of the stack. The goal of the library is completion by 1961 in time for the University's centennial celebration.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only the history of pinheads." Before 1900 the University announced its intention of collecting books and publications pertaining to Northwest history. When Mr. Smith came to the library, he discovered a locked case containing approximately 100 volumes of rare books on the

Pacific Northwest, acquired mostly through the efforts of Edmond S. Meany, professor of American history. This collection formed the nucleus of the library's major specialty, Northwest Americana. Today the collection numbers over 16,000 volumes and is unquestionably the finest of its kind.

In 1905 and for many years later the library could allocate very little money for special needs. Every dollar counted. Mr. Henry set aside what he could for the special collection. Professor Meany was able to secure money for a few select items such as the publisher's file of the *Seattle Union Record*. He also succeeded in obtaining a donation of Edward S. Curtis' *The North American Indian* valued at \$3,000.

The first money gift of any importance came on April 4, 1910, in the form of a message from Judge and Mrs. Charles E. Remsberg authorizing Mr. Henry to draw up to \$250 on the Fremont State Bank for emergency purchases of rare books. They also set aside, for use at Mr. Henry's discretion, \$100 a year for several years. The library eventually realized \$650 from this source. Lest the reader consider this small business, it should be measured in the light of the \$4,500 appropriation which was received in 1911 for an entire biennium.

Other gifts stimulated the building of the Northwest collection. Limits to the sphere of interest were established. The state of Washington was selected for the major field. The Pacific Northwest, however, logically embraced all of the old Oregon Territory including the states of Idaho, Montana, and Oregon as well as the province of British Columbia. Later on, Alaska and the Yukon were added, but California and the Old Southwest were ruled out by definition. At first the collection related strictly to the history of the region. More recently, the scope has been broadened to include all volumes treating of the Pacific Northwest with the exception of detailed engineering reports and technological studies. The collection is especially strong in accounts of early maritime voyages, and narratives of overland expeditions.

In a brief summary it is impossible to list individual donors.

Only the earliest ones are named here, those giving while the library was still in its infancy—and sometimes so impoverished that every added volume was of substantial assistance. But though individual donors go unmentioned, no account would be complete without reference to the particular fields in which the library is strong. These are enumerated in the late John VanMale's *Resources of Pacific Northwest Libraries* published by the Pacific Northwest Library Association in 1943. In a preliminary analysis VanMale listed subjects in which Pacific Northwest libraries did not specialize, as well as subjects in which they were undertaking specialization. According to his findings, the University of Washington Library was relatively strong in bibliographies, library science, academy publications, classical philology, English literature (seventeenth century), Chinese literature, Scandinavian literature, Pacific Northwest history, British medieval history, secondary education, chemistry (basic works), botany, zoology, oceanography, paleontology, ceramic engineering, forestry (applied), forestry (lumber trade), and fisheries. VanMale also found the University's law and drama collections to be outstanding. It is of interest that the library anticipated the establishment of a medical school by the acceleration of purchases in the fields of anatomy, bacteriology, pharmacy and cognate fields. Now that the medical school is a reality, rapid growth of the medical collection is assured.

From these findings, it can be seen that the University of Washington Library has its own individuality and integrity. It is conscious, moreover, of its external relationships. It is a member of a world-wide network of libraries that exchange publications and collaborate in bibliographic enterprises. It participates in efforts for the relief of devastated libraries and in endeavors to improve the state of libraries in general. Within the United States, it holds one of the forty-eight memberships in the Association of Research Libraries. It participates in the joint activities of the Association, typical of which is the Farmington Plan, a project which is aimed not at the strengthening of one library at the expense of others, but at assuring comprehensive acqui-

sition of foreign publications for the good of the entire United States.

The library benefits most, however, from its membership in the Pacific Northwest Library Association, the only regional library association in our country that is international in scope. The PNLA includes the province of British Columbia as well as the four Northwestern states. It was organized in Seattle in 1909 during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Whether it was the knowledge of individual weakness and isolation that influenced them is hard to say, but at any rate librarians of the Pacific Northwest began to practice regional co-operation in 1909 and have done so with unabated enthusiasm ever since. The PNLA became a regional planning agency bringing to fruition a series of projects. Among the early ones were co-operative library publicity, guidance in the selection of subscription books, and the preparation of union lists of holdings.

The greatest single achievement of the Association was the establishment of the Pacific Northwest Bibliographic Center in 1940. The initial impetus for this was supplied by the Carnegie Corporation by a grant of \$35,000 to provide a regional Union Catalog. The Center, now on a sound financial basis, is sustained by the co-operative subscriptions of libraries in the region. It facilitates interlibrary loans and effects a successful exploitation of all library resources in the Northwest. The Union Catalog and offices of the Bibliographic Center are located in the Henry Suzzallo Library.

Since library resources are limited, a corollary to library co-operation is subject specialization. This was early acknowledged by Pacific Northwest libraries just as more recently it was agreed to by the Association of Research Libraries in adopting the Farmington Plan. Late in 1943 the PNLA Committee on Bibliography called an informal conference on "Library Specialization in the Pacific Northwest." Here the conclusion was reached that co-operative development was the next step ahead for American librarianship. Agreements for library specialization on a voluntary basis were published in the *PNLA Quarterly* for January 1944.

In discussing how the resources of the entire nation or region can be brought to bear on the furtherance of scholarship through interlibrary loans and joint effort, one should not overlook what is to be had at one's very doorstep. University of Washington students not only have campus collections at their disposal but also the collections of the Seattle Public Library. Between the two institutions, scholars can count upon the availability of well over a million volumes—this from the meager beginnings of less than a century ago.

One may question, what comes next at the University of Washington. Will the library stop breaking through the elbows and bursting its seams? When will it come of age and stop growing? From the day it was founded it has been pressing for more books and more space in which to put them. An addition to the present building is almost completed. In spite of this, like *Oliver Twist* we are asking for more—more books, more space, bigger appropriations. And in this we are no different from the libraries on other campuses. No library can afford to stand still. Neither, in the new kind of world that faces us after two unsettling wars, can it afford to move ahead only at its earlier tempo. The library system is being reappraised, new administrative practices developed, building needs re-examined, personnel status improved, and budgets increased to enable the library to retain its present standing among research and bibliographical institutions in this country. All this goes on and along with it that other task which is the chief one of every library—the pursuit of the quest for books and the seeing to it that the books are utilized.

THE SURGEON

[A STORY]

John A. Lynch

THE DAY HAD BEGUN EARLY for Captain Raff. It had hinged so closely on the night, in fact, that he had lost track of the hours. The night and early morning he had spent in Consigniero, and shortly before noon, followed by his medics and assistants, he had moved to the mouth of the valley, to the square, gray house below the mountain. No vehicles were permitted to move beyond Consigniero, and as he walked the mile of roadway to the gray house Captain Raff saw several shells break far up on the mountainside to the left, quick flashes of dust and soon smoke curling up. Other shells he saw and heard exploding on either side. Still others he saw rip into the road ahead, and coming to the spots where they had fallen, he paused and looked up into the cloud that circled the mountaintop. But he never ran, and though he was conscious of his head bobbing as shells exploded near by, he never threw himself to the ground.

At one time or another, he knew, during the past day and night, all of the men now invading the mountain had come up the road from the village and had turned into the valley below the mountain. Their interest had been centered so closely on the mountain, however, that only when they were nearly to the path that led from the road into the valley, and up the mountain itself, had they seen the house standing to the right. It was a quiet, square building, its front door set a little to the right and a big, pleasant window showing on the left. Two umbrella pines stood in front and a hedge ran up from the road on the near side.

The men had passed by and had gone up the mountain, and only when they had begun to enter the house later on, straggling and wounded, did they see that the glass of the big, pleasant window was broken, that one hinge of the door was loose, so that

the door hung oddly, that the flowers in the beds in front of the house were dead, that most of the furniture was gone, and that no one was living there.

Captain Raff saw these things as he entered the house by the narrow front walk beyond the hedge. Word had been passed that he was coming forward, and now he found waiting at the house the men who had gone into the valley the day and the night before, who were now coming out again, some walking, some carried on stretchers, and parts of them showing bloody through hasty bandages.

Captain Raff brought his kits and bottles, his tourniquets and other paraphernalia, and he began his careful scrutiny of wounds. He had worked the night through in Consigniero and was already on his second wind, but gradually he was able to evacuate the men from the house and send them down the mile of roadway to the ambulance that stood close behind one of the village buildings.

The day wore on, and slowly through the men being brought to the gray house for care, there came men who were yet on their way, men separated from their platoons and companies, who had sought out the house as a last shelter before starting up the valley. There also came men of the reconnaissance and pioneer patrols, signal and artillery liaison teams, the mule skimmers and the pack carriers. And there were also the litter bearers, entering and unloading their burdens, resting, and beginning once again the wearying climb into the furrows of the mountain.

One of the men who came through the front door was a litter bearer who came alone. He sat down against the inner wall of the big front room and looked across the room and through the open window. Captain Raff stood beside him and looked out the window also. He looked across the road and down the valley, as far as a grove of chestnut trees. Hidden in the grove, he knew, was the beginning of the path that went almost straight up the mountainside, and he could see the rocky folds and the brush-spotted ridges stretching upward to the clouds.

"They took a new bunch up this morning," the litter bearer at his feet said. "I was coming down and it was just getting light

and they were going up and they looked awful tired. I don't know." He sat on the stone-block floor, with his knees pulled close in front of him and his arms clasped around them as if he were cold. "They keep taking them up and they keep bringing them down and it looks like it can go on forever," he said. "They keep taking them up and you never see some of them again." He unclasped his arms and looking down began to scrape with his fingernails at a clot of drying blood on the floor. "They keep taking them up," he repeated, crying, and Captain Raff stood over him.

In a short time then, the house took on the appearance of a clearing station, the men coming and going between the village and the valley, and among them Captain Raff and his assistants worked on with the wounded, cutting through flesh and torn cloth, bandaging, setting splints, giving blood, and consoling. The captain saw to each man who came in, and as he moved from one man to another he found himself sometimes lapping one case upon another, so that he asked a man questions continued from conversation with the man before, looked for leg wounds when he had just handled leg wounds, but found this time shrapnel embedded in a man's back.

Nearly all of the men were affected by shock in one way or another. For some it had worked small shelters of gaiety, and Captain Raff saw several of the men sitting by themselves and smiling, sometimes laughing, as if suddenly they had remembered humorous stories. They sat laughing even when they were unable to see because of their bandages, or unable to stand, or unable to touch. In others the shock had worked pits of melancholy, so that the men affected had to be looked after for their shock as well as their wounds. These men could be heard whimpering from time to time like hurt animals, and when fresh wounded were carried in, the men in shock cried out at the sight of them, at the arms hanging limp, the faces streaked with blood.

Captain Raff worked among them and watched them, and looking into the hurt faces he absorbed something of the suffering, something of the weariness of each of them. And often as they

entered through the front door, he looked out past the men and studied for a moment the shrouded mountain.

Then, late in the afternoon, the shelling which had echoed irregularly all day began to increase. The house shook more violently, and Captain Raff ordered the doors closed and the men kept back from the windows. Trips to the village with the wounded were brought to a halt and, as the afternoon receded, the men could hear more sharply the crack of the shells as they exploded outside.

The accumulation of the hours settled on Captain Raff, and taking a cup of coffee he went to the narrow basement of the house and sat straddling a wine keg, drinking the coffee and rocking from side to side. But just as in other days he knew that the strain would not be broken or lessened now, but would still be increased. For there would continue the almost methodical, repeated entrance of wounded men needing care, and now, also, there was the necessary impasse of keeping the men at the house until it was safe to move them to the village.

His hands rested heavily on his knees when he had finished drinking and he moved his legs slowly up and down, as if he were pedaling himself down the basement on the keg. He pushed his helmet to the back of his head and it rested there with increasing weight; the labor and responsibility of the hours which had passed crowded the energy from him.

He continued to sit for several minutes, then got up from the keg and walked the length of the dirt floor to a small front window at eye level. He reached past the jagged edge of broken glass and pulled a few of the dead flowers from the ground, so that he could get a better view. Two men were carrying a stretcher up the path to the house and the rear man looked down at him standing behind the broken window, but passed into the house and out of sight without any sign of recognition or change of fatigued expression. He could hear the men clumping about overhead, and the slight familiar sound of metal as they set the stretcher down. Far up the valley he could see the chestnut grove, the mountain hovering above it, and the wisps of clouds

hanging weblike along the high ridges. A voice called, "Is the doctor down there?" and he rolled the keg over once with his foot as he started for the stairs.

When he returned to the basement he brought with him Sergeant Beigen, one of the medics who had come to the house with him that morning. Captain Raff stood by the window again, and the sergeant sat against the side wall of the basement, his knees cocked up in front of him.

"I want you to take over," Captain Raff said, still looking out the window. "There won't be much. It's just that I'll have you in charge, just in case." He picked a sliver of glass from the window frame and dropped it on the ground outside.

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said. "We're set up pretty well."

Captain Raff continued to look out the window, then crossing the floor he sat down again on the wine keg. Three shells broke in quick succession somewhere outside and the reverberations dying away against the mountainside rolled slowly back through the room. He sat idly on the keg, working his fingers on his knees, rubbing the rough wool of the trousers. He stared at the dark ground and he thought of the men still on the mountain, the men upstairs who were through with the fighting, the men whose bodies they would find later on, clutching a rifle or just the earth or some jagged piece of rock. He thought of himself as surgeon to them. Shells burst again, the sounds bit at him and choked him, and he looked urgently at Sergeant Beigen, who was staring vacantly at the shell of a dead beetle on the floor.

There was the muffled clumping about upstairs again and Captain Raff asked, "Would you mind running up for me now?"

"Sure thing," the sergeant said quickly. Captain Raff watched him go, then settled on his keg and began to rock, his knees pumping slowly up and down.

When Sergeant Beigen returned to the basement the captain straightened up. He had nearly been asleep, he realized.

After he had sat down the sergeant said, "It was a fellow I knew. He lost a foot mostly." He leaned against the wall and Captain Raff sat staring at him with tired eyes.

"One of the men who brought him in says it's letting up some. He was almost to the top he says."

"How many upstairs now?" the captain asked.

"Nine litters and ten walking."

"I thought there were more than that," the captain said. "Every time I hear" He let the words trail off.

"No, I counted them," the sergeant said, and he took off his helmet and smashed at a beetle crossing the floor. Then he began to pound smooth a little spot of ground between his legs. His head was cocked to one side and he did not look up as he said, "When can we get an ambulance, Captain?"

"I don't know. Maybe tonight. Maybe we can get a jeep." He swung his right leg hesitantly over the keg and stood up.

"We've got one bad stomach, haven't we?"

"Two. And one head."

"I can't seem to remember," the captain said.

They crossed the basement together and went up the steps, into the kitchen of the house. They stood for a moment, then Captain Raff picked up the field phone from its case and opened the switch with his thumb. "I'll give them a call."

A medic came in and said, "Beigen, we've got to get a couple of these guys out of here." As the two of them walked out of the room he heard the sergeant say, "The captain's getting an ambulance now." The shells began again as he was calling, breaking in on the conversation, so that the voice of the man at regiment came intermittently through the firing. As he put the phone back in its case and stood looking down at it, the captain was aware that Sergeant Beigen had returned and was watching him. Without looking up he said, "They won't send an ambulance until dark."

They sat together on the edge of a table, and Captain Raff could hear from the front of the house now several of the men talking, the familiar mumblings of men dopey with morphine.

"We ought to take some of them at least," Sergeant Beigen was saying.

Outside the captain could hear shells exploding, as if they

were marching down the mountainside, were soon to pace the valley, then burst into the very room where he was sitting. He knew if he were to go to the side window he could see the mountain, and perhaps see where the shells were landing now. And if he were to walk to the foot of the mountain, he knew he could see the men coming down, clinging to the rocks and the bushes, working their way slowly to the valley. But he sat quietly by the sergeant's side.

After a while he asked, "Would you be ready to go now, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Beigen got to his feet. "Yes, sir," he said.

They went to the front of the house where Sergeant Beigen chose four litter bearers and a mule skinner to help him. Together they put the three most seriously wounded on stretchers just inside the front door.

"If any of you want to walk back," the sergeant said, "you'd better come now." He looked around him. "Anyone?"

No one moved. "How about you, Forbes?" he asked a man near him. Captain Raff saw that he was the litter bearer who had come in alone earlier in the day.

"I can't go back," Forbes said timidly.

"We'll tag you if you want to go," the sergeant said.

"I don't think so, Sarge," Forbes said. "I think I'll stay here." He lowered his head and began scraping at the floor. "I'll stay here awhile, Sarge."

With Captain Raff beside him, Sergeant Beigen pulled the front door open. They stood on the stone steps and looked up at the cloud-closed mountaintop, across the road and down the valley to the grove of trees. It had become quiet again and they could see no one in the valley, and across the hedge no one on the road toward the village.

"We'd better be going," Sergeant Beigen said.

Captain Raff stepped back inside the house and the sergeant knelt to pick up the handles of the first stretcher. "Up," he said, and he and the mule skinner lifted the stretcher carefully off the floor.

They had walked down the steps and the second stretcher had started through the doorway when a shell struck a short way down the path with a deafening crack and a burst of dust. Sergeant Beigen went down, dropping the stretcher, and the mule skinner behind him fell backwards. The litter bearers in the doorway turned from the blast, sinking to their knees. But when they realized that neither they nor the man they carried had been hit, they came quickly inside the house again.

On the path the mule skinner had got to his feet and was yelling unintelligibly. Beyond him Sergeant Beigen knelt on one knee, his right sleeve hanging empty. Then he rose and stumbled back through the door calling, "Captain! Captain!"

When the shell hit, Captain Raff had been standing behind the line of stretchers. He had seen Sergeant Beigen go down, but he had been unable to go to him. Instead he had watched helplessly, his hands at his sides, waiting.

"Captain, they cut my hand off," Sergeant Beigen said, reaching him. "My right hand." He looked into Captain Raff's face and said again, "They cut my right hand off, Captain." Then he began waving the stump of his arm wildly, his eyes glazed, and Captain Raff felt blood spatter across his face.

When other medics brought the stretcher in they saw that the man on it had not been hit. But the mule skinner, still yelling, had been knicked across the arms and chest. Coming inside, he quieted, then stood patiently against the wall as a medic dabbed sulfa powder on him where blood ran down his arms and onto his stomach.

Captain Raff, still unable to help, stood in the midst of the men. But he was suddenly aware that Forbes, who had screamed when Sergeant Beigen came back in, was on the floor now, crawling on his hands and knees to the sergeant's side, where he lay in the hallway being bandaged.

Captain Raff turned in time to see Forbes straighten above the sergeant, then push his way to the door. He ran outside, down the steps, stumbled and went sprawling on the path. There he got up crying and stood facing the mountain, tears wet on his

face, and he held to his chest Sergeant Beigen's severed hand. Then still clutching the hand he ran toward the road.

Captain Raff ran after him, took the steps in one leap and tackled Forbes as he was leaving the yard. He threw him down from behind and Forbes's screams mingled with the crunching of the dirt of the road. Then he grew limp and lay still. Captain Raff was on the ground with his arms tightly wound around Forbes's legs. He lay that way until he was sure the man would not move. Then he rose, his breath coming fast, and sudden tears came into his eyes.

The captain bent over the prostrate man at his feet, turned him on his back and unwrapped his fingers from Sergeant Beigen's dead hand. A shell crashed somewhere down the valley as he carried Forbes into the house and the men closed the door behind him, shutting out the dusk that was breaking over the mountain.

The shells began falling with odd regularity after that and the men settled down as the twilight deepened. The stretchers were crowded farther inside the house and the walking wounded sat by them. Several times the men on the stretchers asked for things, and a medic went around shortly and gave morphine to those who needed it.

In the basement Captain Raff sat quietly on the wine keg, his eyes still moist, not rocking now but bent over, his helmet at his side. With darkness a chill was coming into the house and the basement, but he felt that he was perspiring yet.

In the little light that remained he looked at his hands, and he began licking them slowly where he had scratched them in the gravel of the road. He saw the road stretching south to the village, and he remembered the shell holes he had seen splashed along it, remembered looking up at the mountain as he walked on the road that morning. He saw Sergeant Beigen again, calling to him, waving his stump of an arm, and later on Forbes fleeing through the doorway. Sitting there, he heard and saw many things that had taken place during the day. Yet he was not sure which of them had actually happened, or which might be entirely

imagined, which belonged to other days, or perhaps to no actual times at all. For there was a familiarity to all of it. It all fitted into a picture, and there moved in the picture men he knew and men he did not know, faceless men, and he saw himself moving too, moving with the men, tiredly, together with the men, toward a goal they were seeking and he was seeking, but a goal he could not now define.

Outside the shells broke regularly, and the sounds of them rocked him and mingled with the thousand other sounds he had heard and had absorbed. But soon the shells seemed to be very distant, and when they died away he could hear from upstairs someone walking about. Once he thought he heard the steps start downstairs, but they turned and started back and he heard low voices talking, but he could not make out what was said.

He got up uneasily and walked to the small front window and felt of the breeze that had sprung up. There was the smell of ground, the smell of splintered rock in it, the smell of wounded men and death. He could still see the huge shadow of the mountain hanging over the valley and the valley itself darkening so that he could no longer distinguish the chestnut grove. Far up on the mountainside now several small shellfires were burning rings in the brush.

A chill ran through him and looking out he listened for the sound of a motor, but only the fresh hurrying of the wind came to him. Several times he thought he heard the ambulance, but each time it was the wind, and he continued to stand by the window until it was totally dark outside and on the mountain another fire had started, farther up.

He crossed the basement and started up the stairs, but he stopped after the third step and listened. The voices had died down, and from the front of the house he heard now and then the click of a canteen cup. He turned back to the dark basement, recrossed the floor to the window and put his hands on the sill. He looked out at the night and the fires on the mountain were glowing in larger rings. Then he bent his head and in the darkness began licking again at the scratches on the backs of his hands.

DAPHNE

John Heath-Stubbs

I slipped into a shade, and those wild snares—
My wandering tresses, where the sunlight tangled
(Your hands, explorers of the golden jungle)—
Became as cool as leaves, as feet of birds
That sit and sing upon these arms, my boughs;
And now I do not care
If still your tears or if at dawn the dew
Waken my freshness and hang jewels on
My blind and wrinkled cheek, or if the night
Enfold with darkness my clear chastity.
And though I shade your singers' passionate brows,
With their male voices trembling, or indue
The virgin's lips with holy madness, I remain forever
Cold, vegetable, and dumb. Now I am one
With leaves inscribed by blood of murdered kings
Or purple from the shameful wounds of gods,
And that poor pale-faced boy who sank to find
His flowering image in the silent pool.

HENRY JAMES AND THE ACTRESS

Edwin Clark

All his life Henry James loved the theatre. This scandalized his more ardent devotees. It was devastating to the aesthetes for the master of the exquisite to be known as a practitioner in the House of Satan. To rectify this slip, the aesthetes took charge of James's reputation. By distorting the lengthy perspective of James's prolific works and spotlighting the emphasis on the shadowy refinement of his last phase, he was cast for the role, in their rearrangement, as the only author to make the "great refusal" of popularity. From this point of view *The Golden Bowl* shimmered as the ultimate in the novel. The intrusion of the hard fact that James was also a practicing playwright doused the shimmer of the "great refusal" with incredulity and was dismissed as "a disastrous interlude" without importance.

Now, as a mere "interlude" this was the most extensive in literary history, for James devoted five whole years to writing plays, and he never relinquished hope of theatrical success even when he returned to the novel. His experience with drama was influential on his best work and, without it, there might

never have been this rich period. His crucial dramatic years show roughly three different aspects: his ambition to be a popular dramatist with a smash hit; his intimate friendship with the enchanting actress, Elizabeth Robins; and the part he played both in the Ibsen movement and the development of the modern theatre in Britain.

The genial and wise A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic for many years of the *London Times*, an old and cherished friend of James, and one privy to the antics of the aesthetes, has pointedly asked, "if the friends of Henry James weren't inclined to be a little too solemn when writing of him?" For Walkley was aware as a friend of both James and Elizabeth Robins, that in compiling *The Letters of Henry James* Percy Lubbock carefully refrained from including a single one to Miss Robins, even though James had written her sufficient in number to fill a book. No letters to Shaw appeared either. So eloquent a prolonged hush is curious and rather preposterous, considering that James died as long ago as 1916.

How did James first come to write plays? From his boyhood

days in New York, where he attended the theatre with his family, he was fascinated by drama, and page after page of his autobiographical *A Small Boy and Others* glows with the magical wonder of the playhouse. Then, too, Fanny Kemble was a close family friend, and long association with her brought the theatre into his home. As early in his career as the 1870's he had written three romantic plays. After the success of *Daisy Miller*, he turned this story into a three-act comedy. Visiting New York, somewhat later, he offered his comedy to the management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but the reception was so suggestive of sharp practice that the negotiation was broken off by James. For years he still continued to think of writing for the theatre, but took no action of his own accord. It wasn't until 1889, when he was increasingly depressed in mind, that he was moved to action. His letters to Howells, at that time, were replete with despair at the diminished following his latest novels attracted. Certainly, through no fault of the public, his last book of the decade, *The Tragic Muse*, was long, diffuse, and undistinguished.

James had reached that point of crisis in the mid-career of so many artists when the momentum of success is spent. While recharging, there arises the fatal question—

what to do next? To progress to what?—and how? Or, merely to refine and repeat—endlessly to repeat what has been done? Precisely in this moment of dilemma, Edward Compton, an actor-manager, unexpectedly asked James to dramatize—with the promise to produce—his early novel, *The American*. James was elated; his despair vanished. At last his exhilarating dream of doing a play would come true! How deeply he was affected by Compton's offer is plainly revealed in his *Note-Books*: "I had," he then wrote, "practically given up my old, valued, long-cherished dream of doing something for the stage, for fame's sake, and art's, and for fortune's." Quickly finishing his commitments, he refused all future bids for novels—ignored even serial rights—and for five years applied himself to writing a dozen plays.

II

It was on the London stage, back in 1889 when James began his playwrighting in earnest, that *A Doll's House* was first produced. Since Nora walked out closing the door with a crash at the final curtain, the English stage has never been the same. But James, from youth, had almost grown up in the Théâtre Français; and he was a compendium of information and gossip about

this playhouse. His sense of dramatic form was conditioned by his experience of Scribe and Sardou. By the time he began to attack the theatre, this variety of drama was outmoded. And while he "pegged away at plays," even in Paris, he was unaware of changes and didn't discover Antoine and the Théâtre Libre, though his colleague, Zola, was a patron. By then the Théâtre Libre was making antiques, not classics, of the contrived melodramas of the school of Sardou.

But the Ibsen movement in England—which created such intense excitement among people inside and outside the theatre of that period—and which is now so difficult to recall in its original impact—swept James into its fold and widened his theatrical horizon.

Shortly before Compton was preparing *The American* production for London, Miss Marion Lea, a young Philadelphian of talent, with whom James was on dining terms, introduced him to her compatriot, Elizabeth Robins. Working together, these gallant misses, independent of the commercial theatre, gave London its first *Hedda Gabler*. Upon seeing Miss Robins' superb Hedda, James immediately proposed to Compton that she play the role of Claire, the heroine of *The American*. Compton agreed; she accepted. A viable bond developed between the leading lady and the play-

wright. With her he was to be on simpler terms, more natural and without side, than he was ever to be with other famous ladies, who were sure that they had a piece of his heart. In James's familiar word they were an ineffectible pair—a famous literary figure and a young, beautiful woman of genius, bursting on fame, with her courageous and imaginative creations of the characters of Hedda, Rebecca West, and Hilda Wangel. When the princes of the theatre, the great actor-managers, were looking down their noses at Ibsen, she captured London.

Although born in Louisville, Elizabeth Robins was not a familiar figure in her own land. In England, as an unknown she charmed Oscar Wilde; and he was most kind to her. As for a lasting impression, in his reminiscences, Henry W. Nevinson says of her: "I have seen all the greatest actresses of the last fifty years, but none of them produced upon my mind and emotions such an overwhelming effect as Miss Robins." It was with this entrancing woman that sedate Henry James began the strangest of literary friendships. It was a "participation" (as Miss Robins described it) in the theatre and friendship which has few equals, if any. Biographically, all the returns are not yet in. Was he in love? Nevinson has no doubt that she was.

III

But the impulse turning James to the theatre was far from isolated. It moved the leading spirits of the day. It compelled Antoine to found his theatre; it drove Heinemann, the publisher, to visit Ibsen in Norway and secure stage as well as publishing rights. It induced William Archer to translate Ibsen. It incited Shaw to ridicule "Sardoodledum" until this moribund drama was laughed to oblivion. It found, in George Moore, a critic of the cult of the actor-managers. It was a resurgent force that met the outraged cries of the Philistines with barbed attack and swept the English theatre clean of the maudlin melodramatics which had so long afflicted it.

In this rebellious group, James was one of the insiders. He subscribed to the independent productions, he lent his name and influence, he pulled wires, and, although a reluctant admirer of Ibsen, he took part in contributing to the ballyhoo, introducing the subject when dining out (and he was forever dining out) and even wrote a discerning, advance article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He made fun of the old fogies who ranted at Ibsen. For Miss Robins, he searched out plays with a good part; and consulted with her about his own. He attended tryouts and after-

theatre suppers where the councils of war were held after openings.

For the better part of this decade, Ibsen was the spearhead of the drive against the conventional drama. The first translations of Ibsen's modern plays were composite efforts of Archer, Gosse, and Miss Robins. James would hurry away from his dinner engagements to call on Miss Robins and hear the latest bit of translation of *The Master Builder*, which mystified them all as it was piecemealed into English. He was roiled with excitement, wonder, and protest. His letters to Heinemann in reaction to the script are informal and vehement, as he expressed his impatience for the full play and spoke of the breathless drama: "It appeals," so he wrote, "with an immoderate intensity and goes straight as a dose of castor oil."

After his production of *The American* had the usual provincial tryout, with James touring like a veteran trooper, it opened in London, September 1891, and met with a mixed press. The audience, however, liked the play much better than the reviewers and it was warmly received. There had been considerable advance rumors about the debut of a literary figure in theatre. It wasn't reported whether George Meredith and Thomas Hardy attended the first night, as they had that of *Hedda Gabler*, but the audience was a brilliant one.

James was much encouraged and was sure he could do a better play. Both Archer and Clement Scott, often in disagreement on plays, praised the performance of *The American*. It had a run of two months, and Compton included it for years in his provincial repertory.

But the most intimate picture of the venture is given in James's letter to Mrs. Hugh Bell:

I flung myself upon Compton after the first act: "In heaven's name, is it going?" "Going?—Rather! You could hear a pin drop!" Then, after that, one felt it—one heard it—one blessed it—and, at the end of all, one (after a decent and discreet delay) simpered and gave oneself up to courbettes before the curtain, while the applausive house emitted agreeable sounds from a kind of gas-flaring indistinguishable dimness and the gratified Compton publicly pressed one's hand and one felt . . . the stake was won . . . You have been through all this, and more, and will tolerate my ingenuities. . . .*

More than a year after the London production, *The American* was still playing in the provinces. James, although busy with other work, was still interested enough to have written a new fourth act. It provided a "happy ending." This required some alterations in the previous acts, and he followed the company on

tour to see how his changes worked out. He asked Miss Robins: "Will you come with me to Croydon . . . to see it (Ibsen permitting)?" His eagerness to show his repairs to his former star (Robins played only in the London engagement) was hardly the indifference which Lubbock ascribed to James in his report of this theatrical incident.

IV

After *The American* production, the friendly participation between James and Miss Robins grew in intimacy. He arranged Miss Robins' contract so that her engagement wasn't limited—as fixed in the standard contract—to appear only with Compton. She was free to perform at special matinees under what Marion Lea and Elizabeth Robins sportingly referred to as their "joint management." At the close of the *Hedda Gabler* run, Miss Lea married and retired, and Miss Robins, with help from Heine-mann, Archer, Walkley, and James, carried on the Ibsen series until it evolved into the New Century Theatre. Her adventurous conduct startled, amused, and worried James, and though he championed her cause, he advised moderation. In turn, Miss Robins listened to him, read his plays, tactfully discussed them, and always was on the lookout for a chance to promote a production. Between them it was

*Henry James, *Letters*, Charles Scribner's Sons.

understood that she would again play one of his gracious ladies.

During his Paris visit in 1892—when prospects were bleak for the experimenting Miss Robins, his confidence was such, he informed her:

You have an advantage over almost everyone else in having an author at your complete disposal—who only asks for a little patience and a few months of margin. He is full of purpose and resolutions—and oh, if he could only find a valiant and civilized young manager, you would find yourself bettered—I believe—by the same stroke. But this will come. It is only a question of a few more months.†

Once in the throes of the drama, the skeptical James was converted to enthusiasm. A later letter to Miss Robins says: "You shall never be exiled from my aspiration or calculations; it is, in fact, largely around you that they crystallize . . . I yearn for another dramatic evening—with a couple of acts under my arms."

But the ways of the theatre were as inscrutable as James found Ibsen. He might write: "I am hammering away these mornings at such a magnificent play,"—yet the managers still had to decide whether to produce or not. He con-

fided to Miss Robins the familiar complaint of playwrights: "Hare will neither produce or part with" my comedy. And then he asked, showing how theatrically minded he had become: "Let me have an echo, or anything that may be going on in London. . . . One thing I do wish you would do—tell me three words about Oscar W——'s piece . . . and if in particular the subject seems to discount my poor three-year-old (or almost)" which was unproduced.

For twelve months or more, Daly was considering a light comedy of James's. The negotiations were tenuous and induced an inexplicable episode. James believed Daly was about to put his comedy — titled *Disengaged* and adapted from his short story, *The Solution*—into rehearsal, with Ada Rehan as the star, and to produce it in another month. He attended what he thought was to be the first rehearsal. It turned out to be a reading of his play by the cast, with the actors unfamiliar with the lines and stumbling over them. He was appalled. (James raged at an ill-read line in the theatre.) By the close of the session he was vastly nettled. Before he had an opportunity to speak, most of the actors disappeared.

Describing this unhappy contretemps to Elizabeth Robins, James exploded that at the end of the read-

† From *Theatre and Friendship, Some Henry James Letters, with a Commentary by Elizabeth Robins*. Copyright, 1932, by Elizabeth Robins Parks. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ing Ada Rehan seemed "white, haggard, ill-looking, almost in anguish. I couldn't bring myself to speak." He also admonished her not to pity him. He continued:

Only a word to say that the results (for your sympathetic ear) of the ghastly—yes, it's the word!—two hours I have just brought to a close at Daly's is that I write to him tonight to withdraw my piece. The "rehearsal" left me in such a state of nervous exasperation that I judged it best—or rather I could only control myself and trust myself enough—to say simply to him after the last word was spoken: "I shall take some hours to become perfectly clear to myself as to the reflections which this occasion—taken in connection with your note of Saturday causes me to make. And then I will write to you"—and then to walk out of the theatre.

This disastrous affair was as devoid of simplicity as James's remark to Daly. Obviously, Daly didn't invite a celebrated writer to his theatre to insult him. Most likely Daly hoped that a running through of the lines would reveal to James the need of revision. Successful comedies are achieved, not by writing, but by much rewriting. James was unable to see Daly's purpose, because his detachment was clouded by his positive belief he had mastered theatre technique. Whatever Daly had in mind to suggest to James, he dismissed it as *unapropos* in the face of the author's wrath.

What blinded James to defects of his play was his unquestioning confidence in the outmoded techniques of the Théâtre Français. How could one so fastidious accept such a static method with its fixed, impotent, artificial conventions as the way to do a light comedy? The text of *Disengaged* reveals the French influence inasmuch as the characters move through no volition of their own, but by the power of a compelling agent. The play had a sound farce idea, which was left undeveloped, for all the intricate plot. Fantastically, several months before this incident, James deplored to Miss Robins the decay of the Paris stage, crowded with stupidity and mediocrity. Nevertheless, he remained unaware of Antoine and his notable experimental theatre, which was already in its fifth brilliant season.

It was James's misfortune that the play-doctor wasn't an accepted figure in the theatre of his time. A play-doctor could have saved him untold anguish and secured him the success he desired. He had ideas, he had dramatic instinct, he lacked only those final touches. If a play-doctor like George S. Kaufman, nurtured on his friend Archer's *Play Making*, had been employed, he could have extracted and pointed the essence of James's play into that exact arrangement which makes a play unfold and flourish—and thus

realize the potentiality always present in James's drama. Instead, Daly remained to James "an abyss—but an abyss of no interest. Therefore basta." With all her sympathy, Miss Robins indicated in her editing of James's letters no word that Daly was culpable in the affair.

V

Following every setback, James simply began a new play. How he toiled for brevity, until his dialogue was hardly more than a single line to a speech! His spare time was concerned with the latest Ibsen—*The Master Builder*. He was absorbed and excited with the plans of Miss Robins' new production and called Ibsen everything from "a darling" to a "monster." He worried even over how Miss Robins should dress as Hilda—he argued for the dressmaker as arbiter—and she responded by adding hobnailed shoes to her costume.

Her performance of Hilda so "translated" Nevinson that at the conclusion he found the streets of London looking unfamiliar. Wilde and George Moore came backstage to compliment her. And James, not satisfied with his green-room congratulation, wrote the following morning, scoring the critics for missing the "odd baffling spell it works" and rendering his joy in "the very great impression you

personally produced and the admirable nature of your performance . . . the biggest lift to your professional position." He excused himself for being unable to attend the second performance, as he had to go to Moore's opening, but promised to appear the next day. Meanwhile, he arranged to have the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* interview Miss Robins for a feature article on the Ibsen production. To be sure, Clement Scott continued to spew his diatribe against Ibsen, but the public response to *The Master Builder* was sufficient to provide regular evening performances. This increased popularity brought Miss Robins, however, no remuneration for her work, a fact which prompted caustic objections from James.

In his anxiety for Elizabeth Robins' success, James exchanged views on the matter with Lady Bell. Both objected to the "unworldly careering" with which she conducted her affairs. As nothing succeeds in the theatre like success, following her captivating performance as Hilda, many closed doors were opened to her. Immediately she scored heavily again in *Alan's Wife*, an anonymous drama that excited as much fury as *Ghosts*. (Miss Robins and Lady Bell were the authors. Though James asked several times, "Why so much mystery about it?" the authors kept their

secret.) Finishing the run of *Alan's Wife*, she starred in a melodrama at a fat salary. A subscription fund was raised by the Asquiths, Lord Milner, Mrs. J. R. Green, and others, for which Miss Robins put on, with admirable éclat, an Ibsen series in June of 1893. Her crowning activity of this busy year was to sign for a year's engagement with John Hare at the Garrick. As a result, the anxiety of James was considerably reduced, and so was the availability of his favorite leading lady.

For several months thereafter James was preoccupied with writing his original drama, *Guy Domville*. George Alexander accepted the play and was planning the production, James heavily revised it. A paradoxical aspect of James as a practicing playwright was that though he touchily protested, once calm was restored he often took over and put to good use what he had so violently protested. He was never troubled by stultifying consistency. And while the spiritual conflict of *Guy Domville* bore no resemblance to Ibsen, his improved dramatic structure revealed that he had somewhat taken in the fact that this master of modern drama had something to contribute beyond the medium of the Théâtre Français.

Unfortunately, the preparation for *Guy Domville* having coincided with the arrival of the script of

Little Eyolf, Miss Robins was unable to accept a part in James's play. The now familiar scramble with translation intervened. Struggling with his revisions, James still kept informed of the latest Ibsen and he wrote to Miss Robins: "I can't stay my hand from waving wildly to you! It is indeed immense . . . and if 3 keeps up to the tremendous pitch of 1 and 2 it will distinctly stand at the tiptop of his achievement . . . it must leap with your legs, moreover—excuse, in an Ibsen connection, the metaphor!" This was James's happy aspect of Ibsen—unlike "the damned old Norseman and plundering pirate" epithets.

George Alexander provided *Guy Domville* with the most elaborate stage set of any of James's produced plays. It had an eighteenth-century English background relating the story of an old Catholic family, a son who renounced love for religion. As leading lady, Marion Terry had an exquisite role and gave one of the finest performances of her career. Looking back, it is almost intolerable to recall that stage customs of that time demanded a one-act curtain riser, while James toiled to "compress" and dreamed of having "just one hour more" of playing time.

A few days before the opening, James wrote to Miss Robins:

Something deep and strange within me tells me that your letter is a really

good omen; and for a moment it stills the quite ridiculous frenzy of my nervous pulses I have worked with unremitting zeal and intensity—and my consciousness has been divided between desolation at the immensity of sacrifice (of things—touches, passages, details—indispensable to real interest and coherence) and exultation over the very absence of things not left in the piece for them not to do! They have all been comfortable and decorous, and the rehearsals very human and tranquil—I mean without “incident”—. . . . I shall do the next time so much better! Only I feel more and more that I may be made for the Drama (God only knows!) but am not made for the Theatre!

James's inner circle of the theatre rallied to him. The Hugh Bells and Miss Robins traveled from Yorkshire for the opening, and were joined by Mrs. Clifford, dramatist and novelist, and Mrs. J. R. Green, sponsor of experimental drama. The tickets which James had reserved for them weren't delivered, and in the mix-up his guests were charged their stalls—to James's embarrassment. All the gremlins of a first night loosed their fury on January 5, 1895, at the St. James's Theatre. A claue with advance knowledge of the Catholic hero and his offense against romantic love came prepared to disturb, and disrupt if possible, the performance. During the playing, minor disturbances occurred

in various parts of the house. With the final curtain, there was applause and calls for “Author.” In his excitable condition, through a misunderstanding James appeared on stage and was immediately greeted with hisses, catcalls, shrieks, boos, and vile abuse shouted from the other side of the footlights. Whereupon those who admired the play were aroused robustly and cheered and clapped, and the divided audience tried to shout the other side down in a terrific tumult. Until the curtain dropped, James stood transfixed, unable to move, and hurt to the quick. The young dramatic critic, Walbrook, reported the actors' saying it was pitiful to see him led offstage “his face green with dismay.”

Guy Domville ran for exactly a month—but without further disturbance. It was admired by intelligent playgoers. Archer announced in his review that there had been nothing so charming on the stage since *Beau Austin*. From his pulpit in *The Saturday Review*, Bernard Shaw castigated the audience for their indecent behavior, while he elegantly praised the superb and sensitive writing of the play and applauded the arrival of an artist in the theatre. “Line after line,” said Shaw, “comes with such a delicate turn and fall that I unhesitatingly challenge any of our popular dramatists to write a scene

in verse with half the beauty of Mr. James's prose." Shaw was too acute a critic not to notice that James had trouble with his second act, which damaged the effect of his play, but in his survey of the theatre season, Shaw again returned to the subject of *Guy Domville* and observed that its failure was a most "deplorable misfortune."

It is regrettable that James took so to heart the opening-night incident. However, it was something that he could rile the British to disorder about art. His French comrades in letters, Zola, Flaubert, Goncourt, and Daudet had all been hissed by audiences and thereafter dined together once a month, calling their dinner at Flaubert's suggestion: "The Dinner of the Hissed Authors." Shaw, of course, would have lectured the audience severely and made them like it. Temperamentally, James was unable to assume this detached view. On the 10th he wrote to his brother, William, of "the cruel ordeal of the first night" and begged him not to ask for details. "And yet," he added, "if you were to have seen my play!"

The same day, James wrote to Miss Robins and told her that the second night of *Guy Domville*, "before a remarkably good house, went like an enthusiastic and brilliant first." A few days later he explained to her:

It has been a great relief to feel that one of the most detestable incidents of my life has closed. It has left me with an unutterable horror of the theatre—as well as with a blank uncertainty as to what that horror . . . will lead me to do in regards to the same . . . but the gulf isn't too wide to prevent my wishing you all satisfaction in what you may yourself be planning or achieving. Indeed I shall take you as a remedy—a soothing potion—as you are poured out and administered.

In his *Note-Books*, where he confided his story ideas and hopes, he stated solemnly and rather theatrically that he had returned to the novel, and "it is now indeed that I may do the work of my life."

VI

A month after his dramatic renunciation of playwrighting, James was ringing the doorbell of Ellen Terry's home to discuss, with her, ideas for a comedy in which she might appear. She had a fancy that she would like to do an American woman. Soon after, James completed a new comedy which he referred to as the Ellen Terry play, and which was kept by her, to his annoyance, for three years without making a decision. And then, as he gleefully explained to H. G. Wells, "I can't waste the labor, and if the public won't read a play, let them read it as a story," and so *Covering End* (which was the E. T. play) appeared in book format with *The*

Turn of the Screw, as *The Two Magics*.

His reaction to the "horror of the theatre" was merely an adjustment. Now his mornings were devoted to the novel and his spare time to drama; but even this wasn't absolutely fixed. During this winter of 1895, James and Miss Robins were active playgoers, attending performances of Duse, Bernhardt, and Réjane. It was, too, in this period of not too wintry reflection that he read and discussed with Miss Robins the play for Ellen Terry. Before spring arrived, James was spending evenings assisting Miss Robins in adapting from the Spanish, *Mariana*, a drama of José Echegaray. He liked the play; it was romantic with modern overtones. He was sure it would prove a magnificent role for her, and it brought her glowing notices. He was pleased because he didn't want her typed as solely an Ibsen actress. As they worked on the adaptation:

James would pace one of the type-scripts in hand, making passes in the air and with: "No, no, dear lady," sweep any suggestion out of his way and in the cleared space plant some final flower of grace or fitness the hunt for the real right epithet would go on sometimes till I, weakly ready to abandon it, would be brought to my senses by his suddenly dealing himself a resounding smack on the forehead, and I would see the open

palm flung out to hold up "as it were" the found solution for the benediction of heaven.

How much James enjoyed this experience in the theatre—with a buffer between himself and backstage, and where he refused to permit his name to appear on the theatre program—is clear from his letter to Miss Robins: "But there has been one thing I wanted to say—only it can (it must) wait until after 'Little E.' Don't you want some more done to 'Mariana'? We left her susceptible of such improvement! I am sure we can help her further. I needn't say how I pray for the present job."

For many independent productions, Miss Robins carried the double burden of management and acting a lead part—over the protests of James that she was injuring her health—and finally her efforts evolved in the New Century Theatre. Her former subscribers became patrons of the new theatre, and among these were Sir Frederick Pollock (Holmes's friend), Haldane, the Edward Greyses, Sidney Colvin, and W. T. Stead. The directors of the new theatre included Archer, Walkley, and Miss Robins, with H. W. Massingham, Alfred Sutro, and Shaw filling out the board. And their project was to "further the cause of Dramatic art." The first production was Ib-

sen's *John Gabriel Borkman*; the second, the Stevenson-Henley collaboration, *Admiral Guinea*, which revealed the scope of choice in the directors. Naturally, Henry James's friends on the board knew that he had plays to offer the new theatre. They all wished for his success. But there were moments when his friends felt that they had suffered more than he over the queer fate of *Guy Domville*. His Ellen Terry play was submitted by Miss Robins, the directors were for long hesitant, and finally declined the play.

To the end of her career in the theatre, Elizabeth Robins hoped to play again another gracious Jamesian heroine, or to be responsible for a production of his play. It was never to happen, "because," she says, "of anxiety as to what my failure (whether as actress or producer) would mean, after all he had gone through, to Henry James." She was well acquainted with his dark and brooding melancholia, to master which took all his "unshakable belief in his genius." In explaining their relations, she says:

What I found myself unconsciously playing for was the glint of amusement that would cross the tragic face. Dearly, I loved making him produce those signs that did duty for laughter, and I am sure that the reason he came to hear my "adventures" was because those I presented him were, as a rule, selected with care.

Sometimes she leaned over backward in trying to soothe his perplexities, so that for their common good Mrs. Clifford reported that James found her inexpressive: "She doesn't . . . er . . . er, doesn't say" This intimacy of collaboration was ruptured, suddenly, at the close of the decade, by Miss Robins—with all London at her feet—going inexplicably off to the end of the world, the Klondike, during the gold rush. There she was stricken with typhoid and nearly died, and for several years afterward was an invalid.

VII

After the turn of the century, neither Elizabeth Robins nor James were primarily concerned with the theatre. Her recovery was long delayed by several relapses on returning to Britain, and she went to the south of France to convalesce. James was much exercised and kindly in attention. As he directed her from England, on the best means of sending notebooks and bulky papers from Aix, he concluded: "I wish I could be taking care of you, instead of your box." Miss Robins was never to return to the stage—as a player—though her friends warned and argued she would later regret the roles she so often refused. For some years, under a pen name, she had been writing novels and was resolved

that James should not know of her practice. Unintentionally, her authorship was exposed, which spoiled her fun, for previously when she was dining out and her novels were talked of, she used to criticize them when others praised and praise them when others criticized in a merry game of secret gaiety. But the best-kept secret of the decade was that of the collaboration of Lady Bell and Miss Robins on *Alan's Wife*—the most discussed play of the 'nineties—whose authorship was certainly unknown for twenty years and about which James was quite curious.

Just as James was fascinated by the theatre, so in turn he fascinated the people of the theatre. On several occasions, actor-managers saw as a good part a character in James's short stories. Requests came from Alexander and Forbes-Robertson. He had to ask Miss Robins for her copy of the Ellen Terry play, because his had been sent to America. Their evenings of participation were resumed when Barker accepted her play, *Votes for Women*, for the splendid series of dramas the Vedrenne-Barker management mounted at the Cort. So, though James had completed *The Awkward Age*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Ambassadors*, he still kept a hand in on things theatrical. In fact, after turning his play scenario of *The Other House*

into a melodramatic novel (which incidentally sold better than his novels just prior to his five years of work with the drama) he reversed the process, following the publication of the novel, and wrote a dramatic version, which he showed only to Compton. When Compton rejected the play, James laid it aside.

Forbes-Robertson persevered, and James took time off from novel writing and contrived a three-act comedy from the story of *Covering End*. He added another character to the cast, at Forbes-Robertson's suggestion, and raised Captain Yule, Socialist M.P., to a lord, and once again was full of hope of making that smash hit he so longed for. The play had a capital comic idea. An American woman with a passion for medieval antiques visits the old manor house, *Covering End*, and there discovers, among the antiques she admires, the recent heir—who is interested only in socialism and the working class, and is about to be dispossessed. The charming American widow, Mrs. Gracedew, resolves the crisis, gallantly, with a high bid of a dual nature, from which the play took title.

Again, James went on tour in the provinces with *The High Bid*. After the tryout he wrote to Miss Robins:

I came back last night—from a tussle with the Black Devil of the

theatre at Edinburgh and elsewhere (for a dingy "tour rehearsals") and only now am breathing again after an apparent happy issue. . . . The Edinburgh production of the little piece . . . has been to all seeming quite a victory over possible provincial mischance—and I hope greatly the thing will eventuate here.

With Gertrude Elliott and Forbes-Robertson, *The High Bid* appeared in London, the following winter, in special matinees. It was described by the reviewers as a pleasant comedy; though Walbrook singled it out as superior to the commercial theatre and a duel of wit "truly exhilarating," others were inclined to think that James failed to dramatize thoroughly his idea, and his characterization of a Socialist left something to be desired.

Without a doubt, the grace and charm of *The High Bid* acquired for James an unexpected honor in the spring of 1909. The English theatre had come of age since the years of his "sacred" struggle; the efforts of Miss Robins and others who strove for an intelligent and artistic theatre had borne fruit. With Granville Barker, an incomparable director, Charles Frohman, planned a season of repertory by contemporary playwrights. The most distinguished of the day, Shaw, Hankin, Barker, Barrie, and Galsworthy—with Masfield and James—were invited to present original

plays for the repertory. This was a notable compliment to James's effort in the theatre and recognition of his potentialities as a dramatic artist, by those who had lifted the British stage to artistic achievement. "How jolly and interesting," he had previously written to Miss Robins, "for you to have Granville Barker—an intelligence and a competence so great—to work with!" And now he was to work with Barker.

Unfortunately, when this opportunity arrived, James had a hard time with illness, which so beset his later years. On receiving the offer, he suggested the use of his second revision of his recent version of *Another House*. Frohman objected and asked for an original play. So James set to work on *The Outcry*, a comedy of international relations. In developing the theme, James realized it was "ferociously difficult," but a difficulty that "fascinates." Both Barrie and Barker had a hand in revising the script. Gently but firmly they insisted on his cutting and cutting the dialogue—James, protesting it was cut to the bone, yet followed their advice. As the date was reached when *The Outcry* was scheduled for rehearsal, the King died, the theatres were closed, and eccentric fate again stopped a Jamesian production.

A substantial forfeit was paid to James by Frohman, and the rights

to the play were returned to him. He asked his secretary to make a clean copy of the cut script and complained woefully that "thousands and thousands of words" were "slashed out loathingly by me." The cut copy followed him to America, where he visited his brother. It is amusing to note that immediately he turned the play into a short novel, directly from the cut script, and with gusto. After the publication of *The Outcry*, Edith Wharton pressed him to write another *Golden Bowl*; he retorted that *The Outcry* had sold five editions in a few weeks, and it had taken the "G.B." nine years to get into a third. Moreover, remarked James, suavely, all the world is writing "G.B.'s," but only he, he said with mocking pride, was doing short novels with "artistic econ-

omy." He continued that the vague verbosity of the "G.B." "terrifies and sates" me; while the "steel structure" of *The Outcry* produced a parcel of "weighed and related value" in technique. During the time James was abroad the final production within his lifetime took place, his ghost story, *Owen Wingrave*, which he had dramatized as *The Saloon*. The production and acting were sharply berated by the critics. It was not until after his death that the Stage Society in London produced both *The Outcry* and his earlier play *The Reprobate*. Ironically, and James was a man of infinite ironies, it was thirty-one years after his death that James conquered the theatre, when the adaptation of his novel, *Washington Square*, became the smash hit of the 1947-48 New York season.

PAMPLONA REMEMBERED

(Feast of San Fermin)

Ben Ray Redman

Hard bright sun
On hard yellow sand,
Singing, dancing,
And a screaming band:
All Pamplona
To the bull ring swirls,
Shouting, swaying
In reeling dances,
Drunken men
And laughing girls,
Sweeping the streets
From wall to wall;
Stand in their way
And you take your chances.
What if the tipsiest
Trip and fall?
Here they come
To a pounding drum:
Arms locked tight
The mob advances,
Lifting up their feet
Like a horse that prances;
Full of wine
And full of fun,
For of all the days
In the year this one
Is the day for riot
And sport and play,

For ribald songs
And squealing glee,
For weaving feet
And a spirit free,
For blood that burns
In an ecstasy:
This is the day,
The day, the day!
San Fermin, bless us
On our way!

What is this talk of a Christian saint?
Have they forgotten whose shrine they stain
With the steaming blood of the sacrifice—
The blood of eight bulls slain?

Bulls, bulls,
Eight bulls will die
Before the sun
Slips down the sky.
San Fermin, bless us
On our way:
This is your day,
This is your day.

Why do they call upon you, San Fermin?
There is an older and greater, a god
Come out of Iran with sharp-pointed sword:
Mithras, slayer of bulls;
Mithras, redeemer of men.

The blood of bulls
Is our meat and drink,
And eight of them
Shall be stabbed to death:
Totter and plunge,

Or slowly sink,
Pawing and scraping,
But never escaping,
Gouging the sand
With their final breath.

Strike, strike, Mithras, strike!
From the blood of the bull we spring to birth:
The serpent drinks as the vital flood
Spurts and drenches the barren earth.
Strike, strike, Mithras, strike!
In the blood of the bull we wash our sin:
The dog leaps up to lap the wound,
The waiting scorpion scuttles in.
Strike, Mithras, strike!

We come, we come,
To a pounding drum;
We come with laughter
And jollity,
On a surging tide
Of fellowship,
With shining eye
And wine-stained lip:
Skip and hop,
Whirl and stop,
Hop again,
Then dance and skip—
To watch the beasts
In their agony.

Why do they call upon you, San Fermin?
There is a greater, known to the legions,
Known in Pontus, in Cappadocia,
Tended by Cautes and Cautopates:
Mithras, slayer of bulls:
Mithras, redeemer of men.

Dance and hop,
Skip and stop.
There is no time
To pray today:
But, good San Fermin,
Bless our way.

What is this talk of a Christian saint?
Mithras, your grottoes have long been still,
But today the faith is alive again:
In your name we shall kill!

Kill, kill,
Till we have our fill
Of blood and death
And cruelty:
We come, we come,
To a pounding drum,
To watch the beasts
In their agony.
Fling the gates
Of the bull ring wide:
We come, San Fermin,
Like a tide.

Fling the gates of the bull ring wide:
Behold the shrine of the god within!
Mithras, they know not what they do,
But still men come to you, in sin,
For the hot blood bath that bears away
The fleshly soil and the guilt of soul,
For the old redemptive rite of death
Which gives men life, which makes men whole.

Why do they cry San Fermin? Nay!
This, mighty Mithras, is your day!

MORE BETTER, LESS BETTER

Farnsworth Crowder

I AM GOING TO WRITE DOWN, before I forget, some of the things Mama Piazza said this afternoon. They constitute an unstudied spontaneous appraisal of certain aspects of this complex we call the American Way of Life. Possibly I read into them a significance not intended. Yet, the honesty, the absence of any deliberate intellection give them, I feel, a special and a disturbing pointedness.

The reason for my being invited to the feast—the only guest from outside the family—was the quaint idea in the heads of the Piazzas that they would be honored by the presence of a teacher. Every Thursday evening for nearly two years, Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Piazza attended my evening citizenship class, driving to school, as they go everywhere, in the high cab of Angelo's old four-ton Chevy truck. Their manner, the way they tiptoed into the classroom, both of them dressed as for a wedding and shining like polished apples, the massive barrel of a man, the gray-haired neat little woman, their innocent awe of the halls of learning—though only a high school—their painful earnestness, their diffidence and courtesy made them, from the beginning, wonderfully appealing to me.

In June the class was suspended for the summer, but the other day, answering the doorbell, I found them on the porch. They had come to tell me of passing their examinations and taking their oaths of allegiance before the judge. They were no longer alien, they were American now; they belonged.

"We have much to thank you for," Angelo shouted, "but we cannot say it in language without more education, so we say it otherwise."

"Otherwise," carried from the truck at the curb, proved to be a bag of walnuts, a jar of dried mushrooms, a crate of fancy

vegetables, a dressed turkey half-buried in a pan of cracked ice.

"Say no thing, say no thing," Angelo yelled, holding up his hands. "We are not through with you yet."

They had come to ask of me the further service of coming to a dinner for the family on Sunday afternoon. Ostensibly, the gathering would celebrate the making of the last payment on their ranch and the announcement of their decision to buy a car. But there was to be another purpose: as a thundering surprise, news of their citizenship would be revealed.

"I cannot wait," Angelo said, "to see how they look in the face when we tell them. They think we never make it. They feel sorry that we suffer going to school. But now!" He laughed in anticipation.

Well, the momentous affair has passed. This has been what a family feast day should be, warm and relaxed, with the indolence of a golden summer Sunday in the air. Seventeen of us gathered at the big table in the front room of the low redwood house under the oaks. Present were the three Piazza boys: Leon, a motor-court manager down from Reno with his wife and little girl; Joe, with his wife and twin daughters, from a ranch down the road; and Alfonso, just out of the Navy. Present also were the Piazza daughters, both from San Jose: Erna, tall, handsome, self-consciously smart; and Irene, pretty but sullen looking, with her husband and small daughter. Finally, from Oakland, there was Angelo's brother Peter and Peter's enormously proportioned wife.

I was placed next to Mama Piazza. Excitement shone from her brown eyes, and there was between us the rapport of conspirators: with Angelo, we knew what this was all about.

The substance of what she had to say, compressed into a kind of monologue, is what I want to get down. It begins with my remarking, apropos of the bountiful table, the happy faces, and the fine day, that she must be thankful to be where she was, in the Santa Clara Valley, in California, in America as a full citizen.

"Oh yes, I am thankful. In many ways it is better, much more better than in the old country. Yet, in some ways, less better.

It has not always been so nice with us as now. In nineteen-ought-eight when I get off the boat from Genoa, Angelo is out in Oakland, where he has gone two years ago to get a start. He has sent me money to pay my way over to be his wife. I am alone. I do not know the English words. I am scared of everything. And I am homesick." Mama put her hand to her throat. "Oh, I am homesick, but I have eyes and sense, a little sense. I can see already what is more better.

"You will laugh at what I remember seeing—things out of the chair-car window after we leave New York. A big pail, thrown out by the tracks like nobody wanted it. I sigh, I think, oh if only I can have such a pail someday to put my cookies in!

"Then I remember we ride into a forest. Everywhere dead wood on the ground and nobody picking it up. In It'ly all of us go to the mountains for wood, for bundles of sticks, just little sticks." Mama held up her thumb to illustrate, but finding it too large, held up a little finger.

"But here in America, I see miles of dead wood under the trees and I wonder, why are people not picking it up? Then I know: the wood belongs to a rich man who keeps the people out. And I think, oh dear, if Angelo and me can have such wood, then what things I will cook, how warm we can be to the bone!" She spread her hands and shivered, like a chilled person welcoming a blaze.

"And I remember, too, the fields we pass, such big fields and the cows in them. My eyes must be liars. Oh dear, I think, if Angelo and me can have a cow someday, only one! At home, my poor father has goats. If he gets hold of a calf, it is only a bull calf and in the fall he has to kill it because feed for the winter is too much. So he sells the meat to get his hands on some money. Anything for a little money. He cuts out all the bones he can for us, for a bone is treasure. We tie a string to a bone and hang it in the boiling pot to flavor the stew. Then we wrap the bone in a cloth and put it in the spring house to save for the next stew. But here in America, cows and calves everywhere! I rub my hands on the car window to rub out the dream, but it is still there."

Mama Piazza, by this time, had become a little breathless. "You ask," she said reprovingly, "am I thankful to be here!"

She threw out both arms, gesturing toward her children and her grandchildren, toward the windows open on one side to Angelo's thriving fields, on the other to the barns and pens under the walnuts, sheltering their Guernseys, their pigs and poultry. Though talking to me, she had caught every ear and she laughed round at everyone, loving them, teasing them, enjoying their dismay at her garrulousness.

"You see how much more better this is—twenty acres all paid for, with a fence clear around and a fine well and electricity to pump the water. My poor father, what did he have? A hillside. He must plant on terraces held up with boulders. We carry dirt and leaves in baskets from the valley and the woods to keep the soil sweet and we plant every foot—no, every little inch, even between the boulders, by hand.

"But here? Here, Angelo turns the soil while he sits down smoking his pipe on the tractor seat. And here, Angelo raises tons of this and tons of that—two, maybe three crops in one year. Monday, Wednesday, Friday he goes with a truckload to the market in San Francisco. My poor father?—he could raise only a little of this and a little of that. He takes it to market in a wheelbarrow to sell in the town square.

"And other things; my father, could he go to school? No. My mother? No. They could not write their name. But here, here we all go. Even grayheads like Angelo and me, *we* go to school. Yes, and the next time there is an election, Angelo will vote and I will vote, because we are American now. You ask our teacher here. It is a fact without kidding. But you keep quiet a minute. There is one more thing.

"Ever since nineteen-ought-eight, we have talked how we would take a trip. Well now, in the fall we are going, all over America, top to bottom, side to side, all over our country. We are going to buy a new car to go in, with a front seat and a back seat. The money is in the bank and the name Piazza is on the list . . ."

That did it! No one could hold in any longer. Angelo reared back, his arms crossed over his great chest, his mouth closed on a tremendous grin. Mama Piazza sat laughing, her hands over her ears and tears in her joyous brown eyes. . . .

There was a clatter of dishes from the kitchen. The men had transferred to the outdoors the din of their discussion of the merits of the car Angelo had ordered. We were alone at the cleared table. As if it might be a balancing reaction to the excitement, her mood quieted. She glanced at me shyly.

" . . . Often I say to myself that how I feel about some things is on account of getting older. But maybe it is true, really, that some things are not so good. Like just now, you hear what makes my children go crazy. That we are citizens now is nice, and that we can vote is so-so—but that we are going to buy a car—ah, that is wonderful!

"Since nineteen-ought-eight, Angelo and me, we work hard and do not throw our money away over the fence. We do not buy the fancy car first, because we need a house and land and a truck. We wait and buy the fancy car last. But our children, every one, they want to buy the fancy thing first.

"My son, Alfonso, now he is home from the Navy, has nothing on his mind but to spend all his money for a sporty suit and a fancy car. There is one he wants right now. Though really new, it is secondhanded in a used-car place, and the price is four hundred fifty dollars more than when it was bought new. Alfonso doesn't care because he can get it right away, tomorrow. He thinks it is smart to be cheated by four hundred fifty dollars. When we tell him it is dumb, he is hot under the collar.

"Because he has a kind heart, Alfonso does not say so out loud, but I know he thinks that we are dumbbells to wait for the fancy things. We tell him, why not buy a truck and haul stuff to market? Your papa will give you his hauling. But Alfonso says, 'Don't make me laugh. I am skimming some easy money.' "

Mama extended her hands as if offering me a share of her bewilderment.

"In the old country we have a saying—the wheat will not

come out on the stalk if the straw is not returned to the soil. My children do not understand that, though they go all the way through the high school. Joe should understand, because he is a farmer. Of our three sons, only Joe stays on the land. He likes to farm and he farms good, except for one thing—he does not return the straw to the soil. He leases and moves, he leases and moves. Angelo fights with Joe about it. He says, 'Joe, you should spread the manure.' Joe says, 'Let the next farmer manure. I'm moving.' Angelo gets very mad about it. He says to Joe, 'Joe, what will the Santa Clara Valley be like if everybody wears out the soil and moves? Your grandchildren will not have enough to eat!' But Joe says, 'The scientists will think up something. I'm moving.'

"But Joe is not all to blame. His wife does not want him to buy a farm, because she does not like to be a farmer's wife. She says to Joe, 'Joe, you are getting a farmer's neck.' She is ashamed when they go to the P.T.A. at the school and he sits there with such a black farmer's neck.

"But I do not talk against Joe's wife," Mama hastened to deny. "My own daughters have the same ideas. My daughter Erna wants no housework and no babies. She is too busy with her beauty parlor, making it pay. Once when she is going to have a baby, she goes to a place in the City and gets herself rid of it. She says someday, when she can hire a manager for the beauty parlor and a maid for her house, then she will have a baby. But what happens?—she and her husband are separated. When my son goes back to Reno tonight, Erna is going with him to get a divorce.

"With Angelo and me, marriage is for keeps and it is for babies. My children go all the way through the high school, but they do not know what marriage is for. They think it is for fun—and so it spoils. My son Leon has been divorced once and married again. With Irene it is the same story. Three divorces in one family. When I am a girl, I know what a girl should be—she should be good. But now a girl must be chased after and smell nice and have drinks and have kissing—especially kissing. In the

old country, the woman is too much held down. But here if the man cannot come across with the fancy car and the pink bathtub and the thin stocking, the woman is ashamed and he is ashamed. Maybe I am the stupid one, but I say that couples, when they come to be families, should stand together, even if every day is not fun. They should stand together, from the grandmother down to the littlest baby. That is more better. But I could tell you of old people whose children, grown up and with money, will not help them and they must go on the old-age pension. Angelo and me, we see how this is and we are careful of our money to have enough. Our children love us in their hearts, but in their pocketbooks—no.

"They come and see us but in the evening, they do not stay to sing and dance and make jokes and visit. They have to go to the movies or the prize fight or the ice folly or the bar. Plenty of times they are glad to come and eat, but then, when they are full, they leave Angelo and me with the children and dirty dishes. I do not say anything. It is not their fault. There are too many things that are more fun.

"My children, when they are little and I can tell them what to do, they go to church. But now, except maybe at Easter and Christmas, they do not go. When I was young, we go to Mass and the priest visits us in our home and there is a chair just for him. Nobody else sits in the priest's holy chair. But today my children, except Joe, do not even know their priest. They have no saint, they light no candles. They do not even know the words to pray. I have to pray double for all of them."

We had, by this time, left the house for an old bench in the shade of a walnut tree. Mama Piazza sat up prim and straight beside me, her knees and ankles close together, hands clasped in her lap, a dappling of sun and shade playing over her face.

Footsteps sounded from the house, the screen door opened and Angelo came out, carrying an empty wine bottle by the neck and roaring to know where we were. Mama glowered at him in affectionate anger.

"Angelo," she scolded, "you are going to be drunk."

He grinned at her. "It is a big day, Mama. I ask my boys to

recite the Preamble to the Constitution and what you think?— they cannot do. So I recite it. I say to them, ‘What is the electoral college, what is the Twelfth Amendment, who are the commissioners of Santa Clara County?’ They cannot tell. So I tell them. I say, ‘Name for me the rights of the Bill of Rights.’ And they cannot do. Holy Mother, I say to them, what kind of citizens are you, going to school twelve years apiece? And they say, ‘Pop, you’re a better man than we are.’ ”

He shrugged and grimaced and stretched out on the grass at our feet. We talked of one thing and another until it seemed proper that I should be on my way. I moved about saying my good-byes. I found Leon helping Erna load her luggage into the trunk of his car for the trip to Reno and release. Alfonso had changed out of his uniform and was trying to talk his brother Joe into the use of his car. Joe, however, wanted the car himself to take Irene and her husband to the new drive-in movie: plans were based on the assumption that Angelo and Mama would keep the children. Amidst the babble and banter of making arrangements and getting me routed toward the road, Mama Piazza moved a little apart, smiling quietly, too strong to be pathetic but too troubled not to be deeply touching.

She and Angelo walked with me out to my car.

THE BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA

Brian Elliott

AUSTRALIA IS AN ISLAND or a continent according to your way of looking at it. It is a country about the size of the United States, but of vastly different character. There is only one major river system, and, generally speaking, only the coastal rim is really fertile. The rest is commonly called desert, though that word may mean anything from very dry to quite rainless country. To grow crops in very dry country is impossible, but certain hardy shrubs and grasses do grow, and large areas are used for raising sheep and cattle. Some of the dry land will support a sheep to five acres; on some this would be overstocking. The station (ranch) properties are often of enormous extent, so that it is not unusual for one paddock to contain hundreds of square miles. Here the stock have liberty to graze where they can find feed. Water is found for them in soaks, by means of artesian bores, or sometimes in natural catchment basins. But local areas are soon exhausted and there is much moving of stock, whether they merely wander or are driven. In the days before mechanized transport—and in the long stretches between station and railhead or port, those days are still with us—stock had to be handled a good deal, which in practice means droving.

Droving sheep is simple. The dogs do most of the work. Besides, where sheep are, a measure of civilization follows; sheep must be shorn, shearing requires accommodation for men and machines, and this can be found only in reasonably accessible country. Cattle are a different matter. The herds live wild in the scrub. When they are rounded up, many of the animals may never have seen men or horses (except wild horses) before. After calves are branded, it may be eighteen months to two years before they are brought into the yards again. Under these conditions, the animals grow very wild, and when it is necessary to move them in herds, very careful handling is necessary.

The drovers or stockmen (Australians do not use the word cowboy) are all expert in the use of the stockwhip, a long leather thong on a short handle, with which a crack like the report of a rifle can be made. With these whips and trained dogs, a few men can control a large mob. But cattle are always nervous, and when hungry or thirsty (as they must often be after tracking through bare country) they are liable to panic or to stampede. The most dangerous time is at night. When the cattle are bedded down for the night, the drovers as a rule take turns watching. A fire is lit, and one man rides about the herd while the rest sleep. In the quiet of the night cattle may be frightened by any strange noise, even the noise of a man's movement if he suddenly comes up close. It is not that the beasts dislike noise, but they are suspicious and timid, and the snapping of a stick from an unexpected quarter might terrify one animal and thus set the rest off. Should that happen, the life of a man who happened to be in the way of the mob would not be worth a ticket in last week's lottery. There is only one way to guard against these sudden frights; that is for the rider on watch to make plenty of noise all the time as he goes, so that the cattle become accustomed to him.

And the most convenient and satisfactory way of keeping up a continuous noise—a noise that is enough to soothe the cattle and warn them of a human presence, without disturbing them unduly—is for the stockman to sing. It doesn't matter what he sings, so long as he sings. He need not have a grand-opera voice, and his language and sentiments need not be choice or even chaste (after all, there are no ladies to hear within perhaps a couple of hundred miles). But sing he must—quietly and doggedly—and keep on singing.

This is a real use to which ballads are put in Australia. The day of a flourishing balladry appears to be past, partly perhaps because life in the bush and the outback is becoming more scientific and civilized. There is less droving on the large scale, and the penetration of popular songs over the radio has tended to supply singing material ready-made. But many old ballads are still known and sung by cattlemen. Some of them are very long, al-

though usually where great length is observed, the singer has made his own verses and added them in—perhaps extemporized them. The advantage of long ballads for such a purpose is obvious.

Australian balladry is, of course, not confined to the single function of singing to the cattle. It is, however, the one instance Australia can supply of a genuinely occupational use for such song. The songs the stockmen sing are not necessarily songs about cattle, or about their work, or about themselves. All the stockman has to do is sing; the cattle have no preferences. He can sing anything. Few ballads now survive which seem to have been directly inspired by cattle or written specially for the need. The cattleman's ballad was not of spontaneous growth.

In point of fact, the history of balladry in Australia follows a curious pattern. Australia never had any appreciable population of a peasant class: no matter what was the origin of her settlers, there was never opportunity for them to form small intimate communities of a kind calculated to retain local traditional culture. Settlers, whether convict (a negligible proportion when all is considered) or free, came mostly from the cities of England or Ireland. But wherever they came from, on arrival they became either city men or bushmen. And cities are cities all over Australia; the bush is the bush. "Sydney or the bush" is an old phrase which epitomizes the contrast. And whether it was Sydney or the bush, Australia immediately swallowed up every new immigrant: it was Australia that re-formed the settler, not the immigrant who changed Australia.

Sydney had no particular use for ballads; only in the bush were they welcome. But the curious thing is that the people who had ballads to bring were city-bred. The songs and ballads they brought were English or Irish street ballads. Ballads of the broadside kind, sung to current popular tunes or tunes from well-known operas and music-hall turns, were imported early and quickly adapted to local Australian topics. In many cases ballads must have perished without leaving any record; some perhaps never got beyond the streets; but others, to tunes like "The

Wearing of the Green" and "The Old Tarpaulin Jacket" became established favorites.

The Australian ballad, then, preserved as a living form only in the remote outback country, is derived from forms indigenous to the streets of London or Dublin—thus completing the cycle commenced when the cities took over the ballad-making craft from the peasant singers who somehow managed to create such ballads as "Barbara Allen." Another curious point is that Australian ballads of the outback are with few exceptions the product of unknown and, one may suspect, mixed authorship. Anonymity returned with the functional usefulness of the forms.

The comparison between the Australian bush ballad and such a ballad as "Barbara Allen" should not be taken as a claim for comparable poetical quality. The Australian ballad is low-grade ore as poetry. But it is generally good humored or has a pleasing sentimentality, is hearty and simple, and manages to make up in cheerfulness what it lacks in art. Ballads of one kind or another have survived to reflect contemporary views of many pioneering developments, and some are of interest principally for this historical reason.

Many of the original ballad singers were no doubt convicts, but the convict theme is not much stressed in the balladry that remains. An early one survives, not as a current song but in manuscript form, secured in 1916 by Mr. Will Lawson:

I am a native of the land of Erin, and lately banished from
that lovely shore

The subject of this song is the death of Captain Logan, much-hated Commandant of the Moreton Bay Penal Settlement. Moreton Bay (now Brisbane, the capital of Queensland) was opened as a place of segregation for incorrigibles, and was in itself like banishment, even from Sydney. Logan's severities so inflamed the convicts there that they managed to incite local natives to murder him. Some idea of the discipline (from the victim's point of view) is given in these rough lines:

But of all the places of condemnation in each penal station of
 New South Wales,
 Moreton Bay I found no equal, for excessive tyranny each day
 prevails.
 Early in the morning, as the day is dawning, to trace from heaven
 the morning dew,
 Up we are started at a moment's warning, our daily labour to
 renew.

Our overseers and superintendents—these tyrants' orders we must
 obey,
 Or else at the triangles* our flesh is mangled—such are our wages
 at Moreton Bay.
 For three long years I've been beastly treated; heavy irons each
 day I wore,
 My poor back from flogging has been lacerated, and oft-times
 painted with crimson gore

The murder of Logan took place on November 16, 1830.

The earliest ballads which reached any currency were connected with immigration and land settlement. One such, still in the street-ballad style of "Come All Ye," begins as follows:

All you on emigration bent,
 With home and England discontent,
 Come listen to my sad lament,
 All about the Bush of Australia.

I once possessed a thousand pounds,
 Thinks I, how very grand it sounds
 For a man to be farming his own grounds
 In the beautiful land of Australia.

CHORUS

Illawarra, Mittagong,
 Paramatta, Wollongong,†
 If you want to become an ourang-outang,
 Then go to the Bush of Australia.

* Frames to which men were secured for flogging.

† Australian place names.

This, though hostile, is realistic. The sanguine English settler, either fleeced of his capital by smart dealers or ruined by bad luck or bad country chosen "on the map"—sold, that is, without inspection but simply as an area marked on an official survey—forms the theme of several songs which became extensively current. The best of them is a long ballad called "Billy Barlow." Billy Barlow's dismal story is that he also had a thousand pounds, invested it in a stock run, and borrowed money for supplies. On his way outback he was stopped by bushrangers (meaning runaway convicts at this time; the word had a different meaning later) who stole his horse; and then by the police, who took him to be one of the bushrangers and sent him back because he couldn't show his papers of release. When finally he reached the run, he found the stock all dead. Upon this, his obliging city friends foreclosed and Billy Barlow was left insolvent and looking for a job. This tale of woe is typical enough, and is saved from being as depressing as the facts it records, by possessing a lively Australian humor—laconic and pessimistic, but hearty.

They at last let me go, and I then did repair
For my station once more, and at length I got there;
But a few days before, the blacks, you must know,
Had speared all the cattle of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, lack-a-day, oh!

"It's a beautiful country," said Billy Barlow.

And for nine months before, no rain there had been,
So the devil a blade of grass could be seen;
And one-third of my wethers the scab they had got,
And the other two-thirds had just died of the rot.

Oh, dear, lack-a-day, oh!

"I shall soon be a settler," said Billy Barlow.

The earliest known date of this ballad is 1843. It remained a favorite because its outlook, unlike that of the two earlier songs quoted, is fully Australian. When Billy Barlow says, "It's a beautiful country," the irony is both wry and amusing. All the really effective ballads are humorous. The gloomiest themes are touched on, but never without something (usually hearty non-

sense) to redeem the gloom. Another related ballad is a version of "Paddy Malone":

'Tis twelve months or more since our ship she cast anchor,
In happy Australia, the emigrant's home.
And from that day to this there's been nothing but canker,
And grafe and vexation for Paddy Malone

Of ballads which bridge the gap between the convict theme and the fully developed Australian outlook, "Bold Jack Donahoo" and "The Wild Colonial Boy" are the best. These are permanent institutions, the latter being perhaps the best known of all original Australian ballads. The two are twins, sprung from the same tune and sharing the same chorus. They refer to the lives and heroic deaths of two young bushrangers at a time when the later sense of that word was beginning to emerge. Jack Donahoo was a convict at large; but the Wild Colonial Boy was "Currency"—that is, of colonial birth. The two ranged the bush, living by highway robbery and pretending to a kind of Robin Hood honor which helped to surround the whole legend of bushranging with glamour. Both youths died in battle with the police:

He fought six rounds with the horse police until the fatal ball
Which pierced his heart and made him start, caused Donahoo to
fall.

And as he closed his mournful eyes, he bade this world adieu,
Saying, "Convicts all, both large and small, say prayers for
Donahoo!"

The end of the Wild Colonial Boy is in similar vein:

One day as he was walking the mountainside along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy,
They thought that they would capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt, and shook the little toy.
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said the Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

No song is sung to the cattle so generally as this one, notwithstanding the remoteness of its subject from that of the cattleman's life and activities.

Some later ballads illustrate in a more marked degree, the life of the stations. A lively one is concerned with droving itself, and with the professional character of the drover—or overlander. In this instance the cattle are stolen (duffed), and the overlander makes his way to Brisbane, where a happy time is had by all:

There's a trade you all know well—
It's bringing cattle over—
I'll tell you all about the time
When I became a drover

CHORUS

Pass the wine cup round, my boys,
Don't let the bottle stand there,
For tonight we'll drink the health
Of every overlander.

After adventures and difficulties overcome, Brisbane is in sight—and it seems to be washing day:

The pretty girls of Brisbane
Were hanging out their duds,
I wished to have a chat with them,
So steered straight for the tubs.
Some dirty urchins saw me,
And soon they raised my dander,
Crying, "Mother, quick, take in the clothes,
Here comes an overlander!"

Life in the outback even now, but especially in the early days, was often lonely, and the station hands developed a kind of reflectiveness which in the ballads is not without its charm of simple

sincerity. Sentiments of piety are not commonly expressed, but a ballad called "My Religion" runs:

I will go to no Church and to no house of Prayer
To see a white shirt on a preacher,

but

To be upright and downright and act like a man,
That's the religion for me.

There is a typically cynical humor in a ballad called "My Mate Bill":

They say as he's gone to heaven,
And shook off all worldly cares,
But I can't sight Bill in a halo
Set up on three blinded hairs . . .

A profession closely associated with life on the stations is that of the swagman (hobo). Often men carried their swag, or bundle—a blue blanket, a tin pannikin, and odds and ends—from station to station in search of work; shearers especially, being essentially rovers, did this. Hospitality was a tradition at every station—any stranger might walk in and ask for rations and shelter, and would be given a little meat, flour, sugar, and tea. Many banked on this and regulated their arrival about sundown, when it was too late for work—hence the term "sundowner." The rich variety of life among the swagging community is attested by the numerous expressions that have entered the language from their usage. One pert and cheeky ballad has for chorus:

Up and down this country
I travel, don't you see,
I'm a swagman on the wallaby,*
Oh! don't you pity me.

A shearer's tramping ballad runs—

Oh we started out from Roto when the sheds had all cut out†
We'd whips and whips of rhino as we meant to push about.
So we humped our blues serenely and made for Sydney town,
With a three-spot cheque between us, as wanted knocking down.

* "On the wallaby" means on the road.

† When all the shearing was done. Rhino is money.

The fatal error of these wanderers was to call at a grog shanty called Lazy Harry's, "on the road to Gundagai." Shearers were paid by check, and the only object of many of them was to "knock it down"—spend it riotously, preferably in Sydney, but mostly in the first shanty on the road.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, my boys, and drunk a lot of beer,
And I've met with some of both, chaps, as has left me mighty queer.
But for beer to knock you sideways, and for girls to make you sigh,
You must camp at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

One of the most widely distributed of Australian ballads is "The Dying Stockman," sung to "The Tarpaulin Jacket." Sung by a campfire under the open stars—and starlight is wonderful in the remote outback—it has a beautiful, melancholy effect, absurd and sentimental as it is.

A strapping young stockman lay dying,
His saddle supporting his head,
His two mates around him were crying,
As he rose on his pillow and said:

CHORUS

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows won't molest me,
In the shade where the coolibah* grows.

Oh! Had I the flight of the bronzewing,†
Far o'er the plains would I fly,
Straight to the land of my childhood,
And there would I lay down and die.

Then cut down a couple of saplings,
Place one at my head and my toe,
Carve on them cross, stockwhip, and saddle,
To show there's a stockman below.

Hark, there's the wail of a dingo,
Watchful and weird—I must go,
For it tolls the death knell of the stockman
From the gloom of the scrub down below.

* A species of eucalypt.

† Native pigeon.

There's tea in the battered old billy,‡
 Place the pannikins out in a row,
 And we'll drink to the next merry meeting
 In the place where all good fellows go.

And in the shades of the twilight,
 When the soft winds are whispering low,
 And the darkening shadows are falling,
 Sometimes think of the stockman below.

This ballad was much sung by troops during the war, as, of course, were many others—the versions often being spirited but unprintable. In its ordinary form, however, "The Dying Stockman" is here complete. It is a link with later ballad practice, for it is obviously the original of a poem by Adam Lindsay Gordon, familiar to every schoolboy in Australia—"The Sick Stockrider."

This association introduces an aspect of the ballad in Australia which is important but not quite in the center of the present picture. The ballads here under discussion are all, so to speak, wild ones—with a single exception. The ballad "My Mate Bill," though current as the others were, is of known (though undistinguished) authorship. But there is also in Australia a vigorous tradition of balladry derived from these primitive and wild, anonymous and traditional ballads so useful to the cattlemen in the watches of the night. As balladry grew civilized, it was taken up by writers of a more literary stamp, and in the process—it was inevitable—the singing was forgotten. A. B. Paterson and Henry Lawson, the chief practitioners of narrative balladry from the 'nineties until, say, 1918, wrote verses that scanned reasonably and were meant to be recited—and were recited—while many others were merely to be read. The literary ballad is one of the finest things in the Australian poetic repertoire, and the suggestions contained in the primitive songs have been, on the whole, well applied. But the primitive ballad has a quicker and in some ways a stronger appeal.

One of the "literary" ballads of A. B. Paterson which achieved

‡ Billy (for billycan): can with a wire handle, used for making tea, an indispensable Australian utensil.

a rapid and decisive success was from the first associated with a good tune; and its success has so confused its origin that Paterson's authorship has been challenged and is one of the periodical bogies of the correspondence columns. It is the gay and noisy "Waltzing Matilda," which every American who met Australian servicemen during the war must surely have heard.

Once a jolly swagman camped[‡] by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me—
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, who'll come a-
waltzing Matilda with me?"
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Down came a jumbuck* to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed it away in his tucker-bag,
"Who'll come a-waltzing" &c.

Up came the squatter,[†] riding on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers—one, two, three—
"Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing" &c.

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never take me alive," said he.
And his ghost can be heard, as we pass beside the billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing" &c.

This is mere fancy, but it does recall the days when the theft of a sheep could have been a capital offense, and the swagman's leap into the billabong (a lagoon beside a river) has a heroic, though apocryphal, ring.

"Waltzing Matilda" is not a song that Australians sing only to cattle. They sing it anywhere—and it is worth singing, one of the best among ballads of recent writing.

* Sheep.

† The squatter is the gentleman-owner of the station.

There's tea in the battered old billy,†
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(Continued from page iv)

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS ("Daphne") was one of the young English verse writers included in *Eight Oxford Poets*, published in 1942 under the editorship of Sidney Keyes and Michael Meyer. Since then, he has had three volumes of verse published in England. His first volume to be published in America, *The Chanty of the Stars*, will be brought out by William Sloane Associates this winter. "Daphne" is taken from the forthcoming volume.

EDWIN CLARK ("Henry James and the Actress") served for ten years on the staff of the *New York Times Book Review*. Articles of his writing have appeared in *Yale Review*, *The Commonwealth*, and other magazines. He is now preparing a study of the effect of James's experience in the theatre on certain of his novels.

BEN RAY REDMAN ("Pamplona Remembered") is a poet, a critic, a short-story writer, a contributor to many magazines. His "Old Wine in New Bottles" appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* for nearly a dozen years. The

most recently published of his works, *The Pleasures of Peacock*, is soon to be followed by *The Portable Voltaire*, brought out by the Viking Press.

FARNSWORTH CROWDER ("More Better, Less Better") reports of himself that, since his graduation from the University of Chicago, he has been "reporter, schoolteacher, truck farmer, radio writer, magazine contributor." Mr. Crowder's work has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Fortune*, *The Survey Graphic*, and elsewhere. The present contribution is his first to *The Pacific Spectator*.

BRIAN ELLIOTT ("The Ballads of Australia") is lecturer in English at Adelaide University, South Australia. His interest in ballads is of long standing, and much of his material has been gathered at first-hand. For further study of primitive Australian ballads, he refers readers to "A. B. Paterson's collection called *Old Bush Songs*—which, however, has been long out of print—and a gathering called *Australian Bush Songs and Ballads*, edited by Will Lawson."



Wood engraving by MABEL M. FARMER

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

* POETRY AS COMMUNICATION

Edith Henrich

ODDLY AT HOME among atoms, the human spirit is not *quite* at home. Always there is the reaching out for the verification of experience. Without communication that fantastic mix of hydrogen and lime which sees and hears, laughs and weeps, loves and hates, would find its predicament in matter too ironical to bear. For this communication between one mind and another the contemporary poet has taken to himself much of the responsibility. Sometimes his messages seem to be in telegraphic code; even in their simplest form they are not simple. But the poet is more isolated from ordinary life than he has been in other periods of history, and he is more aware than he has ever been before of the complexities of the human brain. His task is so much harder than it was in earlier centuries that it is different. And his poems therefore have to be understood in a new way.

After many years' study of past civilization and of the Western world, Oswald Spengler came to the conclusion that our civilization had run its full course and that its death was overdue. Because this cyclical view of history, as more temperately examined by other scholars (especially by Arnold Toynbee in his nine volumes, *A Study of History*), has influenced to such a degree the thinking of men in our time, the student of poetry should understand at least the outline and implications of the concept. Many of the poets of our time write within the frame of this reference, and what is criticized as personal maladjustment or ill nature or defeatism in their work is often a philosophical position taken on the scientific ground indicated by such data as Toynbee at Oxford and Sorokin at Harvard have devoted their lives to collecting.

But it is a more incidental remark of Spengler which has to do directly with the particular place of the poet in our time.

Spengler stated that he was prepared to prove, on the empirical basis of hundreds of thousands of facts concerning our civilization, that it would be a waste of his life for any young man in our time to work in any of the creative arts. The historian went on to say that if a man in the twentieth century had reason to believe that all his faculties and talents were of an artistic kind, his problem was to redirect them in such fields as engineering or social planning, professions which always flourish during the last decades of a civilization.

Even if the finality of this statement is to be rejected, the thoughtful student, midway through the twentieth century, must meet a great deal of evidence that the poets of the century are consciously aware of exile.

SHINE, PERISHING REPUBLIC*

(Jeffers)

While this America settles, in the mold of its vulgarity,
heavily thickening to empire,
And protest, only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and
sighs out, and the mass hardens,
I sadly smiling remember that the flower fades to make
fruit, the fruit rots to make earth.
Out of the mother; and through the spring exultances,
ripeness and decadence; and home to the mother.
You making haste haste on decay: not blameworthy;
life is good, be it stubbornly long or suddenly
A mortal splendor: meteors are not needed less than
mountains: shine, perishing republic.
But for my children, I would have them keep their distance
from the thickening center; corruption
Never has been compulsory, when the cities lie at the
monster's feet there are left the mountains.
And boys, be in nothing so moderate as in love of man, a
clever servant, insufferable master.
There is the trap that catches noblest spirits, that caught—
they say—God, when He walked on earth.

* Quotations in this article are used through the courtesy of the University of California Press, which holds permissions from the authors.

SONNET XXVII

(Auden)

Wandering lost upon the mountains of our choice,
Again and again we sigh for an ancient South,
For the warm nude ages of instinctive poise,
For the taste of joy in the innocent mouth.

Asleep in our huts, how we dream of a part
In the glorious balls of the future; each intricate maze
Has a plan, and the disciplined movements of the heart
Can follow for ever and ever its harmless ways.

We envy streams and houses that are sure:
But we are artiled to error; we
Were never nude and calm like a great door,
And never will be perfect like the fountains;
We live in freedom by necessity
A mountain people dwelling among mountains.

The tone of these poems is the tone of modern poetry, the tone which causes many people who still turn to the arts for comfort and inspiration to forsake the artists of their time. The contemporary poet must orient himself in a present world where human attention has been turned away from the human scene and focused on the analytical sciences, large-scale production of goods, and power politics. Nevertheless the artist knows that he must try to find a place among his kind, a way to live and do his work. The project of finding foothold in a world indifferent or hostile to his values requires a great deal of intelligence and courage. These two qualities can be found to a very impressive extent in the best of our poets, and proof of this may be seen in the number and variety of current subjects upon which many of them write with recognized authority. Such lonely travel as the exiled mind must know has entailed knowledge as well as suffering, world affairs, modern science, psychology, history, and comparative philosophies being involved in the poet's huge task of finding where he fits in. It seems unlikely that any other century

can claim poets as well informed about so many fields of knowledge not directly connected with their work.

Not many people feel personally qualified to accept or reject with any authority the view that our civilization has completed the pattern which all previous civilizations have followed and is about to perish for the same demonstrable reasons. But there are several ways of putting to use the curve on which modern historians have plotted the rise and fall of Western civilization. The data collected by these historical research staffs make it possible for a student to view objectively some of the chief facts which describe our age. In trying to place the poet in his time, we may hope to avoid, through the use of this descriptive picture, the errors of personal perspective and prejudice. •

Toynbee sums up the main characteristics of the present Western world as a triumph in "know-how," the final celebration of materialism. Herbert Agar, a young American scholar who is now completing a four-volume study of history, refers to our present state as follows:

In the last great period of every culture the perilous balance between faith and critical thought slowly breaks down. The questioning nihilistic mind . . . becomes master. The instinctive faith weakens; the critical and analytical power is left undirected. In its new freedom, the mind knows a burst of energy. The ardor of the human spirit which was once shared between heaven and earth is now lavished solely on practical ends. The results are impressive. In every culture this is the time of imperial expansion, of great world cities, of mechanical triumphs; the giant buildings of Luxor, the Great Wall of China, the straight proud Roman roads across Europe, the straight proud steel belittling the American sky. This is the time when man learns to do so many striking things that his brain is warped with his own grandeur, and he makes the mistake of thinking he understands the forces he is using. This is the period reached by Western man in the twentieth century.

Alfred Whitehead concludes one of his books with the remark that exactness is the great illusion of our time. Arthur Eddington makes a similar comment on contemporary thinking by means of a metaphor which can be extended to illustrate the activity of the

poet. Men, said Eddington, are fishermen in the boat of life, casting nets of a certain size into the sea of experience. Modern man, more than any other, is occupied with the catch, with the counting, measuring, assorting, and classifying of what he can spread out before him, touch with his hands, and use. He is also fascinated with making generalizations concerning the character and number of the catch and in forming definitions and laws on the basis of these. Eddington uses the figure of speech to dramatize his view that this focus of interest has led to man's being absurdly unaware of such fish as are too small to remain in the net or so large that they will always swim at prodigious and indifferent distances from it. Not only do they run the risk of coming to false conclusions about the nature of what is in the sea, but, in placing so high a value upon positive knowledge, they are likely to be found establishing a high degree of certainty about matters so unimportant that it may never make any difference to anyone whether they are certain or not.

Holding Eddington's metaphor in mind, the poet and his small audience may be observed on the same schooner, removed from the busy scene where the fish are being counted and measured. By temperament, talent, or training, the poet and his readers are attracted to a different kind of data, to the observation of such minute and leviathan forms as constantly heave and toss and vanish in the sea beyond the range of all cast nets.

It is not that these unfashionable people lack evidence for their unfashionable ideas; it is simply that the evidence, too, is of an unfashionable kind. But, as a dozen fishermen on the side of a boat might bear witness to the sight of a whale, find it natural to check their observation with each other and to govern the course of the boat according to their findings, so there are many thousands of testimonies to viable images and concepts common to the human mind, and creative people have found it natural to check the validity of this material and to work and live in accordance with its meaning. The poet does not grant that a fish in the hand is worth two in the sea, especially if the two in the sea have been observed by so many different sorts of people and recorded in so

many languages that their existence becomes indubitable to the mind as well as stimulating to the imagination.

If there seems to be recognizable truth in this estimate of present trends, some of the charges against the poet will have to be reconsidered. It would seem clear that technological values do not include the values of the artist. The demand that the poet should "write for the people" is not reasonable as it was when the tragic festivals in Athens brought people together in numbers such as now fill our football stadiums, or as it was when Shakespeare sold his plays to packed audiences, or as it was when Tennyson from his desk wrote directly into the armchairs of Queen Victoria's middle-class England. These were all periods in which poetry was an integrated part of society. •

"But we would read poetry now," the City Clubs object, "if the poets would write about things we understand. Let them stop being so private, so difficult. They could write now as well as any other time about the things we live with."

Such as what? The manufacture and distribution of soap and radios? The housing plans of overgrown cities? The administration of insurance companies? The criticism of criticism; the analysis of analyses?

The charge of pessimism is also frequently made against the modern writer. Probably Joyce and Proust have been the most slandered on these grounds, but poets have had more than their share of the same misguided criticism. It is difficult for some readers to distinguish between writing of a decadent society and being a decadent writer. The true artist will always use his life-stuff to write with. If his life is lived in a decadent period, the decadent artistic act would be to write a healthy novel about the "virtue" of a Joseph Andrews in a year when the fantasies and desires of Bloom, Earwicker, Charlus, and Gilberte were what he could best feel and understand.

The modern poet is a man speaking to businessmen about what does not make money, to empiricists about what is not testable, to positivists about what is nonpropositional, to scientists about what is not exact, to materialists about what has no practical results.

"Gerontion" is an "objective correlative" for the cyclical view of history, not a doting upon personal decay. When Eliot applies Dante's line "I did not know that Death had undone so many" to the people passing over London Bridge today, he speaks of people spiritually lost at the end of a civilization in terms which will cause some readers to think of these crowds literally lost in depths of Dante's Hell. But Eliot is charged with pessimism and Dante is not. When the poet tries "to breed lilacs out of a dead land" it is necessary to remember that the winter was not of the poet's making. It is simply that he knows a cold season and recognizes a frozen landscape, that he writes in a time when it is difficult to follow George Sand's advice to lovers: "Laissez verdure."

The twentieth century will be memorable chiefly for death. None of the civilizations known to the past has prepared so impressive a spectacle for its closing scenes. Destructive genius, working overtime in the Caesars, produced nothing to equal

—the artful, obliterating bang whereby God's
rebellious image

After thousands of years of thinking about it
Finally finds a solid
Proof of its independence.

II

It can be thoughtfully stated that there are no important twentieth-century poets who have failed to react to the situation which exiles them from their time. As individual natures differ, the reactions differ. Jeffers, believing that "humanity is an atom to be split," turned away from humanity's centers; John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate, on the other hand, became regionalists. Stevens, Williams, Spender, Sitwell, Prokosch, Lowell, Thomas, and many others took their individual positions in a world "where things fall apart and the center cannot hold." The shifting aspects of inner reality, the exciting personal responses to outer images, political-moral complexities, the world of inner life in conflict with outer organization, the search for identity, the feeling down for

roots in the past, the dissipation of self in the city, the loss of self in the mountains—these are all differing directions taken by the outcasts from American materialism. (Wallace Stevens might be considered an exception to this statement if time is not taken to realize that it is only as a businessman that he is a typical part of his culture; as a poet, he is an exile from the world in which he works.)

The figures who stand tall in the first half-century of our poetry, Eliot, Yeats, Pound, Auden, have all written poems which show that they have undertaken to face the isolation of the arts from several positions. All these poets have attacked social themes directly. All have written poems dealing directly with the scene of disintegration in the Western world. All have written poems which consider the more stable past. All these poets have written their best poems around the struggle of the individual, stripped of his beliefs in God and man, to find something to believe in. They have in their different ways taken the responsibility for dealing with the predicament of the nonmaterialistic human being. In other periods of history this responsibility for intellectual and spiritual questioning was shared by priest, philosopher, and scientist. Left alone, poets have looked inward to a world no public indifference could deny them. Looking inward, they have become more alone, more aware of the conflict between man's inner and outer worlds.

At the very point in which the artists of the century were being forced back into the private premises of their own minds, these areas were dramatically illuminated by the publication of Freud's work. It might seem a very late date indeed to be noting once again the importance of Freud's data upon creative thinking and writing, but the connection between the new psychology and the isolation of the artist has a great deal to do with the problem of ambiguity in modern poetry and painting.

Carl Jung too has had a greater influence on writers than is commonly realized, even though Freud is more acceptable than Jung to the laboratories in which we worship. In the days when psychology was stressing empirical method in order to earn itself a place among the sciences Freud was careful to emphasize his use

of scientific techniques. Jung is also a scientist, and he employed the same inductive methods for reaching conclusions on the basis of accumulated and classified facts. But somehow in the translations of his own work and in the work of the psychologists who interpret him, his calm and amazing conclusions about the collective unconscious seem to many laboratory psychologists simply too calm and amazing. Freud seems the better man to sponsor experimental techniques, and Jung is left to the artists and scholars.

But it has proved very important to the writers of this century that Jung, going his unforgiven way from the Vienna clinic after he and Adler broke off professional relations with Freud, took his own direction. Proceeding far beyond both Pleasure Principle and the Principle of Inertia, Jung followed the roads of racial memory into the territory of what he called "the collective unconscious." This concept has proved more meaningful and useful than any other psychological concept to the writers of the twentieth century. It consists in the belief, based upon studies of case histories and archaeological findings, that each child, emerging from the long dark of the womb, brings with him the legends of the ancient past. Through the structure of his brain he inherits not only a fabulous store of images, beautiful and terrible, but the memory of all the epic human struggles for survival and happiness. It follows from all this new knowledge that the great stories of a people are projections of inner life which have been externalized in satisfactory form. Thus the power of our myths to move us still is identical with the power of the living imagination to relive its own past, to let Mr. Bloom and Ulysses travel together. Joyce used the results of Jung's research for the plan of *Finnigan's Wake* as well as for *Ulysses*. The power of both these works to communicate their full meaning depends upon the correctness of Jung's theory.

Poets also were quick to see that the existence of the collective unconscious meant a great store of common experiences to which the artist could refer. The nineteenth-century poet with his easy abundance of mutual conceptions, God, Truth, Beauty, Goodness, Science, was no longer so enviable. The inner world, into which artists had been driven, also had images which linked the hopes

and fears of men together. Eliot's *Waste Land* is the first great poem to gamble on the power of archetypal figures to renew their ancient meanings in the imaginations of living readers. But many other poems by other poets now record the efforts which have been made to reach down into the vaults of the collective unconscious and to light up with language and symbol the not-ever-quite-lost figures of Kingfisher and Harlequin, Hangman and Goddess.

Not only was the universality of inner life an important idea from the point of view of emotional communication, but the dramatic structure of the mind's myths was quickly seen as an integrating force in literary form. And the power of the archetypal image to release deeply inhibited emotion was calculated and found to be invaluable.

It is true, of course, that poets have always written from a depth of consciousness not usually stirred by ordinary life. Robert Graves in his recent book, *The White Goddess*, speaks of this female figure as having always been present in poetry; "I cannot think of any true poet from Homer onwards who has not independently recorded his experience of her." Jung explains that the creative activity of a man is represented in his mind by the image of a woman who nurtures, guides, inspires his work. Milton's Muse "not of the Nine" is a famous "anima" figure and Eliot's white "lady under the juniper tree" is a recent one. The image appears very frequently in the poems of young men who are beginning to write. When asked about her identity they will say something like, "Oh, I don't know. It's nobody I know exactly. It was just that I was stuck with my writing. I couldn't get going with what I really wanted to say. The idea is that if I could find that girl in all the uproar, I would find the way to write the poem."

Sentences like this refer to the same sort of obscure inner life as poems are made of. Actually we accept in daily life a good deal of such reference to mental images without losing contact with the meaning. Often, however, a person approaches a poem with a mind less ready to accept the out-of-the-ordinary. He thinks he knows "what poetry is for" and will not allow it the easy range of

inner life which is granted to a lady on the bus who remarks casually that she is "lost in the woods."

The emergence of subconscious material in traditional poetry is different from the full, conscious employment of this material as the substance of a modern poem. Since Freud documented the life of the subconscious and Jung established its drama, poets have used the material directly almost as a sculptor uses his clay. A long work of Yeats made introversion versus extroversion its subject matter. Auden has written a long poem dealing directly with the four "functions" as described by Jung, the four natural ways in which the inner man approaches the outer world. Dealing with such material makes for the "obscure" poem. I suppose it might be held that the most "obscure" line in modern poetry is Auden's image of a moment of experience too dominated by the Thinking Function, ". . . the embarrassed sum stuck on the stutter of a decimal."

There are poets who are temperamentally not attracted to the longer themes of the new ways of thinking, but all of them have become aware of images as the grammar of emotional experience. Images—indiscriminately beautiful, revolting, elaborate, obscene, delicate, ridiculous—compose our mental life. To speak to them obviously requires a new use of language and many new techniques for representing in the poem the ambiguities of an inner world which lacks both order and vocabulary.

III

The most disastrous argument in defense of contemporary poetry is one designed to explain its obscurity on the same grounds as one can defend the obscurity of the Elizabethans or Victorians. It is true, of course, that the poetry of the world searches those feelings which "do lie too deep for tears" and those thoughts which circumvent more than the usual areas of our thinking. But there is a basic difference between this deepening or widening of the human event and the undertaking of the modern poet who knows that the event he elects for his poem is no superlative of ordinary

experience, but extraordinary in its very nature. The common sense of the reader rebels at being asked to believe that "My love is like the red, red rose" is obscure in the same way as "Love . . . comes like a scissors stalking tailor age." In both these lines the theme is love and the poetic device is a simile, but it is surely evident that to explain the Thomas line in terms of a lineal connection with the Burns line would be so esoteric as to be useless.

There is ambiguity in the line from Burns—the effect upon the reader depends entirely upon it. A comparison between a young girl and a red rose involves several unlikenesses and several likenesses. The willing reader will probably not concern himself with the unlikenesses, but an awareness of their existence will increase his mind's activity among the likenesses, that loitering among alternatives in which the obscurity functions as a poetic technique. The imagination of the reader considers almost simultaneously the common attributes of girl and rose: freshness, sweetness, softness, frailty, fragrance, transience, and other qualities more peculiar perhaps to his own personal associations. In the lingering act of half-making choices between these qualities, the reader comes to know that abundance of sensory data which renders the line at once pleasurable and obscure. There are more likenesses than he pauses to ascertain, more feeling-truth in the comparison than he fully takes in. The obscurity gives him a heightened sense of the loveliness of a young girl. The simile is essentially a simple device well suited to the poet's simple intention of saying "My love is so beautiful that she has over a dozen qualities in common with a rose." While this statement is not so emotionally effective as the verse lines, as communication it is equivalent.

The line from Dylan Thomas, on the other hand, has no equivalent. It is the result of one thing (a conflict of ideas and feelings in the mind of the poet) and the cause of another thing (the awareness of the general nature of this conflict on the part of the reader). Some of its meaning could be illuminated perhaps by the study of the case history of the poet and by the use of Freudian documentation. To this might be added whatever could be learned of the peculiar knack for language with which Welsh-

men seem to be born. But after all this labor, it would still be true that there are no literal words in which the communication can be translated.

The relationship between "love" and "rose" in the line from Burns is essentially quantitative, a matter of sensory addition and subtraction. The relationship between "love" and "scissors" in the line from Thomas is the relationship of the conscious phenomenon, "love," to the subconscious emotions associated with and represented by the sex symbol, "scissors." The words "scissors," "stalking," "tailor," "age" all belong together (they are not invented eccentricities), but they belong together as in dream or fantasy. A conventional reader may insist that he is completely unfamiliar with such states of mind as unite such different images; however, most readers will admit more freely, that their nights combine pineapples and bridegrooms, stallions and camellias, with the casual links of common fear and desire. Allowing for the distinct possibility that Welshmen may be madder than most people, it is nevertheless possible to experience the natural though sudden flowering of the images in this "patch of words," as Thomas calls his poem. After letting the image go through the stages of its growth in his own mind, the poet transplants it into language. The image matures outside the context of our reasoned thinking. The process is closely analagous to that accelerated flowering of plants seen by the new camera studies which lift the stem and open the roses in ninety seconds. In common with the new plant photography, Thomas often achieves an erotic rhythm which seems implicit in the motion of natural growth.

The line from Thomas is a thing-in-itself, standing between an ambivalence in the mind of the poet and the reader's understanding of the general nature of that ambivalence. Although there are complex associations put into motion by this line in the mind of the reader, the real obscurity experienced in it is not in the line at all, but in the mind of the poet to which the line refers. The symbol, "scissors," is accepted by the mind as a unit of communication, whole, unquestioned; there is nothing quantitative about the comparison, no hesitation over alternating factors of

likeness. In this sense it could be held the Thomas simile in itself is less obscure than the Burns simile. The "difficulty" felt as a result of reading this line is the difficulty intrinsic in such emotional conflicts as symbols are invented to hide—it is a "difficulty" in the poet himself. The symbol, with its associations arranged about it, is the result of inner conflict and, since human minds share the images with which we represent our thoughts and feelings, the symbol in its image-environment of the poem communicates its underlying emotions to the subconscious apperception of the reader.

The simile in Thomas is an instrument of communication. William Blake used symbols in much the same way, but Blake, exiled in his time and deeply aware of the images and drama of inner life, was a twentieth-century poet born too soon. In the traditional line of English literature the Freudian symbol, as we now know it, was characteristically an accident of genius or a contraption of reason—it was not the central heart of the poem's existence.

Dylan Thomas is one of many modern poets who, in "searching for his own myth," has been led by Freud to the Bible for its language. The poetry of the Bible is closer to contemporary poetry in many ways than is the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

To take one example, the symbolism of the Bible sounds "modern." The bride of Solomon has a nose "like the Tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus" and teeth "like a flock of ewes which are come up from the washing whereof every one hath twins and none is bereaved among them." This is symbolism like the symbolism of modern poetry, shocking to any mind which reads it with the rigid expectation that comparisons must involve literal likenesses. Like the comparison of "love" with "scissors," these comparisons are simple yet difficult, direct yet intellectual, meaningful yet reserved. They are simple, direct, and meaningful in the sense that they are the comparison of common things, immediate to the perception, and relative to one idea. They are difficult, intellectual, and reserved in the sense that they are references to what they are not in themselves, employ qualitative

analysis rather than emotions for understanding, and are substitutions for personal feelings.

The description of old age in Ecclesiastes is a series of symbols used as many modern poets use them:

. . . . when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders close because they are few
And those that look out of the windows be darkened
And the doors shall be shut in the street,
When the sound of the grinding is low,
And we shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
Yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high
And terrors shall be in the way;
And the almond tree shall blossom
And the grasshopper shall be a burden
And the copenberry shall fail:
Because man goeth to his long home.

The dream analyses of Freud and Jung show that a house in a dream is likely to be a symbol for one's life or one's body, and contemporary poets frequently use the symbol to convey the feelings associated with this meaning. Eliot, describing old age, says "I am an old man in a draughty house" and he speaks of the "thoughts of a dry brain" as "the tenants of the house." When "a goat coughs at night" the reader thinks of the light sleep of the old man in Ecclesiastes who "will waken at the voice of a bird." "I am a house," says Senlin, "locked and darkened" in a long poem by Conrad Aiken in which this symbol is used in full and effective detail.

The Preacher who wrote the poem in Ecclesiastes and the modern poets who use the same symbol are both relying on the knowledge that the symbol of the house is an image common to the minds of all people in all time. They know that they can communicate by means of it with the complex of feelings we have about our own identity and mortality. While the poem holds the archetypal image before the mind of the reader, first one and then an-

other subconscious feeling associated with it can be stirred and brought to the life of the poem.

The poem of the Preacher was recently read to a young child who was told that it was about old age and who was then questioned about its meaning. When the child was asked about the line ". . . the keepers of the house shall tremble" she said simply, "the hands of an old man shake. They are too tired even to hold a grasshopper." Again she was questioned about the other lines. She replied, "Those that look out of the windows are his blind eyes. He does not have enough teeth to chew up his food. He is too deaf to hear music well and his legs are bent like Mr. Browne's." The reference to the almond tree, standing white and small among trees not yet in blossom, was, of course, lost to her, and the sexual symbol of the copenberry was also not recognized. But most of the symbols communicated directly with her own perceptions of old age. Her comparatively small emotional experience limited the amount of feeling and association out of which the adult, in response to the symbols, builds the aesthetic experience which is the reflection of the artist's creative act.

The significant point about the close correlation between Biblical and modern symbolism is not, however, the numerous examples of the same symbols used in both, but rather in the reason for this: in both times the art of poetry was conceived as the means by which the inarticulate inner life of man could be communicated from one person to another. This requires of the modern reader a readiness to receive in place of any set expectation, and this readiness to receive counts more than any one thing toward the understanding of the poet in our time.

MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS

Robert C. North and John H. Paasche

DURING THE LAST WEEK of July 1921 thirteen men met in a girls' private school in the French concession of Shanghai. This was during summer vacation, and the school was empty; so the men made their homes there. They were Communists from different parts of China who had met to strengthen their party structure.

The conference lasted four days and dealt with party rules and foremost tasks, with questions of organization, and with the political situation in China. Further discussions were then carried on in the house of one of the members, but just at that time the presence of spies was detected; therefore, two men were left behind, and the rest retired to a lake where deliberations were continued in a boat.

At that time there were not a hundred real Bolsheviks in China; today the Chinese Communist party boasts a membership of more than two million, and the country is one of the most formidable Red strongholds outside the Soviet Union. In our morning papers we read of Communist successes in China, and we ask ourselves what all this means. Are Chinese Bolsheviks only agrarian reformers, as some observers have claimed, or are they puppets controlled by strings from Moscow?

If Lenin were alive today, he might tell us that the truth lies somewhere in between and explain the difference between Communist policies in an industrialized, capitalist state and Communist tactics in an economically backward "semicolonial" country like China.

Most of us know that Karl Marx saw an inevitable struggle in capitalist countries between the industrial lord and the industrial wage slave. During early stages of the conflict, labor, he said, is

weak, but industry, in seeking to increase production, strengthens the proletariat and gives it coherence. Meanwhile, as capitalism tends to overconcentrate its power, a series of crises results, and dissolution sets in among the controlling classes. Labor then starts a revolt which can end only with the destruction of lord and slave and the emergence of a classless society in which there will be no need for force.

Elaborating upon this theory, Lenin maintained that capitalists in the industrially advanced states were sucking much of their strength from semicolonial areas such as China. Liberate the exploited from the exploiter, Lenin advised, separate such states as Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States from imperialist access to the raw materials and markets of backward areas—do this, and capitalism will quickly fall.

The primary Bolshevik task, according to Lenin, is to hasten this separation between capitalist exploiter and colonial slave. But since these backward areas have no well-developed capitalist class of their own and no sophisticated labor opposition, there can be no proletarian revolution in the usual Bolshevik sense.

Nor can Communists themselves simply “make” a revolution. Bolshevik theory is clear on this point: revolution is impossible without a national crisis. The ruling classes must be so corrupt that they cannot maintain themselves according to custom; the lower classes must be ready to sacrifice their lives rather than tolerate things as they are. Only when these two conditions exist can the Communist party, the “vanguard” of the masses, lead the lower classes to victory against the oppressors.

How, then, are foreign exploiters to be driven out of backward areas like China? As early as 1920 Lenin and other Bolshevik tacticians thought they had the answer. For two years Communist revolts had been failing in Europe, but reports from China told of seething discontent. Middle-class leaders like Dr. Sun Yat-sen were conspiring to overthrow a disintegrating government in Peking and to expel foreign imperialists. Here was a revolution ready made; with proper leadership the Chinese masses could win their struggle.

The basic Communist tactic was this: Bolshevik leaders must co-operate with middle-class revolutionists like Dr. Sun Yat-sen to drive out the foreigners and to bring about a union between the backward masses of Asia and the workers of industrial nations everywhere. Effective world revolution, Communist leaders proclaimed, would begin only when Asia's hundreds of millions of oppressed peoples had been put into motion. Far-off China was the key to Bolshevik successes.

The history of Chinese Communism falls into four main phases: the period of co-operation with the Kuomintang; the Agrarian Revolution; the period of the Anti-Japanese War; and the period between V-J Day and the present moment. An examination of Soviet political tactics within these periods may answer some of the questions about Russian and Chinese Communism that bother us today.

II

The handful of Chinese radicals who floated about in a boat during that day in July 1921 were already in touch with Moscow. A year earlier two agents from the Comintern (or Third International, the general staff of the world-wide Communist movement) had been sent to China, where they helped form a party. This was the first move in a vast campaign to drive the so-called imperialists out of Asia. But further prosecution of the scheme was complicated by the fact that Russian Communism had developed a twin personality.

Prior to October 1917, Lenin and his Russian associates had been relatively unimportant members of a world revolutionary movement; but when these men seized the government, they also became leaders of a national state with interests not always identical with world revolution. Often the same individuals held key positions in both the Comintern and the Soviet Government. In the first capacity, their duty was the spreading of revolt; in the second, they were primarily responsible for the security of the Soviet Union.

As a result of this situation, Bolshevik leaders in Moscow

approached China along two separate roads. On one hand, the Third International, through secret agents, established contact with Dr. Sun Yat-sen; on the other hand, the government of the Soviet Union, using diplomatic channels, approached the very Peking Government which Dr. Sun was conspiring to overthrow.

From the Bolshevik viewpoint the coalition of war lords forming the Peking Government represented only a front for international imperialism, while Dr. Sun represented a middle-class, revolutionary movement seeking to expel the foreign exploiter. It was entirely in line with Soviet tactics that Karakhan, the first ambassador to Peking, should at the same time serve as an underground agent for the Third International dealing with Dr. Sun.

In the early 'twenties, many persons in China were looking toward the Soviet Union with favor. Chinese intellectuals had already been impressed by Russian developments. Vicariously, the new Soviet literature was enabling them to experience what they considered to be the only really successful revolution of their time. As members of an industrially backward nation, they understood Lenin when he claimed that capitalist states, dependent on raw materials and markets, sucked much of their strength from colonial and semicolonial regions. Hence, they were interested in Communism as a method for spreading technology over vast, underdeveloped areas. For to many of them the Bolshevik system seemed a logical step beyond the inventive and technological genius of a capitalism which tended to keep industry concentrated in its own well-developed areas to the apparent disadvantage of underdeveloped regions.

The Peking Government was not sure where its own interests lay, but Dr. Sun was ready for Bolshevik help. His followers had been painfully disillusioned by Western treatment of China at Versailles, and even the results of the Washington Conference of 1921-22 were something less than many Chinese had hoped for. To some it seemed that the democracies of Europe and America were afraid of democracy in Asia. China was seething with revolt against the old order, but neither Great Britain nor the United States had shown any inclination to aid Dr. Sun.

Agents from Moscow found Dr. Sun receptive, but while they treated with him, they also tightened their bonds with the Chinese radicals. This was the first step in another important tactic.

"It is obligatory," Lenin said, "to combine legal with illegal forms of struggle."

This means that Bolsheviks must participate in the institutions of their enemies (and of their temporary allies), in their trade unions, their elections, their assemblies. For while middle-class institutions look reactionary and decadent to a trained Bolshevik, he knows that they are a reality to the masses he must influence. A trade union (or a political party) can serve to bring the Bolshevik in touch with those masses; elections can put into office influential, middle-class leaders who, because *they are* middle class, will eventually betray the workers; and a parliamentary assembly is, to the Bolshevik, a tribunal for proving that middle-class democracy is obsolete.

So the central theory of Bolshevik leadership emerges: the Communist party issues instructions, directions, slogans, and warnings in order that the masses may learn *from their own experience* that those instructions, directions, and warnings are correct.

This theory of leadership had been developed for use in capitalist states, but with modifications it was rapidly applied to China. By September 1923, when Dr. Sun concluded his arrangements for help from Moscow, Chinese Bolsheviks had already been instructed to join his Kuomintang party and work from within. Many Chinese Reds did not yet understand this leadership theory, as is illustrated by an account written by Ch'en Tu-hsiu, a leading member of the Chinese Communist party at that time:

Myself and other Central Committee members were opposed [to joining] because the conglomeration of forces within the Kuomintang blurred the class distinctions, thus checking our independent policy. Mahlin [Maring, an agent of the Third International] countered by asking if we wanted to disobey a Comintern decision, so that the Central Committee gave in for the sake of party discipline and voted to join the Kuomintang.¹

¹ Kanichi Hatano, "History of the Chinese Communist Party," *Asia Mondai Kosa*, Vol. 2 (Tokyo, 1938).

The first Chinese Communists to join the Kuomintang kept their dual membership a secret, but by 1923 the practice had been recognized by Dr. Sun, and the Kuomintang Congress of January 1924 adopted a formal policy of alliance with Russia and co-operation with the Communist party of China.

Numbers of promising young Chinese were sent to Russia for long periods of revolutionary training, and from Moscow the Third International dispatched Michael Borodin as chief adviser to Dr. Sun in Canton. Immediately upon his arrival, Borodin re-organized the Kuomintang, tightening discipline and shaping its structure along Communist party lines, and set up the Whampoa Military Academy, which was staffed with Russian advisers and commanded by Chiang K'ai-shek, who had studied in the Soviet Union.

Under Bolshevik supervision, at least a part of Asia's "hundreds of millions of oppressed peoples" had been put into motion, and portents suggested the beginnings of world revolt. Yet by the end of 1927 Borodin and his assistants had been expelled from the Kuomintang, the Third International's Chinese plot had fizzled, and topmost leaders of the world Communist movement were searching for an explanation.

III

To some degree this unexpected failure was brought about by the deaths of two men—Lenin and Sun.

The death of Lenin left Russia in a situation in which two leaders, Stalin and Trotsky, were vying for power. In part, theirs was a personal struggle, but it was also a conflict between opposing concepts of revolutionary strategy and tactics. Stalin believed that world revolution was impossible in the foreseeable future and that Russian Bolsheviks should emphasize the building of Marxist socialism in the Soviet Union. Trotsky, on the other hand, demanded the immediate overthrow of capitalism throughout the world.

These conflicting concepts forced a cleavage that cut from

Moscow to Canton, where the death of Dr. Sun had loosed another struggle for power. In the Kuomintang a temporary stalemate developed among Borodin (supported by the Communists and by the prestige and material value of Russian aid), Chiang Kai-shek (supported by his troops and by anti-Communist members of the Kuomintang), and Wang Ching-wei (who represented those in the Kuomintang who favored Dr. Sun's policy of co-operation with Russia and the Chinese Communists).

Given this uneasy balance, Borodin's policy was to keep his eye on the immediate goal as set forth by Lenin—the driving of a wedge between China and the capitalist nations through co-operation with the Kuomintang. By subordinating long-range plans to the requirements of the moment, by working slowly and cautiously and quietly, Borodin and the Chinese Communists could help win the revolution and at the same time gain the confidence of the masses and ease themselves into key positions of leadership. If they accomplished these things, the future would take care of itself.

But unfortunately for Borodin, there were Trotsky men in China, too, and they demanded more decisive action. They wanted to pull out of the Kuomintang immediately, to stir up a joint peasant-proletarian revolt, and to establish a Chinese Soviet Government. These demands, heard in Canton, were the same demands shouted out by Trotsky in the Third International.

It was a bitter conflict—this conflict between Stalin and Trotsky, between socialism in one country and permanent world revolution, between Borodin and some of his subordinates. In China the result was a confusion of tactics. Communist agitators screamed for the confiscation of gentry lands, while Borodin pointed out the effect such action would have upon officers of the Kuomintang army who were sons of gentry. Communist agitators screamed for a peasant revolt, while Borodin reminded them that the time was not yet ripe.

Confusion grew; the Third International itself issued conflicting orders. First Chiang Kai-shek and then Wang struck out against Borodin, whereupon the Bolshevik apparatus in China was

nearly dismembered. Completely discredited, Borodin himself was forced to leave China.

In seeking to analyze the causes of Bolshevik failure, Stalin maintained that the revolution in China had been pushed too fast. Leninist leadership, he reminded his followers, demands that the vanguard lead the rear guard, demands that the vanguard go ahead without losing contact with the masses. Leninist leadership requires the vanguard to remember that the masses must learn *from their own experience* that the instructions, directions, and slogans of the vanguard are correct. In China the Bolsheviks had tried to "make" a revolution, forgetting that real revolutions are "made" only when the people are convinced through their own experience that there is no other way.⁶

IV

The period of Kuomintang-Communist co-operation had been characterized by active Soviet intervention in China. The second and third phases of Chinese Communism saw the Soviet Union much more concerned with domestic problems and with its own security. The outcome of the Stalin-Trotsky feud was an eventual victory for Stalin, a victory which steered Soviet policy away from immediate world revolution and toward the building of Marxist socialism in one country. Trotsky was expelled, Comintern agents were largely withdrawn from China, and the fate of the Chinese revolution was left primarily in Chinese hands.

After 1928 the Chinese Communist party was occupied with problems of elementary survival. Leaders like Mao Tse-tung rose to prominence through years of hardship, struggle, and guerrilla generalship. These men placed emphasis upon the building of a Chinese Red army for the Agrarian Revolution and upon solving the problems of Chinese peasants on a village level. Working with whatever they found at hand, they extended their administration over areas and combinations of areas as large as average European states. Without appreciable aid from Moscow or anything else, they gradually built up full-fledged governments and election

techniques, thus acquiring experience on a high political plane, to which, in time, was added the administration of large cities.

Meanwhile, Moscow became increasingly aware of a new threat to Soviet security. In September 1931 Japanese troops in Manchuria had begun military operations which Soviet leaders correctly interpreted as the first move in a campaign to conquer Asia. Bolshevik tactics shifted rapidly to meet this new contingency. Moscow dared not risk a war that might jeopardize its Five-Year Plan and the whole possibility of building Marxist socialism in one country. Japan must be stopped at the least possible cost to Russia.

Stalin was quick to recognize community of interest when he saw it. Chiang Kai-shek, having toppled the Peking Government, was trying to consolidate his control of China; Japan was a threat to him as well as to the Soviet Union. Bolshevik leaders in Moscow began to call for Chinese unity, for common action on the part of the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists, and Soviet diplomats speeded the negotiations they were carrying on with Chiang's Central Government.

At first Chiang, rather than resist Japan, chose to engage his best troops in a blockade of Communist areas in the Northeast; but as Nipponese forces continued to encroach on China, certain Kuomintang and allied elements joined the Bolsheviks in their demand for unity. In late 1936 Chiang, kidnaped at Sian by some of his own subordinates, was finally forced to come to terms with the Chinese Communists.

An agreement was also effected between Moscow and China's Central Government, and soon long columns of trucks and camels began moving military supplies from the Soviet Union into western China—for Chiang, not for the Chinese Communists. At the same time Moscow sent Litvinov into the League of Nations to fight—without result—for collective security and combined aid for Chiang.

However uneasy this understanding between Chiang and the Soviet Union, it remained in effect until World War II was over and the Japanese threat annihilated. During all that time the

Chinese Communists were left to shift for themselves in a long guerrilla conflict with the Japanese.

During the war the Comintern had been dissolved. Now Stalin was drawing up another Five-Year Plan, and the Soviet Union was concluding a Treaty of Friendship and Alliance with Chiang's Government. All omens pointed toward an era of peace between the two states. Yet within a matter of months this good feeling was being replaced by suspicion, recriminations, open civil war in China, and bitterness over Soviet activities in Manchuria.

V

There is not sufficient evidence at hand to support real conclusions about Soviet political tactics in the Far East since V-J Day. Officially, Moscow maintained relations with Chiang's Government; but the Russian press consistently criticized the Kuomintang and urged the formation of a coalition government in China. Unfortunately, the whole situation was aggravated as it became a part of the wider conflict between the Soviet Union and the Western powers, and hence we must carefully differentiate between Russian policies toward China and Russian border tactics in areas like Manchuria.

Many postwar difficulties arose from three closely related problems which were in a sense only tangential to the Chinese Communists. The first of these problems developed when Soviet troops, during the course of scheduled withdrawals from Manchuria, left vacuums which Chinese Communist armies proceeded to fill. This placed Chiang in the unfortunate position of having to request the Russians to delay their withdrawal. The second problem arose from secret clauses of the Yalta Agreement which, without Chiang's knowledge, had provided for Soviet spheres in Dairen and Port Arthur. The third problem resulted from the Soviet stripping of former Japanese war industries in Manchuria.

These controversies had a bearing on Russo-Chinese relations, but they should not distort our estimate of Chinese Communist strength, nor should they be used as positive evidence of another

Moscow plot. Withdrawing Soviet troops may well have left caches of Japanese arms behind them, and rumors even claim that Chinese Communists are using weapons manufactured by the Russians in factories captured from the Japanese. Mao's troops may have gained territorial advantages by rushing into vacuums left by the Soviet Army, and Chiang undoubtedly suffered from being deprived of Manchurian industries.

But Chinese Communist leaders, believing—with Lenin—that the masses learn from their own experience, acted accordingly. Mao boasts that the Chinese people have formed their ideas about Communism by comparing the situation in Red areas with conditions in Kuomintang territory. This may be an oversimplification, but undoubtedly Chiang's Government² has been one of its own worst enemies and has contributed to a confidence in the inevitability of Red victory which led one Communist writer to state:

When things become unbearable for the farmers, they will eventually rise, just as scared birds will cry; this explains the existence of the Communist Party in China, and it has nothing to do with Russia. While in all countries communist parties have come into being for the same reasons with, consequently, identical political thinking and spirit, they are not dependent on anyone or anything as to their actions.³

This may be a propaganda statement, but it is in line with Lenin's theory that revolution results only when the ruling classes are too corrupt to maintain themselves and when the lower classes are ready to sacrifice their lives rather than tolerate the old order. It seems also to be borne out by the history of events in China, where the Reds do not appear as puppets in the usual sense.³

The Chinese Communists are not indebted to Moscow as they would have been if Borodin had succeeded. They have won success at the cost of great sacrifice. They have learned the techniques of war and the arts of government through hard experience. Bolshevik seeds planted in 1919 have taken root, producing something that is to a large extent Chinese. Mao Tse-tung and his men

² Kao Ch'ung-min, *Chieh-ta i-ko i-twen*, 1946.

³ For a clear and brief analysis, consult John King Fairbank, *The United States and China* (Cambridge, 1948), pp. 259-78.

are not easily swayed cosmopolitans, but stubborn, shrewd Chinese, and the future might even remind us that China has always "fought the barbarian through the barbarian."

Yet these Chinese Reds are Communists, nonetheless, with Communist habits of "political thinking and spirit," and any effort to pass them off as mere agrarian reformers is to ignore all the essentials of their development. Mao made this clear recently when, defining their task as the unification of "all revolutionary forces within the country to drive out the aggressive forces of American imperialism, overthrow the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang, and establish a united people's republic," he called at the same time for an "anti-imperialist united front headed by the Soviet Union."

This people's republic or "new democracy" (an economy undertaken partly by the state, partly by private concerns, and partly by co-operatives) is only one stage in a planned and, from the Bolshevik viewpoint, an inevitable advance into Marxian socialism and Communism. As such, it is at once a Leninist tactic for depriving capitalist states of a major field of exploitation and a campaign for setting China "free."

If the foregoing pages offer a reasonable estimate of the Chinese Communist movement; if Mao and his followers, benefiting from Chiang's mistakes and from the practices and policies of Western powers, are satisfying elementary yearnings, then to a degree it is Western democracy with its attitudes toward industrially backward areas and non-Caucasian peoples that is on trial in China, and we must reconsider our relationships with the Chinese and with Asia as a whole. For a movement that meets the needs of the people cannot be stamped out with a ruthless boot; the challenge must be met with something better.

TALES OF DON COYOTE*

J. Frank Dobie

TO THE SPANIARDS with their picaresque tradition—a tradition in which a heartless, truthless, moral-less, cynical, supremely crafty trickster is the recurring hero of both national literature and folk dreams—the trickster coyote of Indian tradition that they found in America was like a letter from home. For centuries Lazarillo de Tormés has in Spanish literature epitomized the character. As a folk creation of undated antiquity, Pedro de Urdemales still lies, cheats, steals, and performs incredible tricks on incredibly credulous mortals wherever Spanish is spoken. Cervantes wrote a play about him. Muleteers in the Andes, *vaqueros* on the mesas of Mexico, and Gauchos on the Argentine pampas who never heard of Cervantes go on entertaining each other with preposterous tales in which he is the hero. Scholars pile up treatises on his ubiquitous vitality. Another could be written showing the interpenetration in Mexico of Pedro de Urdemales and the coyote-trickster of Indian folklore.

The *mestizo* Mexican is a blend of Spaniard and Indian, predominantly Indian. The coyote that figures in countless Mexican tales is a blend of Spanish and Indian cultures, predominantly Indian. This coyote is, however, more naturalistic and less mythological than the original. The *campesino* has the Indian's knowledge of nature. In the manner of all unskeptical people of the soil, he ascribes to animals powers and intuitions beyond his own. Moving hardly faster than his wood-bearing burro, his goats browsing on the mountain, or his wind-swayed snare for quail in the valley, he has ample time to see. On a cold day, his blanket around him, he will stand all morning against a sun-warmed adobe

* The tales here published form part of a volume, *The Voice of the Coyote*, to be issued by Little, Brown and Company in May.

wall and watch the patient buzzards float into specks across the empty sky. On a summer afternoon he will shift with the shadow of a cottonwood tree, attending, apparently, only the dipping of swallows over a pool of water. In this passiveness, more idle than wise, fancies and racial memories drift through his brain. What he actually knows about the coyote, which is much, and what he has heard and imagined about the animal, which is more, are inextricably blended. Telling a tale of fancy, he will make the coyote very real; coming down to facts of natural history, he will make the coyote fanciful. Without irreverence, he asserts that the coyote is, "next to God, the smartest person on earth." In prodigal narratives illustrative of this smartness, he blends folklore and fact so indiscriminately that a scientist who is nothing more than a scientist rejects all—a mental procedure as unreasonable as accepting all.

But the Mexican, following Indian tradition, delights most in telling tales in which this "smartest animal on earth, next to God," shows himself stupid and is duped by every other creature in the animal kingdom. The Mexican tales have more point than the Indian originals; most purely Indian tales end in the unfocused way that snow melts on the ground. Furthermore, the Mexican tales are often infused with a certain Spanish satire and sophistication. Yet they are seldom told by the fair-skinned *gachupines*, the proud *hidalgos* (sons of somebody), the *Señor* attorneys and the *Señor* engineers of the city. The Mexicans who tell them are *los de abajo*—the underdogs. It is no fun to have the smart and the well-advantaged succeed. The fun lies in having the cunning smart aleck victimized by his own victims and his own overreaching. The sympathies of the underdogs are always with the helpless.

This is not a treatise about the nature of folklore or about the folk who tell it. It is about coyotes, but to understand the thing seen, one must understand the eyes that see it. The Mexican underdog, despite his credulity, understands his own eyes pretty well, and this understanding comes from the Spanish rather than from the Indian in him. A little tale I heard in New Mexico will somewhat explain the eyes through which we shall be looking. No

"pure quill" Indian ever looked into himself with such ironic objectivity.

One time a burro driver was beating the whey out of his son Francisco when a friend appeared.

"But, *compadre*," the friend exclaimed, "why are you thus without mercy lashing our Francisco?"

"I'll tell you," replied the burro driver. "Here I have been making plans for the time when I am rich. I will have a cow. She will give so much milk that we will have all we can drink and all the cheese we can eat. Besides that, we will have cheese to sell. We will have money to throw at the birds. One thing I will buy will be a blue bowl. It will be a beautiful bowl, as blue as the sky, with little painted figures on it coming up to the rim so that they can look over inside at the beautiful white milk.

"And here, *compadre*, I have been telling my sons how the beautiful blue bowl full of milk will be set on the board with Francisco on one side of it and Juanito on the other side of it. Francisco can drink out of his side of the blue bowl and Juanito can drink out of his side. But listen! This burro of a Francisco says he will not drink out of the blue bowl with his brother. Now, *compadre*, you comprehend with what reason I beat him."

A Mexican proverb, which is probably Spanish, says that what comes out of the water goes into the water. Fables brought over by the Spaniards found the New World environment as congenial as Spanish horses and cattle found them. Reynard the Fox as chief protagonist in the fables did not survive—by name. Coyote took Reynard's place, sometimes only in name, sometimes in nature as well. The "Coyote" that one meets in *Arabian Nights* stories told in a pueblo on the Rio Grande is only a substituted name and bears little relation to the coyote who argued with the horned frog and got paid back for swallowing him. Scholars cannot be arbitrary on plot origins. If the science of comparative folklore has discovered anything, it is that the situations in most folk tales are common to all continents and races. European influences on tales of the American Indians are discernible not so much in plot as in emphasis on conduct. Despite interchanges and substitutions, American Coyote

and European Reynard remain, as characters, as distinct from each other as Navajo hunter and British banker, or as Mexican ranchero and French diplomatist.

In the European tradition, Reynard is a dissembler who "can blow with all winds and paint his own mischief in false colors." He is adept in twisting the true cause the wrong way. Above all, he is an inventor, fertile in imagination and adroit in fancy, making fools of both impotent innocents and conniving potentates. He plays tricks on Bruin the bear, on Tibert the cat, on the ram, on the lordly Chanticleer, on Isegrim the wolf. He dresses like a monk to lay paw on rabbit; he plays dead in order to get the rook's head within reach of his jaws. With fawning and flattery, he wraps King Lion and Queen Lioness around his little finger. His duplicities are made to satirize priests and monks. His crimes and extrications cast ridicule not only upon the social institutions of medieval Europe but upon the weaknesses of mankind of all time. His brazen self-assurance is magnificent. "Let no sorrow affright you," he says to his dear nephew, Greybeard the badger. "Let us be cheerful and pleasant together, for though the King and all the court would swear my death, yet will I be exalted above them all. Well may they prate and jangle, and tire themselves with their counsels; but without the help of my wit and policy, neither can the court nor commonwealth have any long continuance." Etymologically, the name Reynard means "Strong in Counsel." Reynard the fox lives up to that name.

What the artist Aesop, toward six centuries before Christ, created in those fables—some of them about the fox—that bear his name and what he took from folk tradition cannot be determined. Certainly, Reynard the fox was a folk character tens of centuries before Chaucer, La Fontaine, and Goethe breathed their geniuses into him—and left him more of a folk character than ever. Satire and "similitudes of men" inform the whole Reynard tradition.

Irony often sharpens the original Coyote stories, but Coyote's deceptions are never directed toward the medicine man and other social institutions. Indian society was at once too unsophisticated

and too dominated by religious taboos and ceremonials to produce satire. Had a Voltaire appeared, he would have been unable to survive tribal inquisitions. Native Indian stories are as uncritical of the affairs of men as are the tall tales of twentieth-century America—tales without either the charm of simplicity or the wit of urbanity.

The dry appraisal of life characteristic of the Spanish genius was infused into the mixed bloods of New Spain. In time it came to be reflected in many Mexican stories about Coyote. Now for the stories themselves.

REPAYING GOOD WITH EVIL

One time a rattlesnake got caught under a rock so that he could not move. A duck came walking along, and the rattlesnake called out, "Brother Duck, please shove this rock so that I can free myself."

"With all pleasure," said the duck, and he shoved the rock with his strong breast.

As soon as the rattlesnake was free, he said: "I have been held prisoner a long time and am hungry. I will eat you." He was in front of the duck and ready to strike, and the duck was without power to run.

"No," said the duck, "that would not be just."

"Why not just?" asked the rattlesnake.

"I have done you a good deed, and like a Christian you should do as you would be done by," the duck said.

"But do you not know," responded the rattlesnake, "that a good deed is repaid with evil?"

"No, I do not know that," the duck said. "Let us find a judge."

"The truth is so well known that I agree to leave the matter to a judge," said the rattlesnake.

So the two started off, the rattlesnake keeping close to the duck. Before they had gone very far they came upon a venerable burro.

"Here is a sage being," the rattlesnake said. "Ask him if a good deed is not repaid with an evil one."

The duck put the question to the burro.

"Yes," replied the burro, "a good deed is always repaid with an evil one. Behold me. For a lifetime, I worked for my master. I worked when I had nothing to eat. I worked whether it was hot or cold, wet or dry. I worked without complaint, always steadily, even if not swiftly. With reason I was trusted. What is the result? Now that I am old and weak and my back is one great sore from packsaddles, my master has turned me out to starve. In the end, nothing but evil is paid for good."

"One judge is not enough," said the duck. "Let us consult another."

"I accept," said the rattlesnake. "You will see."

The two went on. Soon they came upon an ox. He was lying down chewing his cud, but from the way his bones stuck out it was plain that he had little to eat.

"There is a calm and just judge," said the rattlesnake. "State the case to him."

The duck asked the ox the same question he had asked the burro.

"We judge by what we know," replied the ox. "Look at me. For many years I pulled my master's plow and his cart and the sled on which water was hauled to his cabin. It was work, work, work. I was tired at times, but I was always patient and I always pulled when the word was given. Now what is the result? I no longer have strength. My legs tremble with my own weight. So I have been turned out to graze, but not that I may have rest and be free. Oh, no. My master thinks that this skeleton will gain a little flesh. Then he will butcher me to make jerky out of my flesh and soup out of my bones. A good deed is repaid with an evil deed. That is my judgment."

"These judges are prejudiced," said the duck. "I appeal the case to that coyote I see coming yonder. Get between me and him and ask him the question."

"I am willing to give you the benefit of the wise," the rattlesnake replied. The coyote came near, and the rattlesnake stated the case to him.

The coyote scratched his ear. "Before I render a decision," he said, "I will have to be shown exactly in what position you were when the duck freed you."

This answer pleased the duck, and the rattlesnake was willing to demonstrate. So all three went back to the rock that had been on the rattlesnake's back.

"Now lie down and allow me to place the rock just as it was before the duck rolled it off you," the coyote said.

The rattlesnake placed himself in position and the coyote pushed the rock on top of him.

"Is that how you were?" asked the coyote.

"Exactly thus," responded the rattlesnake.

"Then stay that way," the coyote laughed. "If good is repaid with evil, this time the evil brings good to the duck."

Sometimes, as the tale varies, the coyote frees the serpent, is about to be rewarded with death and then is rescued by a clever judge. As Riley Aiken tells it, after the coyote had beguiled the false serpent back under the rock from which "a wise man" had freed him, the wise man said:

"It isn't right to leave him to die this way."

"It's his own affair," said the coyote, "but you will not deny that I saved your life."

"Why deny?" the man said. "I proclaim my debt. Listen, Brother Coyote, I own a ranch near here. Beginning tomorrow, you come at eight o'clock every morning. The dog will be tied up and there'll be a fat hen in a sack for you. Every morning, remember."

"Good!" the coyote cried out. "That is repaying good with good."

Never did any other coyote find life so easy. Every morning at eight o'clock this coyote met the man. Always the hen that the man turned out of the sack was fat. Before long, however, the coyote complained that his appetite was bad and that he must have a *traguito* before eating. So the man rationed a drink of *mezcal* to go with the chicken. Then, within a few days, the coyote

complained that the *mezcal* had increased his appetite so much that one hen would not satisfy it. The man added another hen to the daily allowance. Next he had to increase the *traguito* to a whole bottle of *mezcal*.

The man was not happy with these growing demands. From the first his dog had been against giving chickens to a coyote. Every morning he growled at being tied up. "It was right," the man told him, "to reward my rescuer with a chicken each morning, but now he extorts. He has become a bandit. He is repaying good with evil."

"Tomorrow," the dog growled, "your coyote friend will demand three hens a day. Just watch."

"That would indeed be too much," the man said. "What do you advise?"

"Put me in the sack, instead of the third hen," the dog said. "I'll settle the account."

Two days later the coyote announced that he was not getting enough to live on. "When I was a whelp," he said, "my mother called me Never-Full and my father called me Empty-Belly. In paying good for good you must satisfy my nature."

"Brother Coyote," the man answered, "you seem to have forgotten how contented you were in the beginning with one hen a day. That was our contract, and you said that thus good is repaid with good."

"Time changes all," the coyote responded. "You still owe me for your life. As long as you live, that will be your debt. Now I require three bottles of *mezcal* and three hens every morning."

"Very well," the man said. "*Mañana*."

The next morning at eight o'clock the man came out to meet the coyote with three sacks and three bottles.

The coyote drank a bottle. "*¡Ay carray!*" he shouted. "Toss me out a hen."

The man untied a sack and out scuttled the hen. The coyote devoured her, feathers and all. He drank another bottle. "*¡Ay qué carray!*" he shouted. "Toss me out a hen."

The man untied another sack, and the coyote devoured his

second hen. "My appetite grows with age and wisdom," he said. "Another bottle."

He drank the *mezcal* with entire gusto. "*¡Ah qué carray!*" he shouted. "Now for the sweet thing that comes last."

The man untied the third sack, and the dog rushed out. He was raging. The poor coyote was too drunk to fight and too stuffed to run. Just before the dog's fangs sank into his throat he called out, "Call off your dog. It is not right to repay good with evil."

"Perhaps it is not right," the man answered, "but *es la costumbre*."

As the tale proliferated from repeated tellers and tellings, another question, it would seem, evolved: Which is more coyote-natured, Man or Coyote? The tale as told by a ranchero of Coahuila proceeds from the rescue of man by coyote from rattlesnake as follows:

"*Señor Coyote*," the man said after the rattlesnake was back under the rock, "you have done me the greatest favor that one person can do another. You have given me my life. Come with me to my house and accept a sack of chickens."

They walked until they arrived at the chaparral near the man's house.

"You must wait here," the man said, "while I go for the sack of chickens. I have two very fierce dogs and a wife no less fierce."

So the coyote waited in the thicket while the man went directly to the hen house. There he selected five of the largest and fattest hens and put them in a sack. He was moving as quietly as he could, but his wife heard the chickens squawking and cackling and rushed to them. She saw the sack. She knew every one of her hens by name.

"You have taken the five fattest and largest," she said to her husband. "*Por Dios*, why?"

He explained how the coyote had saved his life from the snake

of false philosophy. "One good deed calls for another," he said, "and as a small reward I wish to present my savior with these hens."

The woman was furious. "You are stupid," she said, "to consider giving our best hens to a coyote. In truth, it would be stupid to give him even the runt of the flock."

Leaving the hens in the sack, the husband tried to quiet her. He asked for a cup of coffee, and went into the house with her. While he was drinking the coffee, she stole back to the hen house, took the five hens out of the sack, and put into it the two fierce dogs. Returning, she said nothing more on the subject, and in a little while the man went outside, picked up the sack, and carried it by a trail through the bushes to the coyote.

"Well, *Compadre* Coyote," he said, "excuse my delay, but I have brought you here the five finest hens of our little ranch. It is a small reward for saving my life, but I try thus to repay good with good. Do you wish that I turn them loose one at a time or all at once?"

"All at once," replied the coyote—"the banquet of my life."

The man opened the sack, and out leaped the fierce dogs. They were chewing on the coyote before he could take his mind off the banquet. He managed to break away, however, and as he ran from the thicket, he howled out to the man:

"No more proof is necessary. Now I know that in this life good is repaid with evil."

WHY THE COYOTE DOES NOT EAT PEOPLE

One time the coyote went to see God our Father to ask if He would give coyotes license to eat His children.

God our Father said to him, "Yes, I will give you license if you will fast a certain time."

Then after the coyote had gone away, God our Father called the *tlacuache*—the opossum—to consult with him on how the coyote might be enticed to break his fast. "You go," He said to

the *tlacuache*, "and meet the coyote in a maguey plantation and ask him if he would not like to drink a little *aguamiel*."*

So the *tlacuache* went. On his way he passed through pines, and he gathered some resin and put it in his pouch. He waited at the magueys, and in time the coyote came along. They saluted each other, and then the *tlacuache* said, "How are you getting along, Coyotito?"†

"Well, I thank you."

"Come on and let's drink a little *aguamiel*," the *tlacuache* said.

"No, I cannot do that," responded the coyote. "I am fasting so that God our Father will give me license to eat His children. If I break the fast, He will deny the license."

"Oh," said the *tlacuache*, "this *aguamiel*, you know, is not food and it is not liquor. It is no more than pure water with a little drop of sweet in it."

"No," said the coyote, "not even *aguamiel*, for God will see me, and then He won't give me license to eat His children."

"But God won't see you here in the magueys," the *tlacuache* went on, "and He won't find out anything about the matter. After we have drunk, I will clean your mouth as clean as a whitened deer antler. Come, Coyotito, for just one little smell."

The coyote followed, and the *tlacuache* took the covering off the bowl of a big maguey. "Just a lap, Coyotito," he said.

The coyote squatted down in front of the bowl and smelled. Then he stood up and lapped the *aguamiel*. "It is very savory," he said. "Now you drink."

After the *tlacuache* had drunk, he said, "Now Coyotito, I am going to clean your mouth."

The coyote opened his mouth so wide that his eyes were closed. The *tlacuache* reached into his pouch and pulled out the resin he had gathered at the pines. Then he stuck his little hands into the

* Just before the stalk of a maguey plant starts to shoot up, it is cut out. The bowl thus left in the plant collects sap intended by nature for the great stalk. This sap, or unfermented juice, is called *aguamiel* (honey-water); it is extracted periodically and fermented into pulque or distilled into *mescal*.

† The diminutive is a form of endearment—"Dear Little Coyote."

coyote's mouth and filled the spaces between his teeth with the resin. It had the savor of *aguamiel* in it.

The two struck out across the country. At noon the coyote said, "It is time for me to meet God our Father."

The *tlacuache* went to his house and the coyote went on until he came to where God was waiting.

"Have you been fasting?" God asked.

"Yes, Sir," the coyote responded.

"Let's see if you have," God said. "Open your mouth."

And the coyote opened his mouth. The resin, savored with *aguamiel*, was between his teeth. God smelled of it and saw it also.

God said, "You have not kept my commandment. You have been to the *aguamiel* in the maguey. Now you cannot have license to eat my children. Only small animals such as lambs, kids, pigs, chickens, rabbits, rats, and birds may you eat. These you have license to take wherever you find them, but you will not enter the homes of people or touch my children."

Then the coyote turned and went away crying. He still cries every night for what he lost.

COYOTE BETWEEN TWO SHEEP

As *Señor* Coyote was going down the road, he met two sheep.

"Aha," he said, "I see I am not going to be hungry long."

"But, Brother Coyote, what do you mean?" one of the sheep asked.

"I mean," said the coyote, "to invite one of you kinsmen to be my dinner."

"Which one?" the other sheep asked.

"The one that has the best meat," the coyote answered, and he felt for the fat on each of their tails.

"Do not try to eat me," said the first sheep, "I am too lean."

"Do not try to eat me," said the second sheep, "I am too tough."

"Will it take the kidney fat from both of you to make a respectable dinner?" the coyote asked.

"No, no," the sheep said in one voice.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," the coyote said. He looked very wise. "I will draw a line here across the road. There, see." And he scratched a plain line in the dirt across the road. "Now, Nephew Lean Sheep, you go down the road about fifty paces to that mesquite bush with the pink just showing on its beans. Now, Uncle Tough Sheep, you go up the road about fifty paces to that all-thorn bush in which the butcherbird has her nest. You understand?"

"Yes, yes," Lean Sheep and Tough Sheep bleated together.

"Very well," *Señor* Coyote went on. "You will be at your stations, each looking this way and ready to run. I will count 'one, two, three.' When I say 'three,' each of you starts running toward the line here. I will be standing to one side of the road looking right down the line. The sheep that crosses the line first I will slap on the back and at the same time cry out 'First.' To the second sheep I will tell a secret."

The coyote was immensely pleased with his plan. He knew that the separated sheep would not dare run off.

"Nephew Lean Sheep," he cried, "get to your mesquite. Uncle Tough Sheep, get to your all-thorn bush."

The two obeyed.

"Are you ready?" he called.

"Yes, yes, Brother Coyote," the sheep answered.

"One, two, three," the coyote counted. He stood at the edge of the road facing down the line. He looked to the right and Nephew Lean Sheep was coming. He looked to the left and Uncle Tough Sheep was coming. After that he did not take his eyes from the mark. He put one paw up ready to tag the lead racer. Then he put it down. "No," he said to himself low, "they are going to butt into each other exactly at my nose."

His laughter at the joke ended when the sheep rammed into his sides at the same time. Before he got his breath back, Nephew Lean Sheep and Uncle Tough Sheep were two specks side by side close to their master's house.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE ACADEMIC PROFESSION*

J. H. Hildebrand

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC has evidently abandoned the myth of "good old Uncle Joe," fostered during the war, and made up its mind that the designs and methods of the men in the Kremlin must be resolutely opposed if human freedom and dignity are to survive. But we have not been so clear about our attitude toward the agents of that power in our midst. True to our faith in free speech and political freedom, we have permitted them to retain those privileges in spite of their distortions of truth which destroy the values of free speech, and in spite of continually mounting evidence of their servile adherence to strict "party line" as dictated from Moscow. The problem has been especially difficult for the academic profession because of the importance of preserving that freedom of inquiry and expression within the field of competence of the professor known as "academic freedom," without which there can be no true universities. We have not feared any serious influence by Communist professors upon our institutions of learning because we have known that, contrary to the extravagant statements in the yellow press, the colleges and universities are not "hotbeds of Communism." Communist professors are in reality an almost vanishing minority. We have been more concerned, instead, about the irresponsible branding of teachers and institutions as "subversive" without trial and upon the flimsiest evidence. Intent upon defending our civil liberties from attackers outside the profession, we have largely ignored the comparatively few within who abuse academic freedom, and who, while asserting their rights, do not measure up to their responsibilities. But as the general public becomes clearer about the incompatibility of Com-

* Another side of this highly controversial subject will be presented by Henry Nash Smith, of the University of Minnesota, in the summer issue of *The Pacific Spectator*.

munist party dogma and tactics with American ideals, academic men may be faced with many cases like the recent one at the University of Washington, and they would do well to consider most carefully whether membership in the Communist party, even though legal, is consistent with sound university ideals.

The official position of the American Association of University Professors in this matter is that set forth in the report of Committee A for 1947, published in the Spring Number, 1948, of the *Bulletin* of the Association. The main conclusion of the Committee, after a long analysis of the problem, may be read in these words: "So long as the Communist party in the United States is a legal political party, affiliation with that party in and of itself should not be regarded as a justifiable reason for exclusion from the academic profession." The Committee considered whether "membership in the Communist party is for special reasons improper for teachers, regardless of what it may be for other citizens," but the only special reason considered was the likelihood that the party member might participate in revolutionary activities, and it was decided that "However subversive international communism may be, and however subversive the leaders of the Communist party in the United States may be, it does not follow that all those who join or support the Communist party do so with subversive intent, or that as individuals they are subversive."

Now this position has disturbed me and also a goodly number of my colleagues, including some who have been valiant defenders of academic freedom, because we think it sets a pretty low standard from within the profession. It asserts privileges, but is silent regarding obligations. It overlooks the jeopardy in which a professor places his intellectual integrity by joining a world-wide, militant organization which dictates and ruthlessly enforces an all-embracing, closed, dogmatic system.

We are not thinking here about men who merely hold "unorthodox political views," or "the ideal of a classless society," but about Communists, spelled with a capital C, persons who would have to be more naïve than even professors have any right to be not to know the nature of the organization to whose discipline they

commit themselves. We may well forgive a man who, in the 1920's "succumbed to the Soviet myth," led, as Sidney Hook¹ has recently written, "by emotional compulsion rather than by sober computation of the consequences of adopting a given proposal," but who, "as excess followed excess in a bloody succession, as intolerance and internal coercion increased in direct proportion to the strength and stability of the Soviet State, . . . felt compelled to make public their disavowal of their former allegiance." This is the year 1949, when everyone with an open mind, everyone sensitive to human freedom and dignity, has had abundant opportunity to see that here is something as destructive as what the Nazis did to "Lern und Lehr-freiheit."

Committee A believes that a man may be a member and supporter of a party under subversive leaders without sharing in the character of that party and its leaders. This is essentially the position taken by one of my colleagues who said that "he would not know whether a professor who joins the Communist party actually accepts the party doctrine." This seems to me to represent a positive hostility toward evidence. One might as well say that he could not know whether a person who joins the Ku Klux Klan approves terrorizing Negroes. Committee A objects to "guilt by association," but joining the Communist party is not the innocent or ignorant association to which guilt is ascribed by a Thomas Committee but an association entered into deliberately and with full knowledge of its nature.

There are many who, like the members of Committee A, take the position that a professor should be judged only on the basis of his performance as a teacher and scholar in his own field. As one expressed it to me, "The jeopardy (to intellectual integrity by joining the Communist party) can, I think, be exaggerated, since many fields of scholarship are not even remotely connected with Communist or Marxist dogmas. I do not see, for example, that a professor of Sanskrit literature need suffer as a scholar because of his possible tie to the ideal of a classless society or his, no doubt mistaken, opinion that the Communist movement is a fit or promising vehicle for the realization of that ideal." I too see no relation

¹ "Communism and the Intellectuals," *The American Mercury*, February 1949, p. 133.

between Sanskrit and Marxist dogma, but the men in the Kremlin, who decide all these things for party members, do see such connections. Artists, composers, economists, geneticists, literary critics, physicists, and physiologists are not only dictated to but purged. Should that be of no concern to the professor of Sanskrit? Am I, a chemist, to be complacent just because I may not yet have heard of any chemist being banished to a Siberian labor camp?

Thomas Jefferson declared his "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." The evidence that the Communist party in the United States, as in Russia, is the agent of such a tyranny is piling up in an ever more overwhelming mass. The members of the academic profession would do well to consider most carefully whether a professor should be expected to share the general hostility to every form of tyranny over men's minds voiced by Jefferson or whether it is enough to be only a competent specialist, free to engage without question in any form of activity which is not illegal; preaching astrology, for example, or being a member of the Ku Klux Klan or of a movement which is surpassing the Nazis in crushing academic freedom. None of these would appear to run afoul of the principles of Committee A! There are many of us who believe that this is not enough. We hold a broader ideal of professorial responsibility. This ideal was expressed in declarations prepared years ago by a committee of the Academic Senate of the University of California concerning "Privileges and Duties of Members of the Faculty," and "Academic Freedom." In them we find these words, ". . . individual members of the faculty . . . are the . . . servants of those ideal ends for the sake of which the university exists, such as the advancement of learning, the spread of knowledge, and the cultivation of the capacity for intelligent and significant living." His obligations do not end in study or classroom, for he is a member of a community, with common interests and obligations, "serving the people by providing facilities for investigation and teaching free from domination by parties, sects, or selfish interests." Any lesser ideal seems to many of us inconsistent with the dignity of our profession, and we take our stand with Thomas Jefferson rather than with Committee A.

FINALE

[A STORY]

R. Bretnor

WHEN IT HAPPENED, time collapsed. There was no true explosion; it was too vast for that. Nor was there sound. The rigid structure of the four dimensions cracked, releasing forces too deep to be perceived; and time was telescoped. Great, quivering segments of the vanished past appeared and intermerged, displaced the terrible present, and dissolved.

A yellow fog still clung in pools to the dark hollows of the rounded hills; and every pool of fog, when there were winds, swayed heavily, fraying its edges against the seared stones and the Pompeiian ash-forms of the dead. Padded with ash, the path crept out of the hidden gully and up the hill, the last before the river bed was reached; and slowly the procession struggled through the fog, out to the crest, where a fine, slow-falling rain of ash glowed gray.

There were eight. Manton and the priest led the way, with the cripple held between them. His wooden platform hung by its leather straps, and its roller-skate wheels clicked with every step. Those wheels were pavement wheels; and so they carried him. But the priest, a white-faced, square man in shredded black, kept his face turned away so that he would not have to see the cloth cap full of cheap lead pencils clutched in the cripple's hand.

Manton was taller than the priest, and leaner. A paste of sweat and ashes plastered his brown hair to his forehead, but his brown double-breasted suit was curiously intact. When, with every dozen steps, the procession paused for breath, his eyes, weary under their granulated lids, stared at the near and far horizons of the jumbled world.

Behind them walked the man in uniform, with the counter

which had ceased to click, choked by the radiation of the yellow fog. Behind them walked the man in leather, with sword and casque, whom they had first seen standing guard at a stone sally port behind which neither castle nor courtyard lay. Then came a woman in a fur coat, crying silently, and a fat old man whose burned skin hung from his hands like a pair of moist, gray gloves. The naked brown girl lagged behind, for she could not quite believe that her child was dead. Sometimes she stopped, and opened the rabbit-skin apron in which she had it wrapped, and tried to shake it into life.

Slowly, so, they climbed the hill, and crossed it, and looked down into the dry channel of the river. As they went down, an avenue of sunlight opened from above, grass grew again beneath their feet, a wavering, ghostly tree became opaque and rustled in a reborn breeze. The river again flowed placidly between its banks, washing the steps of a small stone jetty on the other side, where a boatman, his oars shipped askew, dozed in the idle sun, brass buckles on his shoes flashing cheerfully as the bluff-bowed boat swayed in the current.

Manton breathed deeply, holding each breath an instant, trying to hoard the freshness of the flowing river. Behind him, as they crossed the crest, the counter chattered; and, with a ritual apathy, the man in uniform announced its voice. Then they descended, shuffling and stumbling, down through the grass, down to the water's edge. There they paused. Manton and the priest lowered the cripple, placing him with his back against the tree. They brought him water from the river, and his brown, unshaven monkey-face wrinkled in a grin as he drank it greedily. He alone showed no dismay, as though the riverbank were a familiar gutter, the tree a wall, and the others, on the grass around him, the heedless passers-by of his experience. Unlistened-to, he talked.

Beside the priest, Manton rested on his back, while his mind searched frantically for order in the chaos, darting like a trapped fly to the false light of each conclusion, beating itself against the walls of blank impossibility. Disciplining his voice, Manton made it say, "We know enough of structure to guess what happened.

We know that time has collapsed upon itself—a crushed accordion. But why all this?” Manton turned his head toward the priest. “Why fragments, bits of this and that?” He pointed to the man in leather. “Why is he here? And that Indian girl?”

The priest did not reply. Kneeling with locked hands, closed eyes, chin on his chest, he muttered the calendar confession of his sins. Bewildered, he watched them pass in memory’s review, and he saw that now sins of the flesh seemed small, while overshadowing, overwhelming them loomed sins against the spirit which yesterday had not seemed sins at all, but were today the inescapable mantles of damnation. The priest did not hear Manton’s voice, and the voice of the cripple reached him only as a thin harmonic of his own.

“There’s no sense to it,” complained Manton. “Chunks of it come up—just chunks—and then they disappear. But into what? And why do these remain behind?” Pausing, pointing at the brown girl, he saw the woman in the fur coat before him on all fours. Tears ran down the gullies of her nose into her open mouth as she stared at him, her puffed white face stricken with an astonishment that stopped the fountains of the mind; and Manton wondered whether he, too, wore that look.

“Why do the hills vanish, and the solid stones?” he asked her. “Why not men too? They vanished once before with all the rest.” He thought of days, years, centuries sweeping by in all the decency of birth and life and death; and the woman in the fur coat stared at him mutely through her tears. “We know,” said Manton, “that life has different laws. Schroedinger showed us that. But what have chromosomes to do with this? The evanescent matrix disappears. It leaves this girl behind, alive and solid. Why?”

He knew that he would receive no answer from the woman; that the seeking question was meaningless to her astounded idiocy. There in front of him she knelt, embodiment of his confusion, his own trapped mind made flesh. In her blind eyes, he saw the ghost of that mindless brutality which had destroyed a world; he felt it stir within him, stirring him with a quick urge

to kill her, crush her—and slay the ghost in scapegoat suicide. Instead, he seized the shoulders of the priest's black coat, to shake the man out of his clutching sins.

"Father," said Manton, "let's be on our way."

The priest looked up and nodded. He did not ask why they should now move on, nor where their road might lead. At Manton's side, he turned toward the east, toward the river.

"Hey!" Manton shouted. "You there, with the boat!"

The boatman stirred, and Manton saw him yawn as he sat upright on the thwart.

"Hey! Fetch us across!"

"Aye!" The boatman's voice came back, heavy as treacle. "I will, for thripence ha'penny!"

Manton hesitated, and mechanically his hand searched his trousers pocket, touching a key ring and a coin or two. He brought the largest out, and held it up.

The boatman waved. He turned around, showing a brawny back, and cast off easily into the current. His oars came to life. He brought the boat about, sending it forward with measured, powerful strokes. Ten, twenty, thirty yards— The rhythm broke. Slowly the large hands fell; the river took control; the oars floated like dead, broken arms. And Manton saw the boatman raise his head to face the maddened sky.

Manton's throat tightened for a shout, to call him back, to stem that drifting with a rope of sound. But no sound came. Though the river flowed, it wavered now, its bright skin gone, its insubstantial surface elusive in the air. The jetty wavered, and the green freshness drained from the grass, and an ashen gray sucked substance from a tree no longer green. While Manton watched that silent second death, the ashes came, the fine ash sifting in the air he breathed, coarse ashes carpeting the ground, and a gray, tattered tapestry of ash revealing through its rents the blackened boulders in the river bed.

Without a word, the priest and Manton picked the cripple up. Without a word, the small procession formed, and left the shore to pick a way across the river's grave. They crossed, and as they

crossed thin tongues of yellow fog licked at their feet from hollows in the ash.

Padded with ash, the path crept out of the hidden gully and up the hill, and slowly the procession struggled up the path. The shattered hours had passed, and now a dark gray murk swathed all the sky, a gradual darkening, subtle and encroaching, like fall of night without a setting sun. Through that bleak, ashen darkness, bowed by the cripple's weight, Manton and the priest still led the rest. But now there were more than eight. Behind the brown girl four men walked, dressed in hairy skins, weaponed with iron, wearing horned helmets on their maned heads. A hunter followed, tall and yellow, his short curved bow in hand. Then came a mitred abbot, and one who wore a rope around his neck, and the people of a cobbled market street, and all the rest whom Manton had not seen.

He had not seen them, except as figures in the sifting ash, indefinite, featureless, all their distinctions of nation, sex, and age erased in the gray anonymity of that ragged serpentine which wandered where he led. He had not seen them, but he had heard the scuffling of their feet against the stones, the shuffle of unnumbered feet treading the ashes in his wake.

As he reached the crest, Manton stopped and spoke across the cripple to the priest. "Where are we going?" he asked. And, as the priest slowly shook his head, his mind began again its senseless grappling with the why of it. "Where are we taking them?" he asked, and his words fell like ashes on the air.

Then Manton looked ahead, and saw that they had reached an endless plain, terrible and gray, with here and there a mound, a ridge, a burned gray pinnacle of ash. He saw the gray murk of the sky, now unrelieved. And through that murk he saw that there were more processions toiling forward on the plain. Not daring to contemplate their numbers, he walked on.

Manton and the priest walked very slowly now. The ashes on the ground were thick and soft. The dark, descending sky rained silence on the world. They walked interminably, carrying their

burden, slowly, and slowly, and more slowly still. And then they halted there, and there they stood, listening, listening. Around them they heard the breathing of a host, like the enormous breathing of the sea, as though each separate single wave since time began had suddenly received a simultaneous being. And with that host they breathed.

Abruptly, then, down through the darkness came a single beam of brilliant blood-red light, knife-thin. Manton raised his head. The breathing stopped. And slowly the heavens split from end to end. Blood-red and golden came the vast flood of light.

They waited, Manton and the cripple and the priest. In utter silence, they waited for the sound.

Success in your work, the finding a better method, the better understanding that insures the better performing, is hat and coat, is food and wine, is fire and house and health and holiday. At least, I find that any success in my work has the effect on my spirits of all these.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SHIPWRECK

Rosalie Moore

Watching, watching from shore:
Wind, and the shore lifting,
The hands raising on wind
And all the elements rising.

Calmly the wreck rides, '
Turns like leviathan or log,
And the moon-revealing white turns upward,
(Upward of palms, the dead);
And all of the sea's attack, small tangents and traps,
Is wasted on it, the wind wasted,
Helpless to wreck or raise.

Often in sleep turning or falling
A dream's long dimension
I rock to a random ship:
The one like a broken loon,
Clapping its light and calling;
The one bug-black, signing its sign in oil;
The telegraph-tall, invented—
Moved by a whine of wires;
The Revenge riding its crossbar,
Raising its sword hilt:

And I know their power is ended, and all of the dreams
Too vacant and inhabited:
The ships with lights on their brows, the mementos,
the messages,

The cardinals, curriers to Garcias;
And after it all, they say,
The ships make more noise than the sea.

And I look again
At the equal ocean
With its great dead ship.

THE CITY THAT WANTED THE TRUTH

Carey McWilliams

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 17, 1912, the *Los Angeles Municipal News*, the first municipally owned newspaper published in America, made its appearance in the streets and homes of Los Angeles. A twelve-page weekly, selling for a penny a copy, the *Municipal News* flaunted two slogans on its front page: "City Business Is Your Business" and "A Newspaper Owned by the People." How did it happen that this novel experiment in municipal ownership, which W. T. Stead characterized in the *London Chronicle* as "one of the great municipal events in American politics," should have been launched in Los Angeles, then a gawky, bustling tourist town of 450,000 population? The *Municipal News* was not another "freak" of this strangely energetic, hobbledehoy town; behind its appearance was an exciting story—the story of a city that wanted the truth.

I

About a year before the first issue of the *Municipal News* made its appearance, Los Angeles had been rocked to its rather flimsy foundations by an event of cataclysmic importance. On the morning of December 1, 1911, J. B. McNamara and J. J. McNamara had unexpectedly entered a plea of "guilty" to the charge of having dynamited the *Los Angeles Times*. This change of plea in the course of the trial came as a stunning blow to thousands of Angelenos who had loyally supported the McNamaras and largely destroyed one of the most flourishing municipal Socialist movements in the United States. Job Harriman, the Socialist candidate for mayor, had polled 52,000 votes in the primary election of 1910; after the McNamaras pleaded guilty the streets

of Los Angeles were littered with discarded Socialist badges and buttons.

Despite the McNamaras' admission of guilt, however, many people in Los Angeles continued to feel that the *Los Angeles Times* itself was, to a certain extent, responsible for the tragic explosion. For two decades prior to the explosion, General Harrison Gray Otis, the choleric owner of the *Times*, had conducted an attack on organized labor in the guise of a crusade to maintain Los Angeles as "the open-shop citadel of America." During the course of this campaign, General Otis had asked for and given no quarter. As a consequence, all sorts of people, including many who were unfriendly to the labor movement, had come to resent the provocative labor-baiting of the *Times* and the dictatorial role that it played in local affairs.

If the people resented the *Times*, they had little fondness for the other newspapers then published in Los Angeles. The fact is that the people had lost confidence in the press and for a particular reason. In the early years of the century, a small, tightly knit coterie of city officials had determined to appropriate the water resources of Owens Valley. Plans had been quietly formulated to this end two years before the newspapers carried so much as a hint of the existence of the project. That the newspapers were aware of the impending rape of Owens Valley is at least circumstantially revealed by the way in which they laid the groundwork for the project by headlining the news of an artificially created "water famine" in 1903 and 1904. Unfortunately there is also direct evidence that the press had withheld facts of paramount importance to the residents of Los Angeles.

In the year 1903—two years before the Owens Valley project was announced—ten Los Angeles financiers had acquired an option on thousands of acres of dry land in near-by San Fernando Valley at a price of approximately \$25 an acre. Later, when the aqueduct had been completed, it developed that a large part of the water brought from Owens Valley was to be used, not to supply the domestic water needs of Los Angeles residents, but to irrigate this vast tract, which was then promptly subdivided by the land

syndicate and sold in small units for \$1,000 an acre. One of the members of this syndicate, an intimate friend of General Otis, happened to be a member of the Board of Water Commissioners of the City of Los Angeles. Other members of the syndicate, which eventually netted more than \$50,000,000, were General Harrison Gray Otis, owner-publisher of the *Times*, and E. T. Earl, owner-publisher of the *Los Angeles Express* and the *Los Angeles Tribune*. When these facts were brought to light in 1910, a lasting distrust of the local press was implanted in the popular mind.

As further facts about the Owens Valley scandal were revealed through official investigations, the conviction spread among the residents of Los Angeles that they should found a newspaper which would publish the truth about civic affairs. To these residents, municipal ownership was neither a novel nor an alien idea, since they had been the beneficiaries of a publicly owned water and power system for more than a decade. Furthermore an organization was already in existence which was prepared to spearhead the fight for a municipal newspaper, namely, the powerful Good Government League. The means by which a municipal newspaper might be established were also readily available, since Los Angeles had been one of the first cities in the United States to adopt the initiative, referendum, and recall as part of its basic charter. The combination of these factors—widespread resentment and distrust of the local press; an alert civic leadership; and the existence of political means by which this resentment could be articulated—made possible the establishment of the *Los Angeles Municipal News*.

Accordingly an initiative petition directing the City Council to establish a municipal newspaper was placed on the ballot at a general election held on December 5, 1911, and was adopted by a vote of 58,143 to 43,987. In 1912 Los Angeles had a mayor in office who had been elected by the Good Government League over the bitter opposition of the *Los Angeles Times*. The mayor was quite naturally sympathetic to the municipal newspaper project and so were a majority of the councilmen. Once the

initiative petition had been adopted, the City Council proceeded to enact Ordinance No. 23960, which the mayor promptly signed, creating the first, and for all practical purposes the only, municipal newspaper ever published in the United States.* It is true that other cities had previously published, and still publish, informal bulletins, largely for the benefit of city employees; but the *Los Angeles Municipal News* was projected as a full-fledged municipal newspaper.

II

Considering the novelty of the idea and the lack of precedents, one is immensely impressed by the careful political thought which found reflection in the ordinance creating the *Municipal News*. The sponsors of the project did not intend that the *Municipal News* should be an active, full-scale competitor of the privately owned press. On the contrary, they thought of the municipal newspaper as a "yardstick" by which the voters could test the accuracy of the news presented to them by the privately owned press on issues vital to the welfare of the city. To safeguard this yardstick principle, eight directives were written into the ordinance creating the *Municipal News*: (1) to publish the facts with the strictest possible accuracy and without bias; (2) to concentrate on municipal news, that is, news of the city government; (3) to avoid involvement in religious questions or any political question pertaining to state or national politics or candidates for any public office; (4) to publish arguments on local issues which would be in harmony with those principles and measures which the voters had approved at prior elections; (5) to refrain from publishing statements by public officials, interviews, or special signed articles, except as these might constitute news; (6) to set aside forty-five square inches of space, in each issue, to be filled by copy provided by those political organizations which had polled more than 3

* *History of American Journalism*, by James Melvin Lee, 1917, p. 410. (A municipal newspaper has been published in Richland, Washington, since 1943. This, however, is a special case, since Richland is the "Atomic City" which the government built in connection with the Hanford project. See *Pasadena Star-News*, August 21, 1948.)

percent of the total vote in the last city election (this material to be published exactly as submitted without censorship or correction); (7) to maintain a nonpartisan policy independent of any organization, group, party, or movement, or any city administration; and (8) to avoid the publication of libelous or defamatory material. A careful reading of one of the few complete files of the *Municipal News* still in existence has convinced me that these directives were followed to the letter.

Publication of the paper was entrusted to a Municipal Newspaper Commission, consisting of three members appointed by the mayor subject to confirmation by a majority of the Council. Members of the Commission could be removed by the mayor with the approval of a majority of the Council and were given four-year terms. The first commissioners were: George H. Dunlop, reformer, politician, one-time mayor of Hollywood; H. O. Wheeler, Jr., a retired lawyer from Vermont; and Dr. T. Perceval Gerson, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and of Johns Hopkins University, long active in reform movements in Los Angeles. The commissioners selected Robert E. Rinehart, a Los Angeles newspaperman, as the first editor of the *Municipal News* and he, in turn, recruited a staff from the local press.

To finance the venture, a special fund was created known as the Los Angeles Municipal Newspaper Fund. To this fund the City Council authorized the appropriation of not more than \$36,000 for the first year, to be paid into the fund at the rate of \$3,000 per month. The commissioners decided that the *Municipal News* should be sold on the streets for one cent a copy and that single copies might be given free to any voter or taxpayer who made application to receive the paper. Regular subscription rates were 25 cents for six months, 52 cents for a year. The Commission also fixed advertising rates of \$1.00 an inch for display advertising, \$1.50 an inch for classified. All revenue went into the revolving fund which was used as operating capital.

During the year that the paper was published, it carried a surprisingly large volume of display advertising. Among the

regular advertisers were: the largest and best-known furniture store in the city; two important men's clothing stores; several building and loan associations; an office-furniture store; several musical supply houses; a number of real estate concerns; and any number of small retail stores. Although it was widely distributed in residential areas, the *Municipal News* was unable to secure department store advertising with the exception of a four weeks' period when one proprietor, against the wishes of his advertising manager, ran a small advertisement.

The management of the *Municipal News* had explicit instructions to reject certain types of classified advertising, such as advertisements "reasonably subject" to the suspicion of an intent to defraud; those for medical services, curative treatments, and proprietary medicines; those for legal services; liquor advertising; all advertising submitted by clairvoyants, hypnotists, palmists, occult performers, and phrenologists; all personal advertising; all bogus employment advertisements; all offers for sale of stocks and bonds not listed on the stock exchange. In conjunction with a free employment bureau then maintained by the city, bona fide "help wanted" and "job wanted" advertisements were published without charge. These policies, perhaps, account for the fact that the *Municipal News* carried little classified advertising.

It goes without saying, of course, that the six general circulation dailies then published in Los Angeles fought the *Municipal News* with every resource at their disposal. The irate General Otis observed that "Every dollar that damned socialistic thing gets is a dollar out of the *Times*' till," and the other publishers fully shared his sentiments. "Six times a day," wrote Frank E. Wolfe, who served on the staff of the *Municipal News*, "the other newspapers whined, barked, yelped, and snapped at the heels of the *Municipal News*. Advertisers were cajoled, browbeaten, and blackmailed." Newsboys ganged up to keep the *Municipal News* off the streets, and distribution in the residential areas was maintained with great difficulty. Despite this powerful opposition, the *Municipal News* was successful. Approximately 60,000 copies of each issue were printed, of which 15,000 copies went to those

individuals who had signed up to receive the paper, the balance being sold on the streets or given without charge to voters and taxpayers. The Commission managed to keep within the meager \$3,000 monthly subsidy and, when the paper suspended publication, a small surplus was returned to the city treasury.*

No regular feature of the *Municipal News* is more interesting in retrospect than the page devoted to party politics under the caption "A Fair Field and No Favor." Each party was given precisely the same amount of space to make whatever statement or comment it cared to make to the voters. In 1912 the regular political organizations in the city were the Good Government League, the Democratic party, the Republican party, the Socialist party, and the Socialist Labor party. The Republican party at first refused to submit copy but soon reversed its policy when the editor designated a correspondent to fill the allotted space with news about the party and its activities. Also the mayor and the city councilmen could have twenty inches of space in each issue, if

* The figures on the Municipal Newspaper Fund for the fiscal years 1911-12 and 1912-13 are as follows:

City appropriation from its Reserve Fund to the Municipal Newspaper Fund in	
1911	\$18,000.00
Further appropriation to the Municipal Newspaper Fund, in 1912.....	36,000.00
Total appropriations	\$54,000.00
Receipts for the entire period:	
From advertising	\$16,679.97
Sale of papers	254.18
Salvage of equipment	326.70
Total receipts	\$17,260.85
The total funds available for operations were, therefore, \$71,260.85	
Disbursements for the entire period:	
For plant and equipment	\$ 8,172.86
For salaries	19,926.73
For operating expenses	31,033.54
Total disbursements	\$59,133.13

The difference between \$71,260.85, total funds available, and \$59,133.13, total disbursements, or \$12,127.72, was the amount returned to the city treasury. These figures were furnished to me by Mr. Dan O. Hoye, Controller of the City of Los Angeles, in a letter under the date of July 12, 1948.

they desired, to make whatever comment or statement they wished to make about municipal issues. Independent candidates for office, running without party affiliation, could purchase five square inches of space in any issue. If such candidates received 3 percent or more of the vote, any sums that they had spent for advertising were to be refunded. The page provided voters with a means by which they could survey at a glance the position taken by the various political parties on all pending issues. Needless to say, nothing about the *Municipal News* annoyed its enemies more than this page.

Most of the space in the *Municipal News* was reserved, of course, for municipal news, with stories about the fight for municipal ownership; about the expanding park system; about sewer projects, roads, streets, lighting, bond issues, civic improvements, and related matters. My reading of the file confirms Frank E. Wolfe's statement that the *Municipal News* "covered the news of the municipality better than any paper had ever covered it" or, for that matter, than it has since been covered. Editorially the paper kept well within the policy directives fixed by the Commission, even to the extent of failing to fight back when the paper itself was under attack. Once the voters had adopted a policy or measure, the editor would hammer home the importance of preserving the particular measure; but he was careful not to exhibit his personal views or to advocate measures which the voters had not approved. State and national politics were scrupulously avoided. Usually a page or more of each issue was devoted to school affairs. One regular feature was a column or more of advice to consumers, rather after the manner of present-day market guides, published under the caption: "The Shops This Week: A Guide to Busy Buyers." Civic affairs were given a straight news treatment and space was regularly devoted to matters of cultural interest, such as concerts, plays, books, and so forth.

A sharp test of the impartiality of the *Municipal News* arose when an official investigation of the Owens Valley affair was launched. Here the Good Government League supported the city administration, which was under heavy attack by the Socialist

party, which had also been one of the principal backers of the municipal newspaper project. On this issue, the *Municipal News* maintained a neutral editorial policy but gave full coverage to the hearings. It should be emphasized that the evidence brought out at these hearings was damaging to the city administration and might well have been regarded by some elements as damaging to the whole cause of municipal ownership. So far as municipal affairs were concerned, the policy of the paper was accurately reflected in the slogan: "A Window in the City Hall." Essentially the paper was just that—a window through which the voter and taxpayer could see the operation and functioning of the city government.

The *Municipal News* aroused a great deal of national and even international interest and, of course, inspired much caustic comment in California. Since the project had been launched in Los Angeles, it was inevitably categorized by other California newspapers as merely another manifestation of the "giddiness" of Los Angeles. "When a crank has nothing left to do at home," commented the *Stockton Mail*, "he goes to Los Angeles to live. They are as thick as blackberries in a swamp down there. The latest freak of Bugville-in-the-Sun is a municipally owned newspaper." On the other hand, the conservative *Springfield Republican* took the position that such an experiment did not necessarily call "for condemnation under all circumstances and in all places." The *Municipal News* figured prominently in the discussions held at a conference on the problems of a free press which was sponsored by the University of Wisconsin in July 1912. Other cities, such as Columbus, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, expressed a lively interest in the project and wrote to the editor for full details. A great deal of comment about the paper appeared in the world press, particularly in the British dominions, and the project was widely regarded as the crucial test of both the need and the feasibility of such a paper. In retrospect it is clear that the need, in this particular instance, was beyond question; and it is also clear that the *Municipal News* proved that such a venture could be successful. Why, then, did the paper suspend publication?

III

Like other experimental social projects in California, the *Municipal News* was a victim of that two-edged instrument of reform, the initiative, referendum, and recall. Had it not been for the existence of the initiative procedure, of course, the paper would never have been launched in the first place. There is a nice irony, therefore, in the circumstance that it was this same procedure which was used, in reverse, to kill the paper.

One year after the first issue of the *Municipal News* had been printed, the privately owned papers took advantage of the liberal referendum procedure to launch a charter amendment which was submitted to the voters at a *special* election held on March 24, 1913. The proposition was worded as follows:

Shall proposed charter amendment No. 14, providing that the city council shall not appropriate or provide any public money for the printing, publication, sale, or distribution of a municipal newspaper, be ratified?

It will be readily noted that this proposition, worded in the negative, was somewhat misleading. To retain the *Municipal News*, a voter would thus be required to mark his ballot "No." It is fair to assume, as did the editor of the *Municipal News*, that many voters were confused about this proposition and thought that a "Yes" vote would indicate continued support for the paper. In the common-sense view of the average citizen, the proposition was this: Should the *Municipal News* be retained, "Yes" or "No"; but this was not the proposition which was submitted to the voters.

Whatever the explanation, the vote on the proposition was "Yes," 24,089; "No," 15,788. The signatures on the referendum had been quickly and quietly obtained and only a short campaign preceded the vote. During this campaign, the six daily newspapers united in their support for Proposition No. 14, as it was called, and heaped abuse on the *Municipal News*. For example, the charge was made that the paper was being operated at a "loss," although it had never been regarded as self-financing or self-supporting. Within the theory of the original ordinance, the

Municipal News was entirely solvent and even showed a slight "profit." Most of the business interests co-operated with the general circulation dailies, and about the only organized support which the municipal newspaper received came from the Good Government League, the Socialist party, and the Socialist Labor party.

There were approximately 166,000 registered voters in Los Angeles in 1911. Of these, 102,130 had taken part in the general election at which the municipal newspaper proposal had been approved: 58,143 for, 43,987 against. In the special election at which the *Municipal News* was voted out of existence, only 39,768 voters cast their ballots. Hence the entire vote at the special election, both for and against the municipal newspaper, was smaller—by 18,000 votes—than the "Yes" vote by which the newspaper had come into existence.

In an editorial which appeared in the last issue of the *Municipal News* on April 9, 1913, under the heading "The Municipal Newspaper Idea Cannot Be Killed," the editor summed up the case for a city-owned paper with characteristic restraint:

The citizens of Los Angeles need one newspaper that is not the private property of some millionaire. They need an avenue of publicity not subject to private control, known or unknown. They need a newspaper in which the various political parties of the city have a guaranteed opportunity for presenting their positions upon public questions without having to ask anyone's permission to do so. These needs will not cease because the *Municipal News* has been suppressed. The owners of private newspapers may be public-spirited citizens, or may be men of vicious purposes, but in either case government by the owners of newspapers is an intolerable condition. Sooner or later the voters of Los Angeles will realize these truths and will demand and support an avenue of publicity that performs its function for all and not for a few.

Many residents of Los Angeles, still cursing the sad state of the Los Angeles press, would probably agree with this statement today. But thirty-five years have passed since the last issue of the *Municipal News* went to press and the prophecy of its editor has yet to be fulfilled. With World War I, the residents of Los

Angeles forgot about the *Municipal News* and, by charter provision, the issue could not have been resubmitted to the voters until April 1915. Following the war, nearly a million new residents invaded the city of Los Angeles, newcomers who had not participated in the earlier fight for municipal ownership and who had never heard of the *Municipal News*. In fact I seriously doubt if more than one percent of the present-day residents have ever heard of the paper or seen a copy. It was the appearance of these newcomers, rather than any inherent weakness in the idea of a municipal newspaper, which robbed the editor's prophecy of a fair chance for fulfillment. But in this strange "Bugville-in-the-Sun," who knows but that that prophecy may yet be redeemed?

*Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth,
he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will
not discourse—he will hire men to hear him.*

—BEN JONSON, *Timber*, 1640

HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN THE SCIENTIFIC MALE

Earl D. Lyon

I HAD NOT INTENDED to publish for two years yet. The wide circulation, however, of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, by Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates, and its even wider discussion, force me to release a few of my findings. For at the moment I am, I believe, the only man in the world in a position to render authoritative judgment. I too have been collecting for a taxonomical study (which is what we call sorting out animal bodies and human behavior). The book I project is entitled (a little broadly, I admit, for a primarily American investigation), *Human Behavior in the Scientific Male*. A scientific study of science, it sheds enough light to stop, I hope, discussion of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*.

In gathering supporting histories, I have found the going definitions of scientific behavior as unsatisfactory for taxonomical purposes as Mr. Kinsey found those of the several sexual acts. "Scientific" is as loaded with emotion and as disputed among sects as was the vocabulary of religion in the seventeenth century. In my full report, I shall argue a position between the extremes of metaphysics and Stuart Chase. Here, since I must hurry over even the most fascinating preliminaries, I shall content myself with Mr. Kinsey's description of his own scientific behavior. It is one of the soundest I have found. Mr. Kinsey recognizes and avoids the respectable fallacy that a pretty curve on a graph is necessarily a meaningful statistic. In fact, he seems to believe you can gather meaningful statistics only after you have learned to love, to use an archaic phrase, your neighbor as yourself. If we except the scientific predilection for anticlimax, his words would almost go in a sermon:

Learning how to meet people of all ranks and levels, establishing rapport, sympathetically comprehending the significance of things as others

view them, learning to accept their attitudes and activities without moral, social, or esthetic evaluation, being interested in people as they are and not as someone else would have them, learning to see the reasonable bases of what at first glance may appear to be most unreasonable behavior, developing a capacity to like all kinds of people and thus to win their esteem and cooperation—these are the elements to be mastered by one who would gather human statistics. When training in these things replaces or at least precedes some of the college courses on the mathematical treatment of data, we shall come nearer to having a science of human behavior.*

From a zoologist this is bracing.

Mr. Kinsey recognizes and rejects an even more respectable fallacy. For some time, I have discovered, scientists have tried to keep their operations so single or simple that anybody can go through them and get the same results, whether or not he has good sense. They call this "reliability," and they take it seriously. Some of them think they invented the idea, but they didn't. Teachers have long known that if you are willing to ask silly enough questions, you can make up a test that anybody can grade and almost nobody can argue with. If you want to ask questions that involve judgment, of course, then the examiner has got to be wiser than the student, which is not always convenient. Administrators know about reliability too. They have long tried to reduce *their* operations to S.O.P. so that a girl can be taught rapidly and chew gum while she does them. But administrators have always had to face up to the fact that some operations, like committing a division or hiring a president, won't reduce. Scientists and teachers have not had to face up. By confining their attention to simple, well-behaved phenomena like stars and fruit flies, scientists have managed to preserve the doctrine of reliability without strain.

When Mr. Kinsey moved from gall wasps to humans, I knew he would have to tangle with that doctrine, and I was breathless to see what he would do with it. He faces it most squarely when he

* Quotations from *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Marten, are used in this article by permission of Dr. Kinsey and of the publishers, W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia.

tries to pin down the term "adolescence." As anybody knows, the symptoms of adolescence range all the way from new hair to pimples, and, as Mr. Kinsey found out, they occur in any old order and over a period of months and years. Saying *when* a boy has reached adolescence, therefore, is like saying when a melon is exactly ripe. You can't tell by any one symptom alone, not by smelling, not by pinching, not by thumping, and not by feeling the stem. You have to size up all the symptoms (or "characters" as Mr. Kinsey calls them) and then play your hunch. This is necessary, but it isn't "reliable": your melon is as good as your judgment. This, nevertheless, is what Mr. Kinsey decides to do. In a passage of great dignity and sadness, he says farewell to reliability:

The use of multiple characters in a taxonomic classification inevitably calls for a certain exercise of subjective judgment, and this is the most serious objection to such a procedure; but the errors introduced by judgment are not likely to be as misleading as the artificialities introduced by the use of a single set of criteria in a classification.

Men who can face up to all the varieties of sexual behavior may find themselves unable to stomach the implications of *these* remarks. If it is true that mathematical manipulation without subjective sympathy is a toy, and if it is true that in a crucial conflict between the systematic and the subjective, the subjective deserves the greater consideration, then any scientific study will be exactly as good as the judgment and heart of the man who makes it, like a novel or a treatise on morality. This is strong medicine. For generations now, the scientists have been walled up behind the doctrine of reliability, as secure as nineteenth-century capitalists behind the doctrine of the free market. Don't look at *us*, *it* did it. The doctrine of reliability has been as handy as that premarital lower-class attitude toward cohabitation that Kinsey and Kipling both record: It doesn't matter who it is, the results are the same. Now it does matter who it is. Now Mr. Kinsey has pulled down the wall, and the scientists stand as naked and unpropped as doctors, poets, presidents, chicken-sexers, and marine generals. I have, therefore, to define a scientific act

subjectively: as the penetration by a sound mind of a vital problem. The use of such a definition inevitably calls for a certain exercise of subjective judgment, and this is the most serious objection to it; but the errors introduced by judgment are not likely to be as misleading as the artificialities introduced by the use of reliable, or behavioristic, criteria. I agree with Mr. Kinsey (and Lord Bacon) that the great inhibitors of scientific acts are not defects in method but the several parochialisms we drink in with our mores, and that the best training for such acts is not mathematical but moral. In this critical decade I would go further and urge the colleges openly to admit some degree of scientific, as they do of sexual, education; some training in understanding other classes, including miners and musicians; other peoples, including the Slavic; and other times, including the Roman destruction of Carthage and Rome.

"Scientific" is a slang term, of course, for the act Mr. Kinsey has described and I have defined. There is a variety of synonyms in the vulgate, and there are several in standard, or college-bred, English, such as "scholarly," "judicious," "on the ball," "disinterested," and "right." I shall use "scientific" because it is current, not to say fashionable.

Of my detailed findings one group requires considerable exposition. One or two others, however, I can brief here without impairing their validity.

There is a widespread apprehension that the frequency of scientific acts has soared in the last two or three generations. On this I have sufficient data, and it supplies no support for the belief. It does indicate a remarkable growth in the public display of scientific techniques; and unscientific observers have jumped to the conclusion that the incidence of private acts has increased proportionally. One example from my collection will illustrate the display of techniques, and with it the importance of the subjective in the selection of characters for a taxonomic classification. It is a statistic published by the Continental Can Company, whose motto is the conundrum "The bigger the family . . . the

better the service," in *Time*, whose readers have been definitively described by statistical method. The Continental Can Company asks and says: "Do you know: Plastics rank fifth among all manufacturing materials — are used by 60.5% of American plants?" I did not know that plastics were doing so well. I also did not know what "characters" the Continental Can Company had selected in establishing their classification of manufacturing materials. Did they count cotton and linen separately or lump them under cloth? Or omit cloth and confine themselves to hard goods? For it does not take advertising to make plastics boom. The market for plastics can be controlled by the subjective choice of taxonomical characters. If, for example, the Continental Can Company had selected as characters "plastic" and "non-plastic," it would have had only two classes, and plastics would have ranked second, which is quite a bit better than fifth. That the officers of the Continental Can Company did not do so I can ascribe only to that subjective decorum which, as members of Occupational Class 8 (Managerial), they share with the readers of *Time*. Low in any generation as compared to the total for all outlets, the incidence of real scientific acts is a flat curve as far back as the twelfth century.

It is widely believed by the active population that scientific acts are peculiar to maturity, or most frequent, at any rate, in the forties and fifties. Scientific behavior begins, but only in some aspects and with incomplete differentiation, in infancy. Adult aversion to the practice of penetration by children accounts for the invidious term *enfant terrible* and for the fact that adults forget ever having themselves done it. Actually, the peak is reached in the last year of high school and the freshman year of college, not later.

As in Mr. Kinsey's study, so in mine, the most interesting correlations involve the several educational and occupational levels. Though it is believed that scientists constitute a narrow segment of the society, characterized by specific verbal habits, smocks, and such graces as holding test tubes up to the light, the data reveal an incidence of scientific acts throughout the popula-

tion. The incidence is high near the top and bottom of the scale of occupational classes (in Classes 7 and 8, and 2 and 3), low at the two extremes and in the middle: The curve is shaped like an M, only with the shoulder at the left higher than that at the right. Among laborers unskilled, semiskilled, and skilled, a scientific act is usually direct and quick, sometimes lasting only a few seconds. It is valued not so much for itself as for the contribution it makes to survival. Its speed, simplicity, and pragmatism have led most observers to overlook it. There are among the managerial and professional classes thousands of otherwise observant males who do not even know that the lower classes do these things, much less guess that they do them frequently. Only the scientifically most active men in history have seen the truth, notably Lincoln, St. Francis, Franklin, Beethoven, Jefferson, Machiavelli, and Mark Twain. Among systematic investigators, only Mr. Kinsey, so far as I know, has even suspected how things are. "Unlettered persons and persons of mentally lower levels," he reports, "are often particularly keen in sensing the true nature of another person's reactions," which must have been a shock. An unsystematic student has phrased the same realization less daintily:

But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
 Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
 The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
 And who will curse or kick him for his pains
 Why soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
 He learns the look of things

With better data Mr. Kinsey could have gone much further in this direction. Among the unlettered persons outside Class 1 (Bedlam), individual frequencies range from two or three a day, probably the lowest compatible with survival, to several hundred. This is in striking contrast to the professional and managerial groups, who, though also active, seldom reach a frequency of higher than nine a day. The disparity is to be explained partly by the fact that the circumstances of upper-class life present fewer occasions, or demands, for scientific acts; partly by the fact that

promiscuity might impair the ethos, or code, of the group; and partly by the fact that the ceremonies ordinarily attending a scientific act among the upper classes are so elaborate as to preclude any high frequency per day. Of these, the second reason may be the most cogent. In the upper classes you have to be extremely careful about the kinds of facts you are seen going around with. Since they got over being mad at novas, the upper classes respect, even idolize, astronomers and physicists. They have got used to apes and geneticists. White rats they can bear with. But beyond that, watch out. The lower classes, being, as Mr. Kinsey has noticed, naturalists, don't seem to give a damn.

Among males of nineteen-plus years of schooling, a single scientific act may be prolonged through weeks, and, in some instances, years. This is achieved through the use of auxiliary apparatus, often, and a learned technique. Such control is admired, short of imitation, by the middle groups. When, infrequently, they observe it, it is simply puzzling to the males who have had no more than eight years of schooling and are accustomed to dispatch.

The mores of the professional group (Class 7) encourage, and the imagination of its members has developed, elaborate techniques associated with scientific acts, and, though the act itself is by definition private, the elaborations are often public, displayed openly in board rooms, on college campuses, etc. Throughout the group there is attachment to the elaboration. For 82 percent, the elaboration is as important as the act. Indeed, 18 percent of the professional group confines its activity to the public ceremonies and never does commit the act itself. Of these, approximately one-third are economists in the employ of Occupational Class 8 (Managerial); another third are professors of education. Such are the mores of Class 7 as a whole, however, that 53.06 percent would, if forced to choose, rather have the elaboration without the act than the act without the elaboration.

Though they furnish an inadequate base for generalization about older men, my records contain the histories of four men in Occupational Class 7 who (I exclude the undifferentiated pre-

adolescent behavior) have lived over sixty years without a single scientific experience. This is four more examples of perfect sublimation than Mr. Kinsey could find. One of my men is a mathematician, one is a specialist in sampling public opinion, one is a biologist who will shortly publish an attack on Mr. Kinsey's taxonomical innovations, and one is an N.A.M. economist who demonstrated to the satisfaction of his employers that removing price controls would bring down prices. These men, who look like any other professional men, lunch with colleagues who have as many as six or seven scientific experiences a day, served by waiters who may be having fifty. There is no evidence that they are aware of the proclivities of the men around them. Since the records contain only four histories of this sort, generalization would be unjustified. It may do no harm to mention, however, that three of my sublimates have manifested vertical mobility, as the saying goes, from Occupational Classes 8 and 9, Managerial and the Filthy Rich; the other was the son of a taxidermist.

My study, like Mr. Kinsey's, has its clinical potentialities. It helps in the critical evaluation of any scientist who may come to one's professional attention. It puts the finger, for instance, on a paradox in the Kinsey report itself. That effort pretends to be merely "scientific." Again and again, its authors deny their competence, as scientists, to judge the "moral" implications of their findings. Nevertheless, the authors ground their science in a moral discipline — "sympathetically comprehending the significance of things as others view them"—and more than once they confound their modest disclaimers with counterclaims in the same paragraph.

Taxonomically, their claims are more legitimate than their disclaimers. This judgment is supported by the taxonomical principle enunciated (though cryptically) by Mr. Kinsey himself:

The world is not to be divided into sheep and goats. Not all things are black nor all things white [this sounds very like a denial of the "continuum postulate"; so I think it must be trying to say "things are not all black or all white"]. It is a fundamental of taxonomy that nature rarely deals

with discrete categories. Only the human mind invents categories and tries to force facts into separated pigeon-holes [in this sentence "only" must mean "however," which I doubt, or else "rarely" in the preceding sentence must be professorial for "never"]. The living world is a continuum in each and every one of its aspects. The sooner we learn this concerning human sexual behavior the sooner we shall reach a sound understanding of the realities of sex.

And so with the realities of science. "Males," as Mr. Kinsey sometimes realizes, "do not represent two discrete populations," scientific and lay. Scientific behavior occurs throughout the male population (and, my still incomplete data suggest, the female). What is more, scientific behavior never has constituted more than a small fraction of the total output of any male and does not now. There is never any such thing as "a scientist" unless you smile when you say it.

Not just taxonomically, but epistemologically, Mr. Kinsey's moral claims are sounder than his disclaimers. His own scientific acts have been so numerous, various, and inward that they amount, given an adequate definition of science, to an outstanding moral achievement. They make Darwin—with whom he has been compared, but who never did, in *The Descent of Man*, anyway, manage to fight his way out of an Anglo-Saxon, upperclass perspective—look as provincial as Ptolemy after Copernicus. I refer you to the tops of pages 914 and 919 in the Modern Library edition of *The Descent*.

Why then does Mr. Kinsey skirt "morality" so skittishly? Perhaps, drilled in the conventions of Class 7, he has not done the routine scholarship on the subject and hesitates to speak out. Or perhaps he is glimpsing the modern power of positivistic science. Positivism, or amoral science, is not, of course, an important branch of epistemology; its subjects are too docile to bother with. It is becoming, nevertheless, an important branch of rhetoric. Mr. Kinsey seems to be discovering its use.

I wish him well. I am going to tip him off to a rhetorical device better than his double-talk. I came upon it during my inquiries. I

have found two other series of scientific acts which, by their responsible timing and address, seem to me also to be moral achievements. One is *An American Dilemma*, by Gunnar Myrdal: a study of the Negro problem as near definitive as you are going to get. The other is *Small Business and the Community*, by Walter R. Goldschmidt: the comparison of a city surrounded by small farms with another city surrounded by those "factories in the field" which are one of California's less picturesque heritages from the Spanish. Each book in its way is as intricately scientific as *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Each is discharged into a vital spot. Myrdal's drives into the perennial scandal of the American caste system; Goldschmidt's, into the current corporate attack on the Department of the Interior and its 160-acre limitation. Each has therefore to solve a problem like Mr. Kinsey's "moralists." Myrdal has to work out a *modus vivendi* with any moralists who believe in the segregation, or inferiority, or something, of Negroes; Goldschmidt, with any moralists who believe that the amount of cotton you raise is more important than the kind of families. Myrdal does it this way: he introduces his moral principles into his book under the guise of "The American Creed," which he establishes and treats as a social fact; white Americans do believe in it. Having thus got a hold on his readers—got, that is, his readers and himself locked into the same room—he cuts them to pieces. He displays the glaring breaches between the creed they believe in and the special beliefs they have worked out for Negroes, the rationalizations they have spun to bridge the gaps, and the nasty discomfort these shenanigans cause them. That book, I believe, is the most outrageously moral to be published since 1611. It never once has to take a moral stand. Artful dodger, poker face, Knickerbocker Viking that he is, Myrdal pretends blandly he is a mere scientist, and he gets away with it. Goldschmidt's trickery is still blacker. The book is forbidding with facts. It has a table on every third ugly page and a dingy graph on the fourth. Never does it misrepresent a fact, confess a belief, or use any evaluating word, except "amenities" once. But the selection of the problem and the definition of its character are

dictated by the traditional values of democracy, and Goldschmidt lays those values out in his introduction as the historical facts they also are. It is not Goldschmidt, the scientist, it is Daniel Webster, the fact, who says, "The consequence . . . has been a great subdivision of the soil and a great equality of condition; the true basis, most certainly, of popular government." This kind of skulduggery has long been routine for novelists and playwrights. To scientists, a sweeter crowd really, it is opening up vistas.

Mr. Kinsey fumbled. The living world is a continuum. He should not have dodged the moralists. He should have contained them. He should have contained the priest who said "every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine"; the pagan who said *nihil alienum*; the prophet who said "love thy neighbor as thyself"; and that other who said nothing, who "with his finger wrote on the ground."

TWO POEMS

Marjorie Braymer

JOHN MUIR

He walked in valleys cloudy with the spray
Of catapulting rivers, where the ground
Stood trembling and the shaken trees had found
Precarious their rooted clasp. The way
Was on through sky-assaulting cliffs to gray
Intensities of granite, where the sound
Of creaking branch would startle deer and pound
The forest floor with wild things fled away.

The enfilading summits yielded lakes
And trees like legends. Here perhaps he learned
With what austerity the spirit breaks
New paths through desolation, where it burned
And froze and looked on death, until it frees
Itself in unexplored yosemites.

SIERRA LANDSCAPE

Obsidian mountains lift their calm black light,
Their ancient fires fused in glass,
Their thunders glazed and structured into stone.
Silence now. Where once
The ice inched throughout ponderous millennia,
Where fire mountains flamed
Like flowers in the morning of the earth,
Where stone in torsion tells the stress of snow,
Is deepest quiet.
Above and over firelands,
Across the gleaming paveways of the glacial march
The winds go ranging, and the edge of silence
Lifts, and trembles, and is still.
Peace takes for its home
The places graven out of flame,
The ice-cut citadels of stone.

HUMANITARIAN, MOUNTAIN STYLE

Joseph Kinsey Howard

She is mentioned several times in the official history of the woman suffrage movement—as a leader in the campaign in Washington state, as a gracious hostess, as author of a convention ode. Her philanthropies are touched upon, and her favorite story about President McKinley is retold. But there's not a word about her book, nor about the laundry she hung from the window of a Baltimore hotel, nor about the boardinghouse in Wallace. And nothing is said about what is owed to her by some luckless children in Spokane.

There is danger, then, that May Arkwright Hutton may go down in history as just another wealthy, childless, frustrated woman who found outlet for her energies and her money in causes; a do-gooder. That could happen, if her book, and the boardinghouse, and the other things are forgotten. And that would make May very unhappy.

The part about the book, at first glance, is funny. One could be amusing about the embarrassments which may lie in wait for the man whose wife writes a book; and Levi Hutton's experience was a harrowing one. For he was a shy man;

even after he had money—a great deal of it for his time and place—he drove his own car, shunned public gatherings, lived in mortal dread of any appearance of ostentation. So he must have suffered mightily while he was doing what he felt had to be done about May's book.

As for May, she was homely and fat and uneducated. She never learned how to dress. She had never heard of glamour. She habitually tucked a napkin into the high collar of her dress to protect her ample bosom; she did this even at the wedding dinner which she cooked herself and put on the table all at once, boardinghouse style, so that she wouldn't have to jump up to serve and miss the fun.

May's childhood was spent in Ohio and her schooling ended when she was ten. After that, until he died, she lived with and looked after her grandfather, who was very old and who was blind. The incident involving President McKinley occurred then; it must have had a profound effect upon her, for she told the story many times. It happened one wintry night in the 'seventies, long before he became President; he was in his thirties and campaign-

ing for Congress in his home state, Ohio. When his speech in the town hall was finished, young McKinley accepted an invitation to be an overnight guest in the Arkwright home. He carried the lantern and guided the blind old man and the child through rain and sleet to their house. May scurried down cellar and came back with cider, apples, and doughnuts. As they sat before the fire and ate, McKinley patted May's head and said, "I believe that when this lassie grows up, she will be a voter."

May did become a voter—but with no thanks, she used grimly to remark, to her friend President McKinley.

After her grandfather's death, when she was twenty-three, May left Ohio and headed West—all the way, over the Rockies and the Bitterroots and into the Coeur d'Alene Valley of Idaho. Gold had been discovered there, and May joined the thousands who participated in the last big rush short of the Yukon. Like everyone else she climbed over the Pass on foot. The snow-covered slope of Old Baldy up which the trail went was said to be "eight miles straight up," and the drifts on the summit were so deep that only the tips of forty-foot trees could be seen. The trail was littered with smashed dogsleds, and with utensils, furniture, and clothing which had been discarded to lighten the loads. But May got over the top and down

into the valley where towns which now have vanished from Idaho's map boasted populations of thousands.

She had proved her strength just by getting there; she could have tried the arduous job of prospecting. But she observed that few gold seekers struck it rich and those who did rarely retained their wealth. She could supply a commodity as precious as gold—home-cooked food. She opened a tiny restaurant in the town of Wardner.

The Northern Pacific hurriedly thrust a branch line over the Pass and more people poured into the valley, including railroaders. One of these, a locomotive engineer named Levi Hutton, became a regular customer in May's restaurant. His background was like May's own; born in Iowa in 1860, the year of her birth, he also had been orphaned in childhood. At eighteen he left Iowa and a few years later was working on a steamboat on Idaho's Lake Pend d'Oreille. From that he turned to railroading and by the time he was twenty-five he had become an engineer.

When the new town of Wallace at the eastern end of the valley attracted May and she moved there and opened a boardinghouse, Levi Hutton tagged along. In 1887 they were married; May invited fifty to the wedding dinner and presided at the table in her bridal

gown of blue plush, with pearl buttons and a hemispheric bustle.

The Coeur d'Alene gold rush played out quickly. Lead and silver had been discovered two or three years before the Hutton marriage, but the importance of the strike was not immediately recognized, so times were hard when May and Levi married. May kept the boardinghouse going and Levi stayed on in his locomotive cab, and they saved what money they could.

One day a fast-talking promoter persuaded them to invest their total joint capital, \$880, in the Hercules mine at Burke, a few miles from Wallace. Their fellow townsmen were unhappy about the investment, for the Huttons were popular and the Hercules was known to real mining people as a very poor bet; it had been opened some ten years before the Huttons bought in but had never been an important producer. As soon as the promoter got their money the small crew was withdrawn and work stopped in the Hercules. Some ore remained, nevertheless, and to recover their investment Levi would come off his run on the railroad, eat a hurried dinner with the boarders at May's house, and go out to the mine to work it himself. When, infrequently, May had a free day, she too went down the shaft to help.

Bloody times came to the Coeur d'Alene. In 1892 the camps ex-

ploded: a strike precipitated battles up and down the valley and martial law was imposed. That time the Huttons escaped direct involvement, but they were not so lucky when the second blowup came after seven years of mounting bitterness and virtual anarchy in the towns. In 'ninety-nine the miners demanded union recognition by Bunker Hill & Sullivan, the biggest operator in Idaho. Bunker Hill refused. One spring morning a mob seized a Northern Pacific train at Burke, loaded three thousand pounds of dynamite into its ore cars, took the train to Wardner, and blew the surface properties of Bunker Hill to kingdom come. It was the most appalling act of labor violence in the nation's history.

Levi Hutton was the engineer on the seized train. He piloted it from Burke to Wardner with a miner's gun in his ribs.

Martial law was again declared and thousands of Negro troops, dispatched by May's friend President McKinley, streamed into the valley. Twelve hundred men were arrested and held without trial in improvised detention quarters—the infamous Kellogg-Wardner “bull pen”—four ramshackle sheds and a muddy yard, the whole surrounded by a barbed-wire fence and patrolled by troops night and day. One of the twelve hundred men was Levi Hutton.

While May raged and demanded her husband's release, the military authorities insisted that he tell the names of the miners who had seized his train. Both honor and discretion dictated that Levi keep silent. The angry officers kept him in the "bull pen" to think it over. Sanitation was poor; men sickened and died. May shuttled back and forth from her house in Wallace to the concentration camp a dozen miles away, keeping her own man and some of the others well fed. But she worried about Levi's health.

Still firmly refusing to talk, he was released after a week or two. May, relieved but still furiously angry, could think of only one way in which to vent her wrath: she would write a book. It appeared in 1900, privately printed at May's expense. She titled it *The Coeur d'Alenes, or a Tale of the Modern Inquisition in Idaho*. It was thinly fictionalized, but everyone could recognize its characters. The miners were innocent victims of a ruthless "system"; the mine owners, their local lieutenants, and the military were brutal exploiters. Since the valley was still under martial law, it took courage to publish and distribute the book. It could hardly be called literature but it was informative, and it had another value: it contained the only photographs ever taken of the ruins of the Bunker Hill property, of the "bull pen"

while it was actually occupied by the imprisoned miners, and of other scenes figuring in the outbreak.

May was the first author the valley had ever had. Levi was proud, though a little abashed—there was some love interest in the book. He was a good deal more abashed, for different reasons, a year later. He struck a rich lead and silver vein in the Hercules and sold their interest in the "worthless" mine for more than a million dollars. Overnight the Huttons became capitalists, and since capitalists were scarce in the Northwest in 1901 they were forced into association with the people whom May had pilloried.

Nothing in the subsequent careers of the Huttons indicates that the change in their economic status caused them to lose their concern for the underdog, but May's book was a continual social embarrassment. Levi therefore set out to buy, personally and through agents, every copy of it he could obtain. It disappeared from shops and from home bookshelves. Discreet advertisements brought in copies which had reached Spokane, Seattle, and Butte. Soon *The Coeur d'Alenes* became one of the scarcest volumes in the country. But there are some copies still available to the curious reader—in locked cabinets in a few public or historical libraries. The fact that these few books survive is testimony to the integrity and

watchfulness of librarians, for Levi bid high and asked no questions.

The Huttons moved to Spokane, and Levi invested his million. It was a period of expansion in the Northwest and he was a capable though scrupulous entrepreneur. Before his death he had doubled his fortune. He erected an office building and a theater, bought real estate, spent his time happily working on his accounts. The Hutton philanthropies started almost as soon as they established their new home, but they were unpublicized and Levi was little known in the city.

That could not be said about May. Within a couple of years she had become one of the most prominent women in Spokane. After her one experience in the field of letters, she turned her tremendous energies into new channels. She dived into politics, woman suffrage, and good works, and the splash was prodigious.

Suffrage was her first interest. While still living in Idaho she had been a delegate to a convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, which in 1905 was held in Portland, Oregon. She described to her envious sisters from less enlightened states how it felt to be a woman citizen of an equal franchise commonwealth, for Idaho had written votes for women into its constitution in 1896. But when May moved to Washington state she

lost her vote. That annoyed her, and she speedily rose to leadership in the suffrage movement. She helped to organize the Political Equality League in 1910 and became its president. In a fourteen-month campaign preceding the general election her League put over woman suffrage; when the votes were counted May's side had won by a two-to-one majority. It was the most decisive triumph in the history of the movement, and May went proudly to more conventions to tell how it was done.

Her tactics in the Washington campaign caused some strife within the movement. She refused flatly to have any part in parades, street demonstrations, violence, or even "high-pressure" salesmanship. Her canvassers called on friends and acquaintances, upon influential businessmen and politicians, talked quietly and persuasively. Bankers and the managers of big companies learned about the financial interests of wives and widows. May went personally to organized labor and the farmers and talked of their stake in clean government; she quickly won the support of these big blocs because the timber and railroad interests, traditionally wedded to the status quo, were against her.

The national organization offered to send six Vassar girls to help. No thanks, May wired; she knew the men of the West and Vassar girls

didn't. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, militant British suffragette renowned for hunger strikes, was in the United States; she wired May that she would come out and give a dozen speeches for \$1,200. May wired back: "I'll pay \$1,200 to keep you out of this state." She had to placate some of her shocked colleagues after this exchange, but the results in November vindicated her judgment.

May's political career had its stormy episodes too. She was a Democrat, perhaps because of disillusionment with President McKinley, who didn't give women the vote. She was the first Democratic national committeewoman from Washington state and attended the 1912 convention of the party in Baltimore, where she watched her hero, William Jennings Bryan, swing his support to Woodrow Wilson and thus insure the latter's nomination. "No other person like Bryan ever lived," she always said.

It was hot and muggy in Baltimore, and May was used to the dry daytime heat and cool nights of Spokane. In the crowded convention hall, she perspired freely. When she returned to the hotel she washed her undergarments and hung them out of the window, where they slapped limply against the façade of the building above one of Baltimore's main avenues. The horrified manager told May to take her un-

mentionables in; May refused. Then she'd have to leave, the manager said. She'd leave when the convention was over, and meanwhile just try to put her out, May retorted. She remained, and her washing continued to hang out of the window when necessary.

Her greatest political crusade, however, was a one-woman war against Theodore Roosevelt. He had come to Spokane to address a banquet at the Davenport Hotel. The women of the city—assertedly at his insistence—were not invited. But after their husbands heard what the women thought about this they were told they might come and sit in the balcony. May burst into print in the Spokane papers. "The women of Spokane," she roared, "are invited to occupy seats in the balcony at Davenport's and view the spectacle of their lords feeding, at the rate of \$7.50 a plate." Of course they would get to hear Mr. Roosevelt; but what kind of a man was he? "A fourflusher, a hot-air artist, a man who plays to the galleries, a hero of the African jungles who carries an army of press agents!" For the moment, May had forgotten her ideals of ladylike behavior.

Some of her political activities meshed closely with her ideas of social or economic reform. She declared that the Democratic party stood for "the common man," beat-

ing the second Roosevelt to the phrase by more than thirty years. She suggested that the party's platform incorporate federal loans to farmers; her husband was a bank director, but that made no difference to May. She was one of the first two women jurors impaneled in her state. Almost singlehanded she forced the employment of Spokane's first jail matron and the segregation of women prisoners. She spoke up continually for children, especially the underprivileged, and argued for juvenile courts. She was concerned about the plight of the low-income, big-family consumer. Once when meat prices soared she bought a steer, had it butchered, and sold the meat herself on the street to determine whether retail prices were unreasonably high. As it turned out, they were not; and May was honest enough to admit it publicly.

The Huttons had no children but the concern both of them felt, as orphans, for other waifs was demonstrated in many acts of benevolence. The greatest of these occurred two years after May's death; there can be no doubt that years of planning in which she participated led up to Levi's crowning gift to Spokane.

This was the Hutton Settlement, a children's refuge which still functions successfully. Levi established it in 1917, paid all operating costs while he lived, and set up a testa-

mentary trust to assure its continuance. Almost unique for its time and still unusual, it was established primarily for children of broken homes, orphans in fact if not in legal name, and was designed to seem as little as possible like an "institution." It is a cottage colony, with about eighty children divided into family-type units, each with a housemother. The Huttons were ahead of their time in recognizing the need of the child for some family identification.

Among Levi's other charities was a Spokane Negro church, an interest noteworthy only when viewed in relation to his experiences in the Coeur d'Alene. He was one of twelve hundred white men who had to submit to orders from Negro troops at gun-point; a legacy of race hatred lived on in the Idaho valley, but neither Levi nor May permitted it to turn them against the Negro people. Levi became an honorary member of the Negro congregation and he was proud of it.

The Huttons, in fact, were quietly (May less quietly than Levi) proud of just about everything they had done. One evening at a large reception, May was approached by the wife of a onetime mine executive in the Coeur d'Alene. "Oh, Mrs. Hutton," the woman said, "I believe my husband once boarded with you!" "Indeed he did," May retorted, in a voice audible through-

out the room, "and what's more, he was one of the few who ever walked out on me leaving his bill unpaid!"

There's no shame to a woman, May used to say, in being a good cook. Until her final illness, which set in about a year before her death, she prepared the dinners for her own parties. This was fun, but the parties lacked something which she had enjoyed when she kept the boardinghouse in Wallace. Perhaps it was because she had to ask

women, and once there they had to be ladies. Ladies were, after all, just a bit dull; and they certainly were no judges of food. . . .

To keep her hand in, therefore, May cooked and served, every Thanksgiving Day, an old-time boardinghouse turkey dinner to the huskiest and hungriest bunch of men she could find. They were the garrison of Spokane Station No. 1—enviously regarded by colleagues as the most fortunate firemen in the Pacific Northwest.

It is never good taste to admit the good taste of the generation that immediately precedes us. . . . For we are always emerging from the dark ages and contrasting their obscurity with our marvelous light. The sixteenth century scorned the fifteenth century for its manifold superstitions. Thomas Fuller tells us that his enlightened contemporaries in the seventeenth century treated the enthusiasms of the sixteenth century with scant respect. The price of martyrs' ashes rises and falls in Smithfield market. At a later period Pope writes,

*"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow:
Our wiser sons, perhaps, will think us so."*

He need not have put in the "perhaps."

—SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *Humanly Speaking*

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MORALITIES

Paul Valéry

[*Translated by William Geoffrey*]

NO TRUE HATRED possible for those whom one has not loved—whom one *might* not have loved at all.

And no extreme love at all for one who would not at all have been worth hating.

Love is always potentially hatred; and I know states in which they are so hard to distinguish from each other that a particular name would have to be invented for these complex forms of passionate attention.

Perhaps we are necessarily contradictory if we try to express to ourselves what is closest to us. Hate and love lose their meaning *at close quarters*.

There are great disturbances in the world that are due to the coexistence of “truths,” ideals, of comparable value—and difficult to distinguish.

The most violent dissensions have always taken place between doctrines or dogmas *very slightly different*.

Struggle bitterer and more acute between the orthodox and the heretic than between the orthodox and the pagan.

The degree of precision of a dispute increases its violence and its fierceness. We fight more furiously for a distant decimal.

One cannot shut a man up in his acts, or in his works; or even in his thoughts, where he himself cannot shut himself up, for we know by our own continual experience that what we think and do at any moment is never exactly our own; but sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less or much less than what we could

expect from ourselves; and sometimes a little less, sometimes much less—*favorable*.

Which is simple. For we ourselves consist precisely in our refusal or regret for what is; in a certain distance that separates us and distinguishes us from the moment. Our life is not so much the collection of things that befell us or that we did (which would be an alien life, numerable, describable, finite) as the collection of things that have evaded us or that have deceived us.

Genius is sometimes an appearance due to this fact—that the *easiest*, the *most favorable path* is not the same for all men. Even if this genius exists through coercion, his *via dolorosa* ought to be the easiest; or even the sole and necessary one for him who follows it.

We consider our hand on the table, and there always ensues a philosophical stupor. I am in this hand, and I am not. It is *me*, and *not-me*.

We say, "my mind," as we say, "my foot," "my eye." We say, "he has a clear mind," as we say, "he has blue eyes." "What genius!" as we say, "what hair!"—What more strange, and more profound than to say, "*My memory?*"

We find "true" or "good" the ideas that were potentially in our being and that we receive from someone else. They are our property. Only an accident made someone else have them before us, such an accident as the date of one's birth.

We recognize them in us.

When, miraculously, an idea finds its man, sinks into the energetic being capable of it, tastes his strength, makes him believe that it is himself, weds him, directs him—then great things are going to take place. Whether he be merchant or soldier or something else, this coincidence is going to *live you*. Whether the whole

world is filled with it, or nothing but the neighborhood, it matters little.

It is a rare stroke of luck. The man, the occasion, the idea—three probabilities multiplying. If the idea encounters its man, if this man encounters the means and the moment—then great acts, great works, good fortune, or crime.

I have written: "man is absurd for what he seeks, great for what he finds."

He must therefore train himself to consider what was found, and to neglect what is sought.

To consider what was found as what *ought to have been sought*. And then to see if the manner, the nature, the general appearance of what was found up to this point ought not to modify the wonted direction of our researches? Perhaps transform our problems? Our curiosity?

Answer.—But the transformation occurs of itself. Look around you.

Man has the invincible feeling that things could be different from what they are. In particular, that they ought to be, as they touch him.

Now, his efforts to convince himself of the contrary, that is, to show that *what is* cannot be otherwise, lead him to the power to modify that very thing.—The more he recognizes and reconstructs this necessity, the more he discovers means to turn it to his advantage.

A danger for the mind: to think only polemically, as if before an audience—in the presence of the enemy.

Objections often arise from this simple cause—that those who make them have not themselves found the idea they attack.

There are ideas for conversation; ideas for astonishing the world for a shorter time than the time of reflection; ideas for

literature and articles that sparkle only for eyes that scan; others for historical or moral theses—that is, for speculations without sanctions.

Science must only be called: “the collection of prescriptions that always succeeds.” All the rest is “literature.”

Waking up gives dreams a reputation they do not deserve.

The strangest dreams, the most beautiful, the most daring—are not at all the dreams of the profoundest men, the most imaginative, the most adventurous.

The person who flies by day creeps cautiously at night.

He who studies dreams observes that there are awakenings that are of a singular good fortune; awakenings that by their relative *period*, by the phase of *whatever* dream they interrupt, by their neat method of making a cut at the right place or at the right moment are equally as precious as an “inspiration”—as a “good idea,” etc.

A noise, a sharp sensation awake me at the very moment of a stroke of luck in the *game*. The wheel stops on my winning number—that is, on a combination of my dream that is found, however, to be utilizable by my awakening.

If I turn this around, will I not be saying that a good idea, a “flash” of genius are amongst these lucky awakenings, these favorable cuts in the possibility of the mind?

A rabbit does not frighten us at all, but the sudden rout of an unexpected rabbit can put us to flight.

So it is with an idea that amazes us, transports us, for having been sudden, and becomes, soon after—what it is. . . .

Man is an animal locked up—on the outside of his cage.

He stirs about *outside of himself*.

Ennui is the feeling that one has of being, oneself, a habit, and

of living a *perceptible nonexistence*, as if one had the ability to perceive what one is not. To perceive that one does not exist!

Ennui is, in the last analysis, the response of the same to the same.

If a being is light, variable, it is because he functions better in versatility.

If he is profound, it is because an answer that is too prompt does not place him back at his point of satisfaction: and though even an exact, even a perfect answer, it so happens that he finds himself content with it and not content with himself. He has not felt the trouble that his find should have been worth giving himself.

The optimist and the pessimist are opposed only on what is not.

I have observed that public opinion does not hate excessively those that boast, and finds them more natural than the modest, whom, not without shrewdness and reason, she distrusts.

She makes fun of boasters and opportunists, but she has a tender spot for them because they are to her lovers who think only of her and who are paying her court.

Bitterness almost always comes from not receiving *a little more* than one gives. . . . The feeling of not making a good bargain.

The action of one *sensibility* upon another, or rather the effect of the representation of one sensibility upon another may produce strange consequences.

. . . . For example:

An unfortunate word, a neglect, an automatic act of *A* hurts *B*. Revolt of *B*. *A* suffers from the hurt he has caused, and *as a consequence* confirms this hurt, maintains it, aggravates it.

As if to punish himself for having done the harm from which

he suffers, he aggravates the hurt in order to suffer still more from it. Or rather: not being able to snatch back the bolt, suffering from having let it go, suffering from the suffering caused, suffering from having diminished or ruined himself in *B*'s mind, and feeling strongly what he imagines in *B*,

he is going to make it *voluntary* (for the voluntary implies *the being able not to have done something*, which implies its *not being done!*) in confirming it—in *forcing* himself to confirm it.

There is often as much trouble in succumbing as in resisting, in doing evil as in doing good; and as many combats, and as hard, and more somber.

Ease does not explain everything; and vice has its paths as steep as those of virtue.

There are guilty acts that have been committed with an infinite repugnance.

How many great things would not be, without a weakness that inspires them. O Vanity, paltry mother of great things!

Most crimes being acts of somnambulism, morality would consist in waking the terrible sleeper in time.

Nothing more common and easier than to attribute to strength what proceeds from weakness. Violence always denotes weakness. The violent of mind always halt at the first boundaries of the developments of their thoughts. The delicate terms, the fine resonances elude them; and we know that in this class of subtlety are dissembled the most precious indices and the profoundest relations.

The fear we have of the opinion of others rests on our weakness, which cannot refrain from repeating it to us, in us, against us—that is, without a possible defense.

We do not know how to consider a judgment as inseparable from its author, and therefore contemptible and finite—like a man.

Do not try to act on the unstable part, on the inconstant surface, of minds, on what men believe they believe and think they think; but on what they are. And they are, they and their thoughts, subjects of their *hidden substances*—submitted to their duration that is greater than the duration of their variations—to simple laws, to gross conditions that the small, near, and lively phenomena of their sensibility hide from them at *every moment*.

It is in the nature of sensibility that it tangles *intensity* with *importance*, gives to the slightest causes immeasurable effects, for a long time is silent on immense disorders.

What has been believed by all, and always, and everywhere, has every chance of being false.

God created man, and, not finding him lonely enough, he gives him a companion to make him feel his solitude all the more.

The animal has no care or regrets (so I like to believe). He is wise; he is not intelligent. He is afraid only in the presence of danger; and we in its absence.

Man has invented the power of absent things—by which he has made himself “potent and miserable”; but, in the last analysis, it is only through them that he is *man*.

Life is just a little older than death.

Death abolishes an entire capital of memories and experiences; annuls I do not know what treasure of possibility. . . . But not directly.

It acts like a flame on a sheet that carries some design, destroys the paper; and therefore all that was traced on it—all that could still be.

ANTELOPE CREEK

Wilson Clough

Take time for far horizons, stretch the eye
For tranquil largeness, prodigal, remote;
Measure by sky and distant slanted showers,
Cloud shadows languid on the buttes, slow hawks,
The small occasional flash of antelope rumps;
A distant, drifting speck, a man on horse,
Threading the nameless rims and naked knolls
On silent hoofs, soundless upon a bluff,
Ancestral unit, mounted, isolate,
Like something seen in ways half mythical.

More present man, knotted for speed, peering
Above his wheel, shuttles across this void,
A gadget on a narrow belt of oil.
All earth's potential for disaster swarms
About his car antenna, frets his ear,
Compels his sour concern. Nations are gasping,
Politicos connive and panic swells;
False truces, treachery, fear, and hunger hover;
A demographic spawning mocks all measures;
Conferences and atoms run amuck.

What of that horseman lost in pathless grass,
Moving in silence, microscopic, lone,
Passing beyond, unnamed, casual in space?
Does he reflect: This early way is best;
The slow, firm earth, the rims, the grassy hollows?
And I, here unmolested, taste my days,
With time to pace the rhythm of the skies,
And sun, and elemental vagrant winds?

More likely, jogging on, not wasting words,
He hides a hard attachment and a bent
For elbow room and space. Crooking his knee
About the saddle horn, he shifts his weight,
Sways lightly on, considers food and drouth,
And where to bed, and where his cattle graze.

There are at the present time two great nations in the world, which started from different points, but seem to tend towards the same end. I allude to the Russians and the Americans. . . .

All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and they have only to maintain their power; but these are still in the act of growth. . . . The American struggles against the obstacles that nature opposes to him; the adversaries of the Russian are men. The former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its arms. The conquests of the American are therefore gained by the plowshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centers all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Democracy in America, 1835

CONNECTICUT SUMMER: 1907

Merrill K. Bennett

SUMMER REALLY BEGAN with Memorial Day. All the gardens were planted then—even the corn that went in latest, when the new oak leaves were bigger than a squirrel's ear. The water in the millpond was nearly warm enough for swimming. Summer vacation was only a couple of weeks off; there would be only a few more days to sit in the stuffy schoolroom, half-asleep behind a geography book. Out of the open upper half of the window you could see the network of new leaves in the tops of the maples, with the blue sky beyond. It was hard not to look, and hard to keep awake. The far-off clouds were whiter and lazier than at any other time, and the little warm breeze that puffed in through the window now and then brought with it all the spring odors and the hum of insects.

The most important flowers to gather for Memorial Day were the lady's-slippers. The real spring flowers—arbutus and Indian pipes, anemones and jack-in-the-pulpits—had gone by. There were not enough yellow wood violets to make a bouquet in the single patch we knew, and the blossoms of the horse chestnut trees in front of our house on Main Street, though sweeter than almost any other flower, were too short in the stem and too sticky. Besides, not many people knew where to find the lady's-slippers up in the North Woods. Every year we were asked where we got them, but we never exactly told.

Our village had three cemeteries. The Catholic one was at the west end of Main Street, with the Catholic Church right alongside. The Old Graveyard, where nobody was buried any more, was at the Four Corners on the east end of the street. Most of the houses in town—there weren't more than a hundred—were lined up between those two cemeteries, along with the woolen

mill on the west side of the railroad tracks and the river, and the Congregational Church on the east side. But the cemetery for the Congregationalists was not next to the church. It was on High Street, which looped off to the south at the center of town, where the railroad crossed Main Street, and turned first to parallel Main Street and then to join it again at Kelley's Corner, just east of our house. The High Street Cemetery was the edge of the village on the south. Beyond it as far as you could see was nothing but the fields of Ayres's farm, and woods, and the railroad and river going south.

The Memorial Day parade started from the Congregational Church, after the service, and went from there to the Catholic Cemetery and then back again along Main Street past the starting point to Kelley's Corner and up the hill to the High Street Cemetery. It never went to the Old Graveyard at the Four Corners; but we used to save bouquets to put on the soldiers' graves there. They were marked with the little flags in the star-shaped iron holders, the same as in the other cemeteries. I always picked one bouquet for my uncle in the High Street Cemetery and another for a soldier in the Old Graveyard. It was a mysterious place to go, because big old pine trees shaded it deeply, and their needles had made a thick mat that smothered all the grass and muffled your footsteps. Some of the gravestones were so thick with lichen that you could hardly read the memorials.

The place where the lady's-slippers grew thickest was in the North Woods, in a patch of scrub oak across the Ridge Road from the Poor Farm, below a big silver birch with a spring at its foot. Even on Memorial Day the ground was still chilly there, and the spongy mat of rotten oak leaves smelled sour. The lady's-slippers were the only flowers around. Sometimes you could find a white one, an albino, among the red; but the smaller yellow ones, with a series of leaves up the stem instead of just one pair at the bottom, could only be found around the Wolf Den over at Pomfret Landing.

When we came out of the woods with big handfuls of the flowers, we usually sat for a while on the flat-topped stone wall

that hemmed in the Poor Farm and Brière's farm next to it. The village lay below in the valley, and you could see practically all of it. Behind, the North Woods sloped up to and covered the eastern ridge. The Old Graveyard at the Four Corners was beyond the Poor Farm, down the Ridge Road and at your left. In front, the pastures fell away downhill until they ran into the woods around the river, or, toward the left, the back yards and shade trees of the East Side, and the square red-brick schoolhouse with the cupola on top. It would be only a few days before the bell in it stopped ringing for the summer. The houses showed through mostly white, and so was the pointed spire of the Congregational Church, the highest thing in sight this side of the river. When it wasn't too hazy, you could see clear across the valley to the wooded western ridge beyond the Catholic Church. There was a little notch in the ridge where Main Street turned into just a road and cut through to Williamsville.

The river—really the Assawaga, but we called it the Five Mile—was mostly hidden by the woods along its banks. The biggest patch of water that you could see was Alexander's Lake up toward the northwest: it was big enough to show in spite of the fringe of pine woods around it. And below that, coming east and south, you could see patches of the chain of millponds that took off from the river at Attawaugan Dam.

The mill, straight in front, was at the foot of those ponds, between the last one and the river. It was red brick like the schoolhouse, five stories high, with a water tank on steel stilts. It must have been a hundred feet up the ladder to the top, the highest spot in town, even above the spire of the Congregational Church. You weren't allowed to climb the tank; but once a year, the night before the Fourth of July, you could get into the church tower to ring the bell. On a quiet day, or especially if the wind was right, you could hear the clack of the looms in the mill even from the Ridge Road, well over a mile away.

From there you could hear the trains, too. Passenger trains ran pretty often: north at seven and three, south at ten and six, not counting the night trains or the freights. The Bar Harbor

Express from New York went through after everybody was abed; it was fast, and never stopped. Our house always rattled when a train went through, as it passed a spot half a mile south of the station and near the river. The railroad tracks ran pretty much along the stream, crossing it once just north of the mill on the arch of a stone bridge. A few hundred yards beyond that, on your right, the tracks went over a trestle bridging a deep channel between two of the millponds. Sometimes it was good fishing there. From the trestle, with the current helping you and water-weeds not hindering, you could swim down to the swimming hole that was the fifth and smallest in the chain of millponds. Sometimes people fell off the trestle and were drowned. A man like that looks puffy and horrible. After you had seen him pulled out, it was not so much fun to swim down from the trestle; but on a dare you had to do it. There were dobson—good bait for bass, worth two cents each—under the stones at the bottom of the spillway that took off from the swimming hole just above the gatehouse at its lower end. The gatehouse controlled the flow of water into the pond next to the mill. One summer when the pond was drained for cleaning, you never saw so many stranded fish, mostly suckers. Fresh-water clams were scattered all over the mud, too; but we never suspected then that they might hold pearls and nobody bothered to open them.

From the Ridge Road near the Poor Farm you could also hear the trolleys. They ran in each direction every hour—down to Danielson at five after, up to Putnam at twenty-five of. The tracks came right past the east shore of Alexander's Lake, coming down from Putnam, and then along the west shore of a couple of millponds, through the West Village, past the mill and across the river to the center of town. That was where Main Street, widening out into a square, crossed the railway tracks. Fringing the central square were the railroad station and freight house, the post office, the smithy, the cobbler's shop, the three grocery stores, the drugstore, the feed store and lumber yard, the hotel (with saloon) and livery stable, the meat market, and the barbershop and poolroom. But there was one conspicuous gap, a rubble of brick

and plaster half-covered with bushes, where the office building of the mill had stood before it was burned seven years before. In 1907 the trolley tracks running up Main Street past our house could still be found by a little scratching in the dusty street. But the trolleys actually ran on newer tracks along High Street, crossing the railway cut on a trestle. There were four sharp curves in the trolley tracks—one downtown, one near the trestle, one at High Street Cemetery, and one at Kelley's Corner. The shriek of the wheels at these corners could be heard every half-hour all over the village, even from the Ridge Road.

The looping course of the trolley tracks was convenient. My brother and sister went to high school in Danielson by trolley on the eight-five every school day, and could post me on the stairs in our hallway to watch for the moment when the trolley rounded the curve downtown, with its usual shriek. If they left then, they could walk leisurely up to Kelley's Corner in ample time to board it. If they delayed until it shrieked as it passed the curve approaching the trestle, there was still a fair margin of time. If they waited for the shriek at the High Street Cemetery curve, as they usually did, it was necessary to bolt out of the front door and run. Mr. Jones, the conductor, was not a man to hold up the trolley for running children; he liked to keep on time. The motorman, Mr. Cady, would probably have been less fussy. He was an easygoing man, and some people said it showed up around his home.

When school was out for the summer vacation, trolleys and trains held little interest for youngsters except for telling the time of day. We were not vacation travelers in 1907. Three or four times of a summer, on Sunday, we might go down to Grandmother's farm in Foster, across the Rhode Island line. It was still called a farm, though it had not felt the plow for years. That was seven miles by road. Sometimes the family hired a two-seated carryall, with a fringed canopy, from Kennedy's livery stable. More commonly we took the trolley a mile or so south to Elmville, and changed there for the Providence and Danielson trolley that rocked out through East Killingly and let us off at a

crossing in the middle of the woods. From there we walked a mile and an eighth to the farm, down a sandy road that felt soft and warm to bare feet. In those days you almost never saw an automobile, and the R.F.D. carrier was the only person who had a motorcycle.

A good deal of the day had to be used up in travel, whether we went by carryall or by trolley. There was never enough time left to explore properly the half-abandoned old sawmills along Quanduck Brook, or the spring in back of the Shippee place that kept sand boiling above a hole in the bottom, or the brooks that fed into the Quanduck through the farm, or the pond above Allen's mill and the bog below it where cranberries and fringed polygalas and blue gentians grew. These were the dark blue closed gentians, not the open fringed ones, light blue like the sky, that could be found in the swampy meadow—we called it the "intervale"—near home, lying between the river and the railroad just above the arched stone bridge. My uncle owned that meadow, and I used to help him harvest marsh hay from the hummocks in it. Those queer dark red-and-green insect-snaring plants called water pitchers grew there, too. But you had to cross the river to an intervale on the other side to find the low swamp blueberries, bright blue and sweeter than any other kind.

Summer brought a routine of chores that sometimes interfered badly with a vacation day. In 1907, my father or my brother milked our cow; I hadn't yet been taught. The morning alarm clock was the mill whistle; it blew at six to wake people up, at six-twenty to warn them to start walking to work, and at six-thirty for work to begin. It blew again at noon for the lunch period, again at twelve-forty-five for the afternoon work to begin, and finally at six to end the day. On Saturday, though, the looms were quiet after quarter of one. My father or my brother got up before the morning whistle blew and milked the cow, but I was allowed to sleep until maybe seven. Then I had breakfast—always beans on Monday morning, and codfish cakes some other day, but mostly either oatmeal or eggs from our own

flock. We had oyster stew every Sunday in winter, but not in the summer months spelled without an "r."

The first routine chore came directly after breakfast. It was to lead the cow to pasture, down Main Street to the Congregational Church, then north three-quarters of a mile toward Attawaugan to the Young's place. I would lead her in through the bars, un-snap the rope from around her horns, and turn her loose. Then I had to draw up half a dozen buckets of water from the well and dump them in her trough, a half-hogshead. It seemed like altogether unnecessary work. The pasture, if you went up a little hill with some hickory nut and pignut trees on it amongst the laurel bushes, and then down the other side, was right against the river. But the fence kept the cow from drinking in the stream; and my father wouldn't move it. He said the river water wasn't fit for even a cow, though he let us swim in it. It took nearly a precious hour every morning to lead the cow to pasture and come back. Then there was the wood box to look after, a worse chore in summer than in winter because in the cold months we burned anthracite coal and kept the fire alive all night. Then there was drinking water to fetch from Riley's well, through the parsonage yard next door, and up the High Street hill a little. Our own well, built right into our kitchen, had quicksand in it. We used it for a cooler, hanging milk and other food down it in covered pails. There was a pump in the kitchen where we got wash water from the cistern below. On Monday mornings, washdays, there was a lot of pumping to be done. Sometimes, not every day, the garden had to be hoed or weeded; and pretty often my mother put my brother and me to cleaning carpets with the new-fangled vacuum cleaner that had to be pumped by hand. On some days we made money working at that for neighbors. Mostly, though, such work came in the spring, at house-cleaning time.

There weren't many chores to do after the noon dinner until it came time to fetch the cow. She had to be in the barn by six o'clock, for that was suppertime. If everything went well you could make it, maybe running part way to the pasture, in three-quarters of an hour, so that five-fifteen was just about the last

possible moment to start. That was a cross to bear. Nobody else had a cow, or if he had, he wasn't obliged to lead it to and from pasture morning and night. Right in the middle of a baseball game the five-five trolley would shriek its way around Kelley's Corner, and then I had to quit, whether it was my bats or not.

The cow was a gentle creature but perverse. Half the time she would be found, not in her proper place in the front pasture, but back over the hill near the river, hiding in the bushes apparently from sheer meanness but looking as blandly innocent as only a cow can do. Or on the way home she would break away to raid Mr. Walker's corn patch, and it took time to capture her. My father said I ought to allow for such matters—start a little early so as to be sure to be back on time.

The cow was the cause of one of my greatest boyhood humiliations. To save time in fetching her home, I had borrowed my brother's new bicycle, without permission. At first I walked, pushing the bicycle with one hand and holding the rope with the other. That seemed immensely laborious, so I mounted the bicycle, steering with the right hand and holding the rope free with the left. To rest my left arm, I put my hand back on the seat, and just then everything happened at once. The rope somehow caught in the back wheel; the cow banged her head at a fly, pulling the rope; I flew off the seat; the cow became entangled in the bicycle and started to run, bouncing and dragging it along, now and then smashing into the spokes of the wheels. Just at the foot of the hill in front of the church, and just at five after six when people were passing that spot on their way home from the mill, the cow tripped in the mangled bicycle, turned completely over to fall on her back, and then rose and stood, quiet but trembling, while I ran up. People gathered around; they laughed. Worst of all, my brother came, and saw the rope twined around the bar that supported the seat of the bicycle. His notion that I had been silly enough to wind it there has never changed.

Plenty could be found to do in the intervals between meals and chores; and what you did depended mostly on the weather

and the possibility of collecting a gang. Rainy days were common enough. Four or five of us from the Congregational side of the tracks would play in our barn. It was a fair-sized barn, the biggest within the village except for one across the street, where the Millers kept the old white horse that pulled the store's delivery wagon. Our barn was only a little way back of the house and a bit to one side; you went to it from Main Street down a wide driveway with big maples on the side next to the parsonage. Our house stood on the other side. In front, on Main Street, were four horse chestnut trees in a row, and then a big fir and a tall elm at the angle of the front lawn nearest Kelley's Corner. There were five more big firs and a mountain ash on the half of the lawn near the driveway. When the wind blew at night, after we were in bed, it made a mournful siffling sound in the firs, and the tips of their branches scraped the roof of the house. The firs were so big, and even their lowest branches were so high up, that we never even tried to climb them. But all of the old apple trees in the orchard back of the house could be climbed. The only occasion when I fell very far out of a tree was the time when a cold and wriggling little tree toad somehow slipped up my sleeve into my armpit.

Our barn had two floors. The bottom one, of hard-packed dirt, held nothing but empty cow mangers and a manure pile, and you went down there mostly to get into the hencoop that had been built onto the side of the barn. The upper floor, right on a level with the driveway, had a big haymow on the left, and on the right two long-unused vehicles—a collapsible-topped buggy and a two-seated carryall—and two stalls of which the cow occupied the nearer one. The farther one held bags of feed, but before my time a horse had been kept in it. You opened a scuttle behind the cow's stall to throw the manure downstairs. Up above the vehicles was a narrow loft crowded with ancient implements and furniture. Among other things, there was a spinning wheel (the kind with the big wheel with the wide flat rim), some red-plush rocking chairs, and a complicated machine with pipes and a hopper that may have been a seed cleaner, though we never

knew. Back of the buggy and carryall were three chutes, through which you could drop to the empty cow mangers on the floor below. The odors of the barn were different from one place to another—sweet in and near the haymow, cow-y near the stall, dusty everywhere else. Even on rainy days it was usually hot and especially dusty in the little upper loft under the roof. The roof leaked in spots, but not much and not over the hay.

Mostly we used the barn on rainy days for hide-and-seek, for it was dim when you closed the big sliding door, and you could hide in innumerable nooks and crannies, including the feed box, and even slip quietly from one floor to the other through the chutes. The only light came then from the back window. It was quite a drop from there to the hayfield—maybe fifteen feet. Henry broke his arm once when he failed to land quite right, and then the window was kept nailed up for several months. When we tired of hide-and-seek, we could always jump in the hay. The best jumping came after the first cutting had been put in. Then the pile of hay was soft, sweet to smell, and not yet very dusty, and at one end the hay was level with the retaining partition from which we jumped, while at the other end it was far below. You could begin on easy jumps and work up to hard ones. Later in the summer, when other cuttings had been brought in, the haymow was too full to permit hard jumps and we left it for the girls. The hay was cut from our own field, about three acres that occupied the space between Main Street, High Street, and Kelley's Corner, except for the Kelley's house and yard and our garden in the bottom land. Haying season was a good time. You could jump in the piles awaiting collection, and ride the hay wagon into the barn. And for awhile after the first cutting you could run in the field again, at least if you took pains to keep out of the garden. Sometimes on rainy days in the barn, we shot at a target with bow and arrow. Ash made the best bows, and willow the best arrows, though you had to hunt for the straight sticks. It was not hard to feather them, but we never found out how to make a point that would stick into a target without mashing the end of the arrow.

On sunny days we left the barn alone. Mostly we would go swimming in the morning after chores, in the swimming hole beyond the mill. It was deep on the channel side where the current flowed slowly under the bridge at the upper end down under the gatehouse at the outlet. You could dive either from the bridge or from the gatehouse, and also from a platform, fifteen feet above the water, built by the older boys in a tree. On the other side, the pool sloped off to shallows where the littlest children thrashed around. Most of us had been taught to swim the quick way. A five-year-old was given a few lessons in dog-paw by his father or older brother, and then he was thrown off the bridge into the deep water while the older ones, the swimmers, lined up on both sides of the channel. Most children who were thrown off that way swallowed water and cried, but under the compulsion on the one hand and the presence of so many rescuers on the other, they learned to keep their heads above water. It was a great day when the older boys allowed you to jump off the bridge by yourself, without a line-up.

Almost every sunny morning there were ten or fifteen boys at the swimming hole, from both sides of the tracks—Congregationalists from the one and Catholics from the other, mingling as at school. So it was usually easy to make plans for baseball in the afternoon. In all the village only one field was big and flat enough for a good baseball diamond. Third base was a couple of hundred yards from the swimming hole. Even on that big diamond a deep fly to right field went into the trees at the edge of the Catholic Cemetery; and once, in a league game, Tom Nayler knocked a home run over center field so far that it rolled into a garden in back of one of the mill tenements. We longed to play on that field, but it was sacred to the village ball team, and was kept carefully leveled and marked for the big games that came on Saturday afternoon. Almost every mill town of any size had its uniformed team, with membership in the Eastern Connecticut League. Good players were sought for to work in the mills. Their duties were not very heavy if they were good enough players.

Small boys usually had to play baseball on the school grounds over in the east side of the village. The diamond there was rather pinched, because a row of maples and the Poor Farm Road ran where left and center fields ought to be, close enough in so that there was a tree where the shortstop ought to stand. The diamond sloped, too, from the well house in back of first base to the road. Nobody who hit into the trees could claim more than two bases, but we allowed a home run to anyone who cleared both the trees and the road.

The games went on interminably from noon dinner to supper-time. For me alone they had to stop when the five-five trolley shrieked around Kelley's Corner and I had to leave to go after the cow. It didn't save much time to cut across lots from the schoolyard through the Poor Farm fields to the pasture, though I often did so in hopes of seeing the red fox that lived somewhere on a brushy and stony hill along the way. He seldom appeared, but you rarely failed to see a woodchuck scuttle into his hole at the base of the hill, or sometimes a rabbit.

A gang large enough for baseball couldn't always be got together. The four or five of us east-side boys then fell back on tennis, or perhaps on pug-in-the-hole. Nobody from the West Village ever played tennis; maybe the court was too near the Congregational Church.

Pug-in-the-hole we played in our driveway. To start with, you needed four or more players up to seven or eight, an old tennis ball, and some pebbles. Little holes were dug in a straight row, one for each player, about a foot apart and two inches deep. The edges were smoothed carefully. Someone had to be "it" to start, and he was the one who came farthest from hitting a nail on the barn wall on a throw from thirty feet away. The player who was "it" rolled the ball along the line of holes, of which each player had his own to watch. When the ball fell into a player's hole, he had to grab it and throw it at any other player. If the throw was a successful hit, the victim got a pebble in his hole; and if it was not, the thrower got the pebble in his. Whoever was first to be stuck with five pebbles must then submit to target practice. He

was put against the barn, face in his arms against it and behind stuck out; and the other players each had one throw at him from the thirty-foot mark. He then became "it"; and the game would continue up to exhaustion of the players or time to fetch the cow. It stung to be hit with the tennis ball and your back would sometimes be pretty well covered with red spots as big as half a dollar.

The best days of summer were the fishing days. Ours was a country full of lakes, ponds, and streams. It was not really game-fishing country, though you could catch trout in the spring, small-mouthed bass and pickerel all summer—if you had the tackle. You needed a boat and casting rods for the best results with those fish. Horn pout (some called them bullheads and mud pout, but not catfish), yellow perch, punkin seeds, and shiners could be caught by anybody, with no more than a string, a hook, and some angleworms. My big cousin Louis, going out at sunup with a casting rod and fishing from the shore, could usually bring in from Allen's Pond half a dozen or more pickerel, measuring twelve to twenty inches each, before eight o'clock. At night, with hand lines that you whirled around your head and threw far out, you could get from that pond and a good many others a string as long as your arm of ten-inch horn pout. They were the best eating of any fish. Up at Alexander's Lake good fishermen sometimes caught black bass over two feet long. For those fishermen we gathered dobson, a sort of black centipede with nippers like a beetle's on its head; they lived under stones in shallow water at the foot of dams or spillways. You could sometimes make as much as two dollars a day at that work; but there were not many buyers.

Our fishing was modest. We counted upon perch and punkin seeds, only hoping for an occasional trout, bass, or pickerel. It was a rather special expedition to go after horn pout in the daytime. Either you had to have a boat, which meant that some older fellow was along, or else you had to try the Quagmire. The Quagmire was one of the millponds, a big eddy without current and very muddy. In a way we never understood, little brush-

covered islands had grown up in it; and along the edges of those islands, where it was not safe to step until you had laid boards, you could cut a hole with a shovel and drop a line through, taking plenty of horn pout. Sometimes you pulled up a snapping turtle. We were seldom allowed to go there, and it was a rather scary place at best. You could catch horn pout at night in any pond; but young boys were seldom allowed out so late.

My cousin Roger and I usually went together on the all-day fishing trips, from the time the cow was pastured until she had to be brought back. We took along sandwiches in a paper bag and expected to fill up with blueberries or huckleberries or blackberries, depending on our route. First we had to promise not to go to some places: not to Alexander's Lake—the best place of all—because it was too far and too big and deep; not to the Quagmire; not to the river below the mill, after it had been swollen by the flow from the millponds. It was particularly irksome to be kept away from the Lake, a fascinating place. Remarkably, it had an outflow but not an inflow, and so was like an enormous spring a mile and a half long and a mile wide. The water was icy cold after a wind, even in midsummer, except in the shallow cove behind Loon's Island. On quiet days, from a boat, you could see straight down for thirty feet at least; and that was nowhere near the bottom in the deepest part. People said that nobody had ever sounded the bottom there. Perhaps I was kept away partly because my grandfather had been drowned in the Lake long before my time. He fell through the ice, people said, at a place where the upswelling of a big spring had kept the ice from freezing as thickly as it had elsewhere. We all felt that Keech's Cove was safe enough for anybody, but parents were obstinate about it. Maybe, since the Lake was a reservoir and swimming was against the law, they preferred not to run risks.

So Roger and I, with our lunches and fishing poles and a can of worms, would lead the cow to pasture on a fishing day, and then strike back a ways along the road that ran from the center of the village to Attawaugan. We turned in by the old stone crusher and within a hundred yards pushed through the brush to an intervale

beside the river. It was the intervale where the low-bush blueberries grew, and we would stop awhile to eat some. At the far edge the river came out into the open for fifty feet; we always went there first. At that point the river widened into a clear pool, just above a big elm tree leaning out over the water. Its roots had been partly uplifted when it leaned, and they formed a curious cave with water under their arch. Those roots, mostly dead, were porous like rattan; and they could be broken up into cigarette length and smoked just as well as bits of rattan broken from chairs. The elm-root cigarettes were acrid enough, but not so bad as the rattan ones that had varnish on them. The pool was a trout pool, rocky on the bottom. We could usually see from two to six Eastern brook trout lying low down, occasionally moving so as to show their brightly speckled sides. But no amount of dangling worms in front of their noses ever brought a strike in midsummer; and after we had smoked our elm-root cigarettes and gathered more for later use, we moved on up the stream.

There was no defined path, but the route was familiar. After catching a few grasshoppers, you crawled through a wild-grape thicket at the edge of the intervale and struck a point of land where the river made a quick turn. A landslide from the hill opposite had partially blocked the stream, so that it flowed fast and deep through the narrowed channel and a pool had formed above. You could cross the swift channel on a fallen tree. Below the channel, where the river spread out again on the far side, we kept our pet trout in a five-gallon can weighted down with stones. Nobody else knew about him. We had caught him in the early spring in the channel above. We had fitted a wire screen on the top of the can and had perforated the sides halfway down. He looked healthy. We threw in the grasshoppers, which we knew would be ignored while we watched but would disappear later. Then we crawled carefully out along another fallen tree on the far bank, and fished. There were dace—big shiners, nearly a foot long—in that pool; and we caught a couple. It was the only spot around town where dace could be found.

No pools that you could get at without snaring your line in

the brush and trees existed, we knew, until you got up as far as Attawaugan Dam. Carrying the dace on a forked stick, we threaded our way upstream through the wooded side of our cow pasture and across another intervale where you could find tender young checkerberry leaves in the summer and the berries themselves later on. At the lower end of it was a patch of blueberry bushes of the high-bush kind, with their feet in the water. We ate freely of those, and took a hatful along. This intervale—Curtis', it was—lay between the river and a dense growth of hemlock trees, the darkest spot in all the woods about. The sun never struck the ground under that dense growth. We never went into it.

It was no use to fish the deep water above the Attawaugan Dam, for the bushes grew thick all along the shore. But below it were a few shallower pools where we could always catch a perch or two, crawling up and dangling in a shortened line. Next to the horn pout, they were the best fish to eat, though you had to skin them and lost a lot of meat in the process. The Dam was barely overflowing in midsummer; it was easy to walk across the planks on the top of it in only an inch or so of swift water. On the other side the gates let through into a channel a strong flow that fed the millponds. There was a path downstream between the channel and the river, and we followed it down to Webster's Pond, crossing the channel on a bridge at the head of the pond. There we ate our sandwiches and the hatful of blueberries, as well as some blackberries that grew in a burned-over patch up the hillside. It was hard to fish Webster's Pond from the shore, an unfortunate thing because people said it was full of big bass. The raft that we found was chained and we couldn't pick the padlock.

The noon whistles had blown some time ago; it was after one o'clock and pretty hot—a good time to swim. We always took a swim in Webster's Pond, because there, with only the two of us and cousins at that, it was all right to swim without tights; and that was the way a swim felt best. It took no time at all to undress. We wore only an undershirt, overalls soft and faded to light blue from many washings, and shoes without stockings. That was every boy's summer uniform, leaving out the shoes except for

tramping in the woods. After we had undressed on a little grassy slope that went right down into the pond like an aisle between the hazelnut bushes, ending on a little sandy beach, we used to lie in the sun awhile and sometimes even take a nap. We finished our elm-root cigarettes. It was very quiet around two o'clock; the sun beat down hard, starting a sweat, and all you could hear was the faint clack of the looms in the distance. The pine trees across the pond sweated too, and their scent was all around but not so strong as after a rain. We didn't swim far out in Webster's Pond. Submerged trees in it sometimes caught your feet frighteningly. Mostly we lay on the grass to get sweaty, and then paddled around to get cool. After awhile we dressed and went on again. We put the string of fish in the water when we stopped anywhere, so as to keep them from shrinking and stiffening too much.

At the foot of Webster's Pond we had to wade the channel connecting it with the Upper Pond, and after that there was a path and plenty of openings in the fringe of brush. We fished a little while in each, and took some punkin seed and perch. This path moved along the top of the embankment that had been built to create the millponds. Halfway along the shore of the Upper Pond, where the path and the shore turned sharply right toward the railroad, you were just above the pool in the river where we had caught the dace in the morning. You could catch glimpses of the river, a couple of hundred yards away and fifteen or twenty feet below you, from several places on the path where the undergrowth thinned out.

At the trestle where the channel linking the Upper Pond and Lower Pond passed under the railroad, we had some strong bites but caught no fish. It was beginning to cloud up a little, and must be nearly four o'clock too, since the three o'clock train had gone north while we were still only halfway along the shore of the Upper Pond. At the trestle we rolled our lines around the poles, not wanting to fish the Lower Pond where they had pulled the drowned man out last spring; and we hurried a little walking along its bank down the path to the swimming hole. The bushes

arched over our heads; it was always shady, and now, with the sky clouding up, it was darker than you liked.

Most of the fellows had left the swimming hole by the time we got there. The water looked the color of gun metal and stirred only as the current made little streaks and whirlpools in it. But it was still too early to go after the cow, and I sat on the gatehouse bridge and dropped my line into the deep channel on the millpond side. I hadn't really expected anything to happen, and so it happened. Just as a few scattered big raindrops began to fall, I felt a tug on the line, not strong enough to warrant striking. And then the line slackened and began to move slowly upstream. I gave a heave, but failed to lift whatever it was out of the water. With that the line began to plunge back and forth, up and down; and I knew it was a fish, a big one. Roger and two other fellows came at my yell, posting themselves downchannel on either side and slapping the water so that the fish wouldn't snag the line in the roots along the bank. I tugged and slackened alternately, not knowing anything better to do. At last he gave up and I pulled him out, hand over hand. It was a black bass, a beauty—broad in the shoulders, deep-bellied, undershot in the jaw, muscular and tapering—just what a fish ought to be. He worked his gills a moment and then was quiet. He had swallowed the hook, and that was why he failed to get away and died so soon. We measured him when we got home, and from jaw tip to tail tip he covered fifteen and three-eighths inches.

That made a day. We went down through the mill yard, so that anybody who happened to be leaning out the window could see our catch. Dad waved to us from the office as we went by, and I held the bass up. Lots of people stopped us to look at it as we got up toward the grocery store and then turned off on the Attawaugan Road to the pasture. It was raining hard when we reached there. For once, though it was early, the cow had her head over the bars and wanted to go home. Mother asked if I had had a nice day. I pulled the string of fish out from behind me and said, pretty good. She said she guessed it was, and if I'd clean them we could have them for supper. Mother never said

very much; it wasn't necessary. At supper Dad asked where I had caught it, and told me about trout fishing in Exeter, up in New Hampshire, when he was a boy. Everybody said it tasted grand, but they ate more of the perch than of the bass. The rain had cooled things off. After supper we sat on the porch awhile, watching the hundreds of fireflies over the hayfield; and then I washed my feet and went to bed. Even upstairs, it was cool enough now for a blanket, and I fell asleep before I could quite figure out whether I might have done something that really made that fish take the bait, or whether it was only an accident.

*. . . love of one's own acre is so universal a love
that there is no patch of earth which does not have
its proud devotees faithfully weaving around it songs
and legends and that whole body of beautifully colored
literature which becomes a minor patriotism.*

—ERNEST HAYCOX, "Is There a Northwest?"
from *Northwest Harvest*

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BEHOLD A PALE HORSE

[A STORY]

Rhoda LeCoq

THEY DID NOT SPEAK OFTEN during the ten-mile drive from Gold City's courthouse to the ranch. The girl and her younger brother sat in the back and their parents in front and they all bounced up and down on the springs when the car hit a rut. The boy bounced as if he enjoyed it, letting his fifteen-year-old body go, muscles lax. The girl braced herself, shifting after each bump to a tensely upright position.

She had prominent cheekbones and sun had tinged her skin copper-tan. At eighteen her figure was almost as compact and full as her mother's, but the blue eyes held an expression of child-like trouble, confused and pleading. She stared out the window at New Mexico's blue and amber spaces and twisted a turquoise bracelet on one wrist until, beneath the bracelet, flesh reddened with friction.

Her mouth quivered. "Mother," she said, "it's all my fault, isn't it? I did everything wrong."

The woman turned. Deep quiet lay in her. "No, Evvy," she answered in quick comfort. "You swore to tell the truth. You couldn't say you saw his gun when you didn't."

"Gawddammit!" the man at the wheel mumbled. "They all know Ray Poole packs a gun. Stupid sheepherders on that jury—wouldn't surprise me any if half of them didn't sneak into the mine right after Poole. They sure sided with him every" Words muttered off in his throat, an impotent personal thunder.

Dorothy Jeffers faced her husband. "Ralph," she began, "what does it mean exactly—'out on peace bond'?"

"It means he's free," he answered in a tone of pained derision.

"For a month, they'll suspect him first if—if anything happens to us. After that—"

"Oh, Ralph!" she said, and the words came out on a weary sigh.

Again, they rode silently. When the road turned to the right and narrowed along the side of a gulch. Evelyn rolled down a window and now there was the smell of pine and juniper and piñon. She gazed up at a cloud drifting over the tip of the Sangre de Cristo range.

Ahead, the steep sides of the gulch bent outward to a valley. It was a wide oval valley like a copper coin grasped in the fist of the mountains—the tan rolling land and the green and tan wrinkled hills all around. The car stopped at a gate; the man leaned forward over the wheel so Brad could push past the seat, get out, and open the gate. A shaggy collie trotted across the yard, barking a welcome. Brad said: "Hi, Ranger!" and jumped with a swagger on the running board. The collie ran alongside as the car rolled up before a low adobe house.

"Go on in," the man said, "your mother and I want to talk a minute."

In her own room, Evelyn removed a sport dress and hung it in the closet, and took down a pair of blue jeans from a hook. She tucked a white blouse inside the jeans, clipped a silver conch belt around her waist, and then, seated on a footstool before the window, she pulled on Navajo moccasins. Her fingers quivered as they pushed at the beaten-silver buttons.

All the time she changed clothes, she could hear Brad's whistle in the kitchen, the tinny sound of the cookie jar cover when he dropped it on the floor and the smaller clatter of replacement. The familiar sounds seemed to divide her mind: one half, calm, usual—home, cookies, Brad's whistling; the other half, the remembered strangeness of the courtroom.

She relived the scene. The walk to the witness stand; the jury; the judge behind the high bench. She sat, facing the courtroom's crowded rows. The faces were curious, vaguely hostile, as if she, not Poole, were on trial. Poole was slouched in a chair

at the foot of the witness box, flat blue eyes intent in a red-veined face. His stubby legs spread wide, elbows propped on chair arms, he gripped his hands together over his stomach where it pouched below the belt. Evelyn stared at his hands.

Was it only a week since those blunt fingers reached through their car window to grab the keys from the ignition? She could still see the keys, flashing around and around in a circle, as Poole twirled them on a forefinger.

"Will you tell the jury the defendant's exact words when he stopped your car?"

"Well, he said: 'I'm going to shoot the lousy lot of you'—and then he swore. He acted insane."

"You'd done nothing to provoke this attack?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Mother and Brad and I were just driving up to the mine. And then, when we came opposite Mr. Poole's shack, he ran out in the road so we couldn't pass and started yelling about Dad ordering him off the property the day before. And Dad certainly had a right to order him away when he hung around the mine and robbed—"

Another man was on his feet, crying: "Objection! The suspicions of the witness are irrelevant." Poole stared up at her. His dull hateful gaze contained a threat.

"You will please restrict testimony to those facts seen and heard by yourself, Miss Jeffers. Continue. Mr. Poole ran out in the road, you say?"

"Yes, and he'd have shot us too, if Mother hadn't shamed him, told him right out he was a coward, picking on two women and a boy. Brad didn't even have a gun."

"But Mr. Poole had one? He pulled a gun on you?"

"Well, he started to— He reached—"

"But you didn't actually see a gun?"

The jury leaning forward at her useless protest: "No, but his pocket bulged—"; the pleased sideways grin on Poole's face, his slight nod of triumph. Again, she felt helpless, afraid, unable to believe that her testimony was not enough to convict.

In the kitchen, Brad's whistle broke off, softened, began once

more. She raised the window and leaned out. Her brother stood near the cottonwoods, back to the house, head turned toward a point across the valley.

She, too, watched a tongue of smoke rise in the luminous air. The smoke hung over the outer edge of western foothills, spread out, wisps scattering in the wind. Evelyn climbed over the sill and ran to join Brad.

"The smoke, Brad! It's from Poole's cabin, isn't it? He's back, living there."

"Where'd you think he'd go?" Brad went on whistling, tunelessly.

How could Brad? she wondered. "But don't you remember?" she asked. "He said he'd get us all, later. He won't forget."

Brad nodded.

The quivering under her ribs began again, as it had when she first met Poole, and on the road a week past, and in the courtroom. "I hate the way he looks at me," she said.

Last week, she thought, there had been the sure expectation of relief. This time Thursday, this time day after tomorrow, Poole will be in jail for good. Now, when would it end? Would it always be like this? Over and over. Locking doors that had never been locked before. And the thick reminding smoke, dark across the valley

Sun glazed the mountain peaks and, disappearing, left a hot scarlet streak in the sky threaded by vicious orange. Always before, Evelyn had welcomed the cool arrival of night in the valley. Now, dark seemed more terrifying than light. The valley was a vast shelterless bowl in which she cringed while night inserted a deadening thumb, pressing her to earth. She could no longer see the smoke in the twilight. And this, oddly, was more frightful. "Let's go in," she said.

At dinner, she began: "Dad. About Poole"

Her father laid down his fork with an air of studied patience. "Evelyn! Once and for all, we'll not spend our lives rehashing this episode. Poole'd like nothing better than our acting like timid

sheep. So, we go on as before, see? Nothing's changed. The man's free. We can't do a thing about it."

"But Dad—"

"More potatoes, Sis?!" Brad thrust a gold-rimmed dish in her hand. His eyes warned that she should know better than to argue with Dad in this mood.

Dinner over, her father and mother went into the side-wing living room and she and Brad cleaned up. Evelyn stacked the dishes: glasses first, then silver, plates next. There was a window over the sink and, hands busy in the dishpan, she peered out past her own reflection in the glass. The cottonwoods were a lighter blur against the night sky—and perhaps— There! Across the creek! Was someone standing there?

"I'm a perfect target here in the light," she thought, and could see a round hole in the smashed pane, the bullet coming at her. She dropped a cup with a splash, reached for the shade and yanked it to the sill.

"What'd you do that for?"

"I just wanted it down."

Brad tossed the dish towel over one arm as he walked to the back door. When his eyes had adjusted to darkness, he reported: "There's no one in the yard, Evvy."

"Did I say there was?" She flung a handful of silver into the rack with an angry clatter.

Brad strolled to the cupboard and began stacking dry dishes on the shelves. "I don't get it," he remarked. "Your being this scared"

Moistness flushed under her lids. She bent her head over the pan. The water, grease-topped, undulated from the cup's splash, the silver's removal.

The water in the creek that day had flowed in smooth ripples between her fingers. She was Brad's age then, and they had only recently come. A hot day, and it seemed the natural thing: to walk up the creek and strip off her clothes for a swim.

Until she glanced up from the shiny water and saw him standing on the far bank. His pudgy body leaned against a

cottonwood trunk and the red-veined face looked swollen by an emotion she could not completely understand. The flat eyes inspected her nakedness, and she ran for a sheltering thicket, ran without quite knowing why panic reached so deep—and the water clung to her flesh with an oily caress.

Poole's eyes never lost their secret knowledge. She had glimpsed it again today. "Did you tell?" Hatred, and then triumph: "No, you'll not tell. You're afraid. But, if you speak"

"He'll kill me first," she said to Brad.

"Why?"

But how could she explain her fear? Now, as then, words refused to form. "Oh shut up, shut up!" she cried instead. "You're all so brave, you and Mother and Dad. I'm the only coward in the family, I guess."

Brad's arm came around her shoulder. "Lordy, Sis, I didn't say that. Why, when we ran into the rattler last summer, you never turned a hair." He patted her shoulder. "That's what I don't get. Your being so rabbity about Poole."

"It's different," Evelyn said.

Daytimes, she found easier. She helped her mother with household chores: sweeping and dusting, the new curtains to be made for the living room. The sewing machine buzzed pleasantly through green material, and tiny ravelings of thread lay sprinkled on black-and-mustard-colored Navajo rugs. Sun beat through wide windows but behind the three-foot adobe walls, she remained cool, secure, and quiet.

"Here, Evvy, my dear. Another curtain to hem. Shall I hang one and see how they'll look?"

"Yes, Mother. Yes, do."

Oh, the restfulness of it! Curtains and the smell of cake baking in the kitchen oven and her father and Brad clumping in on high-heeled boots of an evening

Her father would sit in the big leather chair near the stove, reading *Engineering Forum* or *Miner's Review*, while Brad

squatted before the gunrack busy with a rifle to be cleaned. In the lamplight, the beamed ceiling was a shadow-study in geometry which Evelyn, lying on the window seat, traced with her eyes. Or she would move lazily to the bookshelves near the windows to read a page here and there. But, always, evening passed and she must go, alone, to her room.

The night belonged to Poole.

He was an immense, squatting, evil presence outside dark windows. He was a peering toad with gimlet eyes that saw through the night. He was remembered whispers in a schoolyard: "They say—They say—A Mexican named Juan used to work for Poole. He tried to quit and then he didn't come back from the mountains. He never came back at all. Ashes and bones, that's all they found. Poole said, 'an accident, the stove'"

"But how do you know he lied?"

"The padlock. Ssh—the padlock. Who placed the padlock on the *outside* of the door?"

And now she swam, creek water cool against naked flesh. And she looked up and the water turned to hard green scum, stinking under the sun. And running, running, she reached—not the shore but the cabin. And the door was locked from the outside while flames rose all around and Poole grinned through a window, full lips back from rotting teeth.

Awake, nightgown damp with sweat, she crouched beneath the blankets, arguing with herself: Father says it is all right. Father knows, doesn't he? It is only rumor that Poole killed Juan; with us, he would not dare. Wouldn't he? How do you know he is not outside now, right now?

Sometimes her mother entered the room, her mother so calm and unafraid.

"Evvy, darling, your window. You forgot to open it."

When her mother left, she would run, barefooted, to lower the bedroom window again and push the blind more securely against the glass.

In spite of herself, she asked once: "Dad, does adobe burn?"

"No, why?"

Catching the glance between her father and mother, she knew additional shame that they might guess her terror. "Oh, I only wondered."

Her cheekbones became more distinct; the oval of her face narrowed; beneath blue eyes, dim gray circles appeared in paling flesh. She was dismayed when her mother noticed.

"We've worked too hard on the curtains. Why don't you go for a ride, Evvy? The mare needs exercise."

"No, Mother, really I'd rather not. I love helping." And, evasively, "Besides, next week I'll be out all the time. Dad's ready to dynamite the land."

Every fall, before she and Brad returned to school, they shared the rite of loosening the earth with dynamite so the fields became a rich welcoming cradle for the seeds. This autumn, more than any preceding, Evelyn enjoyed the shared labor.

From a tiny shed near the barn, they carried yellow-jacket dynamite; and her father cut carefully through greasy yellow paper, sawing each explosive candle in half before she and Brad attached caps, fuse lengths, and buried the sticks in the hard-packed earth.

They worked cautiously, as taught, until, behind the house, a wide swath of newly turned ground stretched dark under the sun. The acrid odor of dynamite tickled Evelyn's nose. As they finished placing a stick near the fence, her father lit the fuse and they all ran to stand behind the barn while it exploded.

The kitchen door bounced open suddenly and Ranger dashed down the steps and across the yard.

"Ranger!" Brad yelled and started away from the barn's shelter.

"Get back!" her father ordered. He hauled Brad behind the barn again.

"But you know Ranger's crazy about dynamite" Brad began to whistle and call to the dog.

Evelyn felt screams rise in her throat as the dog reached the earth where the fuse burned lower. He scratched at the round pit in which the half-stick of dynamite lay.

On a muffled "pfum," the charge went off. Dirt sprayed upward, the dog's body flung twenty feet in the air with the dirt, and Evelyn's screams followed Ranger's slow rise. All the smothered screams of the night poured out now, as if she greeted her own death.

The dog fell, feet downward; when he landed, his paws tore again at the earth as if they had never parted from it. Evelyn continued to scream.

"It's all right, Evvy, all right," her father soothed. "Ranger's okay. That dirt's hard as adobe, protected him from the blast. Evvy! Stop now. Quit that!"

At last, she grew calm again. Strangely, calmer than before. She could laugh at Ranger's mishap with the rest of the family; and for many days, the dog's miraculous escape furnished dinner-table conversation.

More than a month had passed now. Her dreams occurred with less frequency. She told herself fear would disappear entirely. Poole's image had haunted her before and vanished. Now, it would fade again. Nothing could happen now. Nothing had happened. None of the family had glimpsed Poole in this month. He was keeping out of their way.

Then, one night, Ranger began to bark. The four of them sat in the living room, listening. Ranger's husky-throated chase went from back porch to creek and beyond. Evelyn's book dropped in her lap; her mother's knitting needles poised in the air. Over the rim of study table, Brad and her father watched each other.

"Want me to take a look, Dad?"

Her father nodded.

Evelyn jumped to her feet and reached the rifle rack before Brad. "Let me go." Her mother leaned forward in her chair. "No, don't stop me," Evelyn protested silently, and loaded the gun.

"All right." Her father spoke in a tone of gentle approval. "Go ahead, Evvy."

Rifle cradled against hip, she stepped out on the porch. But, the door shut behind her, courage evaporated. She had been

wrong. Poole was not gone. He lurked in the darkness, a weary ugly shape, hovered around the corner of the house, in the deeper night cast by the barn's roof. She fled over the open stretch between house and creek. The moon, in its last quarter, shed cold light over the land, trickled in pale flecks of shadow through the cottonwood branches. Behind the cover of a tree trunk, she paused, gasping.

Beyond the fence, she could make out Ranger's blond hide glimmering light against newly dynamited earth. His voice a combination of frenzied barks and worried growls, he pointed his muzzle to a mesquite thicket. So, Poole? Is that where you hide?

She raised the rifle and sighted down the barrel. Her arm and hand ached with the gun's weight. A slow uncontrollable tremor traveled up her muscles and she rested the gun on a fence post.

Now! Now he must reveal himself. He'll walk from the thicket. He'll stare into the moonlight. His eyes will look straight at me—

And I shall be unable to shoot!

The rifle slid along the fence until the stock hit the ground and the barrel pointed in a crooked, powerless slant toward the sky. It was all inevitable. Poole would shoot. She could not. For Poole had won, long ago, when the threat in his eyes silenced her tongue.

How much did it hurt—to die?

Ranger raced from the thicket and she clutched a fence post in both hands. The dog barked wildly, zigzagged over the field after a small leaping animal. For a moment, she disbelieved. That she was alive. That Poole did not stand there in the menacing moonlight.

Then, she wept. She did not think. There seemed nothing left to think. Exhausted, she rested there, sobbing. Finally, she wiped her face on an edge of blouse and picked up the gun. She walked back toward the house, moving as if leg tendons were sore and stiff. As she passed the back porch, the kitchen door closed

softly. Her father? Brad? One of them had watched, then, realizing better than she that she could not be trusted to face danger.

"Well?" her father asked from the kitchen doorway, when she entered by the front.

"A rabbit." Unable to endure further pretense, she excused herself and went to bed. There, ashamed, hating herself, she huddled under the blankets. Window and blind were tight closed again.

On the following morning, Ranger disappeared. All day, intermittently, they searched the ranch. Her mother suggested the dog had chased the rabbit into the hills. "Never fear, he'll show up when he's hungry."

But, in late afternoon, when the dog still failed to appear, Brad saddled up and galloped across the valley for a last hunt. Long red shadows warmed the mountain peaks before he returned, Ranger's body over the saddle.

"What got him?" Her father's voice sounded strained.

Brad shook his head, unable to speak. His face was frankly tear-stained. He lowered the dog to the ground. The collie's eyes were rolled back, whites empty of veins; his tongue hung out. An ashen froth caked on his muzzle. "Found him—west of the valley," Brad said finally.

"Poole!" Evelyn said and stepped nearer her mother.

"Couldn't it be the dynamite the other day?" her mother insisted. "An internal injury"

"Or poison," her father muttered. "We'll drive to town tomorrow—see about a new dog."

When they reached the general store the next morning, Poole's pickup truck was parked in front. Her mother glanced at it and then at her father.

"We have to meet sometime," her father said.

When they walked in, Poole stood at the counter. One wooden carton was already stacked high with provisions; the clerk staggered from the storeroom carrying an armload of red-jacket dynamite.

"Sure you want this, not yellow-jacket?" the clerk asked Poole. "Red-jacket's mighty powerful."

"Only thing'll dent that clay around my shack," Poole said. "Pack it up, while I dump this stuff in the car." He picked up the heavy wooden carton. Then, as he turned, his hands slipped from the corners. The carton smashed to the floor. Her father jumped aside before it hit his feet.

Poole looked up as if seeing them for the first time.

"What do you think you're doing?" her father said. His face tightened as he stared at Poole.

Poole grinned. "Now, look, Jeffers," he said, "an accident's an accident. I don't bear no grudge."

"No?"

Poole packed spilled groceries back into the carton and set it carefully on the counter. He handed the clerk a dripping sack. "Best git me 'nother dozen eggs," he ordered and, turning to her father: "Stand to reason, Jeffers, I'll break eggs just to step on your toes?" He shifted the rim of his hat in his hands. "Look, what say we call it quits? Country's too big—not enough neighbors hereabouts—for bad blood, huh?"

"Well—" Her father's tone was noncommittal.

"Now, that's real big of Ray," the clerk put in. "Plenty of folks hereabouts figure you weren't neighborly, orderin' him off your property, Jeffers."

Her father glanced toward her mother.

"Sorry we had that set-to, ma'am," Poole added hastily. "Wasn't thinkin' straight that day, looks like."

"All right," her mother agreed, "I accept your apology."

No, no, don't believe him, Evelyn thought. Poole's gratified smile increased her terror, the thick lips parted over decay-browned teeth.

"And the little lady?" Evelyn realized he spoke to her. She stared into his eyes, looked away, shuddering. Her mother's expression urged her to answer. Somehow, she nodded. As they left the store, her body burned as if coated by creek scum hardened in the sun.

"Dad, Dad, I hate him so," she whispered and began to cry.

Her father's face looked tired. He backed the car into the road, scraping gears as he shifted. When he spoke, he spoke to her mother and his voice held a helpless note: "What can a man do?"

"Don't, Ralph," her mother said. "We're not complaining. You've done all any man could." She glanced sharply at Evelyn. "Pull yourself together," she instructed.

Evelyn tried to obey, but even by dusk she could not settle down. She moved restlessly from pot-bellied stove to bookshelves, from chair to window seat, as night closed in. Brad seemed uneasy, too. His jaw set mournfully and he turned his head now and then, as if listening for the pad-pad of a dog's feet or the scratch of claws on a door.

"How long before we get a new pup, Dad?"

"Maybe a week."

Brad settled down, finally, to greasing a pair of boots.

The night seemed so silent. Only the sighing of wind around house corners, the rustle of her father's newspaper, the click of knitting needles.

"I'll tell you what," her mother said in forced brightness. "Let's play hearts, the four of us." She took a card deck from a table drawer and began pushing extra chairs into a neat square around the table. Brad bestowed a final stroke on the toe of the boots and sat down. Evelyn closed her book and strolled from window seat to table, sat facing the long row of windows.

"Deal," her father said. "I'll be with you, soon as I put another chunk of wood on the fire." He bent over the woodbasket behind the stove.

From across the room, there was a small scuffling sound, as if something, or someone, scraped against the adobe wall outside. Her mother came around the table, body between Evelyn and Brad and the windows. "What was that?"

Her father stood up. "Where?" Evelyn heard him say.

And then there was nothing—nothing but the echo of the word, blazing pinwheels. "Where? Where?" The rush of air

against her face—the river, billowing This must be death: the single echo of a word in the silence, the bright warm river Something pressed against her chest. She tore at it, and now there was pain.

She opened her eyes, stared up at the stars where the roof gaped open like a torn tin can. The weight still lay on her chest but pain moved to her hands. She held them up and saw they were real and that a tiny dribble of blood ran down the palms.

She moved her head to the right. Coals burned sluggishly into splintered floorboards where the stove was overturned. The windowed wall was gone and the window seat where she had lain, reading. The thick adobe wall had been blasted inward, a mass of bricks and powdered dust; shattered glass stuck in overturned furniture like sharp bright daggers. A familiar acrid odor stung her nostrils. Dynamite.

A face was bending over her. With difficulty, Evelyn recognized her father beneath the black soot coating his skin. He struggled with the weight on her chest, a fragment of ceiling plaster, and then she could breath again. She lifted herself on an elbow.

The porch door was opened and Brad was seated in the same chair that had been at the table. He sat there, head in his hands; and, all at once it seemed so odd, she must laugh. A door in one wall and no other whole walls or roof, and Brad, blasted chair and all onto the porch. She knew she laughed because the laughter hurt her chest, but there was no sound. No sound at all—except a strange deaf ringing in the ears like a bell tolling far away, clapper muffled in cheesecloth.

Her father tugged at her arm, pointed toward the porch. She staggered outside, gulping air; and then she saw her mother at the foot of the stairs. The scream ripped in her throat, but she could not tell when it came out. She stooped down and her mother's eyes rolled weakly upward. Tears coursed in white channels through the soot on her cheeks.

She is alive, Evelyn thought, and the thought was a miracle. Glass stuck in sharp reddening spears along her mother's arms and

legs, in her throat and face—tiny needles of glass in a human pincushion. She plucked at a sliver with her fingernails. Her mother's head shook once, slowly, and Evelyn realized the glass must remain or the skin, like a sieve, would release the life's blood.

Brad and her father arrived, carrying a rug. They laid it beside her mother and began moving her, gently, into its folds. Her mother's eyes focused on Evelyn, a question in them.

"I'm all right." Evelyn formed the words with her lips. And, as she spoke into the smoke-filled night, she knew she had spoken the truth. Strength poured into her. On steady feet, she ran to the kitchen, found a pan and filled it with water. Back and forth she went, from kitchen faucet to coals eating the floor, until the fire was drenched.

Still moving in new assurance, she rushed to the porch. Her father and Brad had started across the yard, but she had time. Behind her strength, now, inspiring it, she felt anger such as she had never known before. Hard anger, with a knot in it. She longed for Poole to walk from the shadows. She could move toward him, unafraid. Kill him with her own hands, smother the life from his pudgy body.

She ran to the back of the house. Yes, here at the foundations he had placed the dynamite. A piece of scorched paper blew across the yard and she caught it. Red, shiny red in the moonlight. The store clerk would remember selling red-jacket dynamite to Poole. But was that enough? When she re-entered the courtroom, no doubt must remain. Evidence must convict Poole.

Headlights cut around in a wide swath. The beam lit a shape near the fence and Evelyn caught her breath, then stumbled across soft earth. Poole, head twisted to the side, lay where he had fallen. Around a fence bar, broken reins hung in a loop, witness to his miscalculation: a dynamite charge and a skittish horse.

She watched him uncertainly. His chest heaved on a breath but he did not rouse. So easy, get his gun, shoot. But, there on the ground, unconscious, Poole was only a fat little man whom

she neither feared nor hated. Insane violence had brought him here at last, at her feet, dependent upon her mercy.

The headlights swerved again. She could not stand still, wondering what to do. She took a hesitant step away and her feet sank into loose earth. She glanced about. Poole, too, must have left a trail. Stooping, she began to untie the laces of one shoe. The laces tangled but then she had them free, his shoe pulled off. He stirred. Evelyn raced for the car, shoe clasped to her chest.

They had laid her mother in the back seat and Evelyn huddled on the floor beside her. She felt quiet, triumphant. Somehow, she knew her mother would live and Poole would be punished for this suffering. He could not escape; the shoe promised that. Even if he regained consciousness before the sheriff came, he must flee like a hobbled horse across the plain. Wherever he sought sanctuary, fear would hover outside dark windows.

Her mother's lips moved in the starlight and Evelyn leaned down. "Everything's fine," she whispered, although no one could hear. But a faint smile came upon her mother's lips. And Evelyn held her mother in her arms; and all the way to the hospital, when they hit the ruts, she guarded her mother's body against the pain.

MAKERS OF FICTION

With this issue, *The Spectator* inaugurates a series of self-examinations by some of the most skillful contemporary practitioners of the short story. Or rather, each of these writers selects a story of his own, one whose origins and development are clear to himself, and unravels its fabric down to the lint of which it is composed.

Though Henry James set a pattern for self-examination by novelists, and though there has in recent years been extensive critical analysis of short stories, there has been singularly little inclination to go for information on how short stories are made to the people who make them, and to ask questions not in the general and the abstract but in the particular and concrete. It is impossible to generalize sensibly on the writing of short stories. Every short story is a unique task; the carry-over from one story to another, from teacher to pupil, master to apprentice, is often precious little, and the patient method of trial and error is the method of most writers all the time, and all writers on occasion. That is why any-

one wanting to learn what can be learned from others about the practice of this art had better go to the practitioners and observe them as they struggle with the incorrigibly special problems of a single story.

It seems to the editors of *The Spectator* that the series gets off to a brilliant start in the essays of Miss West and Mr. Clark. It seems to them further that though there is a special value for students of writing in these essays, there is an equal, though different, value for those who want simply to read better and understand better and extract the fullest nourishment from contemporary fiction. Obviously the essays should, when possible, be read in conjunction with the stories they analyze. Miss West's story, "Horace Chooney, M.D.," was published in *Mademoiselle*, February 1948; Mr. Clark's, published first in *Yale Review*, has been reprinted in *Yale Review Anthology*, *The Best American Short Stories*, and the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*, all for 1942.

THE GHOST OF AN APPREHENSION

Walter Van Tilburg Clark

IT BEING THE DECLARED PURPOSE of this series to offer examples of the writing process rather than critical appraisals, I have chosen to expose myself by way of a little piece called "The Portable Phonograph," first because it was more than ordinarily conscious in its inception, and so may be reconsidered with a minimum of discovery after the fact, and secondly because it is readily accessible in full should the reader wish to apply the comment more specifically than a synopsis will allow.

Since the story took shape in my mind somewhat as a play might, the intention producing the scene, the scene and the intention selecting the cast, and all three, by means of certain guiding principles which developed with them, dictating the action, and since this approach has occurred often with me, in novels as well as in stories, it will help both to shape the discussion to follow and in a measure to widen its application, if we put the synopsis itself into something like dramatic form. To brief the brief, then (the story is only seven pages long):

THE SCENE. Interior of a dugout above a creek thinly lined with alders.

A small, smoky, peat fire in the center. In one wall a niche containing a few battered cooking utensils. In the opposite wall an earth bunk with two old Army blankets on it. Above the entrance, a rolled canvas, which is the door. Outside (the backdrop, so to speak) a desolate prairie, pitted by craters and grooved by the frozen ruts of huge wheels and caterpillar treads. Here and there a remnant of highway pavement, a spidery entanglement of barbed wire, and, in the depressions, a few small, shadowy trees. On the far horizon, a red sunset with bars of black cloud across it. Overhead, changing clouds gliding rapidly south before a high, booming wind. A single wedge of wild geese passes over, going southward more swiftly than the clouds and conversing faintly among themselves. A prairie wolf yaps

in the distance. There is no other sound or motion. The air near the ground is still and full of the cold promise of winter.

THE CAST. Four men, all dirty, ragged, and bearded: Dr. Jenkins, a former professor and the host, and three visitors: a powerful, sardonic man, once a writer; a polite, conciliatory soul, whose past is not revealed; and a very thin, nervous young man with a bad cough, who has been a musician. The writer and the conciliatory soul have evidently been here before, though not often, but the musician is making his first call.

THE ACTION. Dr. Jenkins has just finished reading *The Tempest* aloud, and while he wraps up his library, Shakespeare, the Bible, *The Divine Comedy*, and *Moby Dick*, is discussing with the writer and the anonymous one, the present, and possibly future, worth of the books. When he has put the books into the niche with the pots, there is a brief, coercive silence, after which he reluctantly produces an old portable phonograph and twelve records. They may hear one record; one record, once a week, is his rule. He reads the titles. A Gershwin named by the writer is rejected as too sharp a reminder. The musician is given the choice, and after hearing the titles again, and complaining that there are parts he can't remember, he selects a Debussy Nocturne. Dr. Jenkins, in a sudden, penitent gesture, takes out one of his three remaining steel needles, though he has been using thorns himself. The visitors rise to their knees in a reverent semicircle to watch him insert the needle and set the record on. At the first note of the piano, however, the musician shrinks back against the wall, where he struggles silently against his cough and the agony of hearing music again.

When the record is finished, the visitors rise. The musician is the last to rise, but then he goes out at once, without a word. The other two leave more slowly and formally. Dr. Jenkins lingers in the doorway, peering down into the dusk and listening. At last, just as a cloud erases one of four visible stars, he hears a faint cough from down among the alders. He lowers the canvas and pegs it down, and puts the phonograph and records, and then the books too, into a hole above the bunk and seals them in. After changing his blankets around so that he will lie facing the door, and putting more fuel on the fire, he stands watching the canvas again. Still only the wind, which has at last come down to earth, moves it. He prays and gets under his blankets, where, "On the inside of the bed, next the wall, he could feel, with his hand, the comfortable piece of lead pipe."

Even so brief a retelling, when we remember that the story first appeared in the fall of 1941, suggests fully enough all we need to know about the apprehension which was the source of the idea. It also brings us at once to the crux of the writing problem, for it was just the very universality of that apprehension which placed the severest strictures upon the design of the story, and so compelled me, in the first stage, to formulate the guiding principles already mentioned.

Clearly I could justify the use of such a theme only by bringing that universal apprehension into sharp focus, by so heightening the reader's reaction to what he already knew and feared as to make the vaguely possible into the concretely probable. Gradually it became evident that the means to such a concentration and heightening must be three. First, if I were to avoid the flavor of Wellsian prophecy, the great apprehension itself must be touched upon lightly and indirectly, must be little more than a taken-for-granted backdrop. Secondly, the incident played against that backdrop, and the characters engaged in it, had to be highly credible, not in terms of their situation, but in terms of an everyday American life. In short, it didn't seem to me that the desired tone could be achieved in the key of either the incident or the scene alone, but that it must arise out of the dissonant juxtaposition of the two. And finally, the manner of the story had to convey the same contrast, had to be fiddle light on the surface and bass viol deep beneath, which is to say, it had to be satirical. One cannot afford to speak seriously of the end of the world. All of these necessities, the minor and credible activity, presented against a background of doom, in a manner calculated to sustain the dissonance, added up, of course, to a very short story. One does not strain a joke about the end of the world, either.

I didn't, naturally, start with a notion of saying something about the finality of modern war, and out of that melancholy fog evolve a set of rules, and out of them a story. The process was not that orderly. First, I just began to write. I can't remember exactly what set me off. Probably it was some intensifying item of the day's news, stirring me when I had time to sit and brood on

it until I had to get rid of the emotion it built up, and the first, suggestive images began to appear. Almost always, whatever may have been working up to it in my mind, recognized and unrecognized, it is some image suddenly coming alive and suggesting more to follow, or to precede, that makes me reach for a pencil. In this case it was the prairie, the vast, desolated backdrop of the dugout, which first appeared, accompanied by a feeling that such a scene implied in itself all that one could afford to say directly about a final war. In short, the critical process began with the creative, and by the time I had completed the introductory description (a slow procedure, involving much cutting, rewriting, and rearranging) the controlling principles, more or less as I have stated them, were already in full operation, the cast had appeared and been approved, and the incident had arisen out of their gathering. The story was finished, except for putting it down, which meant little more than keeping an ear open for that desirable dissonance.

The prairie first appeared blackened by old fires, full of shell craters, deeply scored everywhere by the tracks of enormous tank battles and the vestiges of hopeless entrenchment, and devoid of all present signs of human life. There were no houses, or even shells of houses, no barns, no windmills, no fences, no recognizable fields or even stubs of groves or orchards. It was bare as the moon. It suggested a warfare of almost cosmic proportions (since Hiroshima, we can delete the "almost") which was what I wanted, and it suggested also, that a good deal of time had passed since the battle. That hint of time softening the edges of all detail, but unable to restore anything, made the destruction even more final, and sufficiently indicated, it seemed to me, that the survivors necessary to the story must be so few, and so far set back, as to be without hope or use. But then I saw that the mooniness was too complete, and could just as well mean a region that had always been desert as it could the ruin of a productive region. Yet it seemed wrong to name the place, and I still didn't want any skeletons of building against the sky. I preferred that tundralike emptiness stretching away to the western horizon. (I was looking west, perhaps because Americans have that habit, perhaps because the war

we most dreaded was raging in Europe, and so, in the story time, would have gone across America westward, but probably just because the scene had first appeared in an end-of-day light, and one would naturally be looking toward the sunset.) So there appeared the broken remnants of a highway as unobtrusive tokens of the past. Clearer signs of time elapsed since the fighting were also needed, yet signs which would not too much relieve the sterility of the earth, so there grew up the sparse lines of willows and alders in the trenches and creek beds, and the stunted, new trees in the craters.

Sometime during this first viewing, though I avoided the narrowing effect of a name (the nature of the land, and the fact that the four men were unquestionably American, seemed enough in the way of location) the region became definitely the American Middle West, because it spread the devastation over the whole world to show the heart of the most isolated major power swept over, and the grain lands gone in a warfare which concentrated on cities. It made the place not only a field of the final war, but the final field as well.

Late autumn became the necessary time of year, the last season before the complete death and the somehow healing secrecy of winter, just as sunset, the last hour of vision before the secrecy of night, was the proper time of day. To begin with, the sky had been cloudless, the sunset one of those infinitely penetrable, green-gold fadings that come with cold, but now such a horizon seemed too peaceful, and even suggestive of hope. There had to be some motion in that inert landscape, some threat in the sky. So the clouds formed, moving in a wintry wind, and the sunset turned red, and then, although that came as an afterthought, in part because the professor had to hear that last faint cough down in the alders, the unmoving lower air settled in. The chief intent was that the dissonance of the two regions of air should furnish a physical lead into the moral dissonance of the action, and also that it should reinforce the threat of the black clouds across the sunset, suggest apprehension by ear and skin as well as by eye. Finally, for by now the story was fully in view, some touch of conscious

life was needed, by which to move from the backdrop into the play. Hence, as also maintaining the mood, the far-off yapping of the wolf, unheard in those parts for generations, and the brief, almost invisible passage of the geese, unconcerned with the land except as a distance to get over.

The action of the story, prepared all during the arranging and rearranging of this backdrop, moved forward so swiftly, almost automatically, in its details, as to be now largely beyond recall. I do remember the vital factors of the preparation, however. I remember that the cast first appeared to me as three in number, the three who became the professor, the writer, and the musician; that they were all men because even one woman might imply a future; and that they became men of highly mental pasts because that rendered them more nearly helpless, increased their recession, and made it more likely that they would retain the necessary surface of polite conduct. I remember also that the three men first came together in the open, around a wood fire down by the creek, but that somehow nothing would happen among them there. The size and finality of the setting shrank them and paralyzed them with futility. I could not even seem to discover any reason for their bothering to get together, save an animal loneliness which had no dramatic potential except through a much longer development than I could afford. When at last it became clear that it was the scene which rendered them so unusable, the dugout, as in keeping with the tank tracks and the barbed wire, appeared in the bank behind me, and we moved into it. That was all it took. The men not only came alive, but swelled to more than life-size, filling the little cave enormously, assuming the importance for me that they had for each other, and setting the lifeless prairie away into its proper backdrop perspective. The vestigial touches of home-making effort became possible: the few and battered utensils, kept in a niche, like a saint; the peat fire and the earthen bunk, hinting of a nearly woodless world; the Army blankets and the canvas. Also, the home made necessary the host, and the professor, as likely to be the most provident and the most chairmanly, at once assumed that role, and with it his manner and his more numerous

years. Indeed it was only then that he certainly became a professor, a kind of epitome of civilized man in his most familiar form, suggesting thereby a great deal through his mere presence in a cave.

When the fragments of possible conversation among the three men, the professor, the writer, and a third who was for a time alternately a painter and a musician, began to occur in the midst of the backdrop details, I shortly felt the need of a fourth man, not only because I sensed that the musician-painter was going to be nearly inarticulate, and, for the sake of variety and interplay, three speakers were preferable to two, but also because the trio was a bit too patly symbolic, and so likely to resist the individualization without which they couldn't convince. (The writer was first seen as a sculptor—which has something to do with the physical characteristics he retained—but changed his profession, partly for the same reason, to break up the rigid one-two-three alignment by drawing nearer to the professor's interests, making a one-two grouping, and partly because it better suited the intent of the tale that he should be thwarted by an absence of that so-common commodity, paper. Of clay there would still be aplenty.) So the fourth man joined the group, the man with the unknown past, the representative of the great, departed audience whose need had produced the specialists. He was a real help, for not only did he relieve the stiffness of the allegory, but he also furnished a contrasting attitude, a second psychological level, being a trifle deferential in the presence of the more specific abilities of the others, but also more resigned because his individual needs were less acute. He was, in short, different in kind, whereas the other three, all upon one level of bolder individuality, were different only in particulars: the harsh cynicism of the frustrated writer; the advanced tuberculosis which makes time so important to the musician; the grave, reluctant, orderly air of the professor. Furthermore, I believed that I had found in him another sufficiently concealed means to irony, for his deference was, of course, wholly pointless in that place and time, a mere hang-over from an irrecoverable social pattern, and yet it was just that trace of deference, that touch

of the conciliatory, that held together, by its remnant of drawing-room conduct, a group that otherwise would almost certainly have broken into an undesirable violence.

Once we were in the dugout, and the anonymous fourth had entered, there seemed to be only one thing lacking, that precipitating agent which would settle the whole narrative out in visible form, the reason for the gathering. I cannot remember how many reasons I fleetingly considered off the top of my mind while I completed the backdrop and caught unusable but suggestive glimpses of the civilized pasts of the men. (The professor, for instance, had taught English in a Midwestern college, specializing in Victorian Literature, but had a wide range of interests beyond that. He had lived in a small, white, frame house, with vines on the front porch, and a dark, somewhat stuffy study in it, with heavy rugs, too much furniture, and the walls lined with books, mostly old and worn, but here and there in bright, new bindings or dust jackets. He had two children, but both were grown and away from home, and he was rather lonely, because he had retired just a couple of years before the war, and his wife, a plump, bespectacled woman, although a fine mother and housekeeper, did not share any of his intellectual interests.) I remember very clearly, however, that the happiest moment of the whole preliminary came with the discovery of the portable phonograph. Beyond question it was the very object, the key symbol, for which I'd been hunting ever since my first dusky glimpse of the prairie. It was portable, which was important. It would seem valuable enough to such a man as the professor, to be worth carrying off in a crisis. It was a universally familiar object, and so would derive its dramatic virtue entirely from its present rarity. In its combined material inconsequence—for certainly it was one of the lesser gadgets of our abundantly gadgeted civilization—and spiritual consequence, as the only remaining vehicle of perhaps the highest achievement of mind and emotion of that same civilization, it became the very centerpiece of the desired dissonance, the touchstone for action and language. The title arrived with it, of course. In its presence, the relationships of the cast were rapidly established. It

became evident that the small, suppressed element of conflict that was needed must spring from it and from the music it produced. As a result, the musician at once assumed the brief future that would make him desperate, and became certainly a musician rather than a painter, and also the newcomer, the stranger in the group, the man in whom the restraint of association would play the smallest part and the hunger for music the greatest. At once, also, the professor, as the owner of the treasure, became the antagonist. To all intents the story was complete.

There remained only to discover a valid and contributory means of prolonging, though backwards, into the hours before the tale opens, a meeting which would otherwise be incredibly brief, and which could not, obviously, be extended by eating and drinking. Books were beyond question the means, and certainly, in this context, the reasons for selecting the four the professor had brought with him are equally clear, at least by the time the writer has spoken of *Moby Dick* as something they can all understand now (he might usefully have dropped a word about Ishmael's coffin-boat) and added that Shelley had too much soul, and was "no earthly good." Nor is there any mystery about his selecting *The Tempest* for the reading, once we realize that Caliban and Ariel are at it again over the portable phonograph. The act of reading and the reverence accorded the books serve also as a kind of induction to the high sacrament of the music, in which the professor becomes the priest of a doomed faith and the visitors literally assume kneeling positions around the phonograph.

It is intended that the conclusion should leave with the reader a sense of unity, of the opening dissonance resolved, though not into peace, but rather by means, gently, gently, of almost entirely reducing the professor to the cave man, blending him, as it were, into the terrible landscape. As he stands suspiciously in the doorway, after the guests have departed, he sees, at the very instant he hears the coughing down in the alders, one of four bright stars suddenly hidden by a cloud. It is a sufficient sign to the primitive credulity revived in him, and indirectly, we hope, in the reader. Then also, as he stands watching the canvas he has pegged down,

it is moved by "the first gusts of a lowering wind." The opening dissonance between the wuthering upper air and the still ground air is also resolved, and again, as in the case of the human dissonance, by suggesting an end, by bringing winter to the door. Yet, in the last line, as the professor lies on the earth bench, facing the billowing canvas, "On the inside of the bed, next the wall, he could feel with his hand, the comfortable piece of lead pipe." His weapon still comes from that lost world of gadgets. He cannot bring even violence to the level of the new—the very old—world in which he now lives. And of course futility, in any but the meanest and most temporary sense, attends the defense for which he is prepared.

It seemed to me that sentence plucked the proper closing note, one that might linger for a time with a tenuous but moving reminder of the whole intention. If so, it was so, happily, by means of the very last phrase, and particularly by means of the one word "comfortable." Nothing in the phrase was considered, not "comfortable" any more than the rest, but even as it came, that "comfortable" tickled me, not so much because of its immediate implication, in which the paradox was clear enough, as for some more remote, redoubling connotation which I could not, at the moment, catch hold of. Then, a few seconds after I had poked home the final period, it came to me. I had done a bit of lucky thieving from Bill of Avon. (Perhaps the professor's volume of Shakespeare had put it out handy for the borrowing.) Remember how Juliet, waking in the tomb, and not yet aware that Romeo is dead, murmurs drowsily to the gentle Friar Lawrence, "Oh, comfortable Friar—"? Oh, poor professor, with only his lead pipe. And I was sure that at least the ghost of that old, warm, trusting "comfortable" would lurk to trouble the reader as it had troubled me. Nor could I feel, considering the grim little twist I had given it, that Bill would begrudge me his word. After all, he was no mean shakes of a borrower himself.

THE STORY OF A STORY

Jessamyn West

IF A PAINTER were to paint a picture entitled, "The Painting of a Painting" or a composer give us a prelude entitled, "How I Composed My Quintet in C Major for Strings," we should find it odd. Yet in a sense this is what the writer does when he tells the story of a story: he explains, or attempts to explain, the making of an object by using the materials from which the object was originally composed.

This analogy, like most analogies, is false; but like most analogies it is also suggestive. The "Painting of a Painting," while a possibility, is not a very likely one. The painter, like the writer, will if he feels called upon to explain his work (though this supererogatory taint is for the most part confined to writers) use words. And by so doing he escapes, because he changes his medium, any expectation that he will present in one rich concentrated lump whatever virtues were inherent originally in paint and on canvas (no one will expect him to lay bare his vices). The writer, because he does not make this shift, does not always escape this expectation. The story of a story, the hope seems to be, will reveal the heart of the matter, remove it naked and still palpitating from the obscuring rib cage of formal narration. The hope seems to be that the hand that set the heart to ticking in the first place can surely expose the mechanism that does the job. Perhaps, if it is a mechanism; otherwise the heart laid bare by its owner's hand is of all hearts the one least likely to continue any lifelike motion.

This is not to say that the story of a story may not be more entertaining than the original fabrication. The story of a story will tell of a writer and his activities. And since the writer may (it is possible) be more likable than his characters and writing an activity more agreeable than any in which they are involved, the second narrative may find fewer dissatisfied readers than the first:

fewer who will say "morbid" or "unhealthy" or "unmotivated," as they did of poor Horace Chooney.

I have chosen to write of Dr. Chooney, not because the story is a favorite of mine but because it has, in addition to a remembered and even a recorded history, a considerable basis in the external world. All stories do, in a certain sense, have this basis since they deal with beings more or less recognizably human and an earth more or less emphatically earthy. But I am able to identify no more than two or three of my stories with any events reported or persons described to me; and Dr. Chooney is one of these stories. It arose from suggestions, the time and place of which I recall. It began, as many stories do, as another story entirely: it made its first appearance as item three on a list of seven, the entire list being: (1) The Tuberoses in Homer's Hand, (2) Lidy de Spain, (3) The Doctor's House on the Hillside, (4) She Killed the Gandar, (5) Angels Pray Looking Downward, (6) Snake in the Oil Pit, (7) Hawaiian Music at the Store Opening. Ordinarily I never make more extensive notes than these for a story; but Dr. Chooney, because his story shifted about a bit, received a few more and for this reason too I choose to write of it.

I remember very well the occasion of this first notation. I had come home from a wearisome drive: the day had been hot, the pace laggard, and the conversation dull. But I had reaped on that trip the harvest of a quiet eye. The eye, while I did my duty by the conversation, was leading its own life: it had noted, set in one of the loops of our climbing road, a house: large, isolated; pretentious yet ramshackle; new, yet already giving a sense of decay. An overly rustic sign by the edge of the highway bore the words: "Waldo Thorsen, M.D., Physio-Therapy—Internal Baths." The trip continued at its slow and dusty pace; the conversation duplicated it; other houses and other signs succeeded Dr. Thorsen's. Yet when I was again at home only Dr. Thorsen's haunted, for such was the impression it made upon me, down-at-the-heels mansion remained in my mind. What patients could a doctor expect to find in that remote and backwoods neighborhood? Why was he advertising his services on a roadside sign like a shaving cream or

a soft drink? Why had he come here in the first place? Was he a semi-invalid in need of country air and a limited practice? Or was his wife the invalid? Or was she perhaps of unsound mind? (Shades of *Jane Eyre* here.) I didn't know. I only knew that I had seen a house about which I wanted to know more; and when I next made a list (most of the items drawn from a still longer list) of stories I hoped to get at soon, "the doctor's house on the hillside" was on it; though there was as yet no story to tell about that doctor or his house.

In another six months the doctor had a name: the seventh item in a list of twelve was, "Dr. Fox and Multiflora." The man who lived in the house on the hillside was now Dr. Fox, his daughter, Multiflora. And disregarding his sign, Dr. Fox had become a dentist. Why, I do not know. Unless since dentistry had always seemed to me the most mysterious of professions a dentist struck me as the logical tenant for a mysterious house. The installation of a dentist in that house was, I am now sure, no more than an attempt to answer a question that has often posed itself to me: Why do human beings become dentists? Imaginatively we all try ourselves out in various roles: taxi drivers, priests, prostitutes, murderers. But I could never imagine the circumstances under which I might have become a dentist. I do not say this jocosely but believe all creative work is (among other things) a reflection of the artist's insatiable desire to peel off as many as possible of the concentric rings which obscure him from himself, hide his own personality. They lie about his feet finally, these successive rings, in the form of his sonatas and sonnets, his quintets and murals. And there is no egotism, as we ordinarily understand the word, in this process; for the artist in his search for his own identity assumes in turn the identities of as many of his fellow men as the breadth of his genius permits. In his search for himself he discovers us. We see ourselves permanently revealed in his passing postures. This search is dangerous for short-story writing only when it threatens to distort arbitrarily the organic development of the narrative, to attach to it a disfiguring cyst filled with the writer's own specific (but fictionally unimportant) juices.

A dentist did not belong in that house on the hillside; certainly no dentist I was capable of imagining for my blind spot concerning the profession made me see Dr. Fox as an amiable crackpot. And while crackpots are the dearly beloveds of writers—not only can they assume the writer's own cherished eccentricities (for which the home circle often evidences so little stomach) but far more important they provide by their very cracks opportunities for the circulation of those transcendent airs, with which the artist so intensely desires to ventilate his work, and to which the better built pots are impervious. But for all of his cracks, Dr. Fox was a good man and could not, for this reason if no other, live in the house by the side of the road and be an enemy of man. For one fact had now emerged: the doctor (if he was a doctor) who lived in that house was evil.

What of Dr. Fox's daughter, Multiflora? She could not live there either since she lived with her father; but she had, I felt, some connection with it. There is, following the first appearance of her name in my notebook, this note: "She had no one to wave to." A little later Multiflora, now, I am happy to say, become Flora, is thus described: "Eager to see life, see into it, see what it was, and none being there or at least not apparent, nothing to watch, she had then to create her own diversion, be actor and audience, no other lives transparent enough. But when she acted, alas, no transparency there, either. Condemned then to the double role forever?" This I must admit does not strike me as being a particularly transparent note; but in it Flora Chester had her clouded beginning and there cloudily she remained for some time.

So the story of Dr. Chooney, though Chooney himself did not yet exist, was at a standstill. It consisted of one house in which no one lived and two people who lived nowhere and had nothing to do. At this point I asked myself, in so many words, two questions: First, "Who lived in that house?" and second, "How was it connected with the Foxes?"

I think the asking of such questions an important part of story writing. If the question is asked, quietly and often, the answer is forthcoming. There is a self beneath the surface who knows all

the answers—to the right questions. One must be careful only to ask the right question, to ask it in a low voice, and to wait. And of course to recognize the answer when it comes.

I didn't, not consciously. Six months went by before I received it, and because it seemed to me at the time to be only one more installment in the life history of my housekeeper, I did not associate it in any way with the house on the hillside. But because unconsciously I realized that I had received my answer I did an unusual thing—I set the entire installment down in the journal I was keeping at that time. This is what I wrote there. "Mrs. Sealy told me some more about herself this afternoon. She'd said: 'There was a black-eyed doctor where I lived back East. He had coal black hair and the blackest eyes. I had been feeling nervous and run down for quite a spell so I went to see him. He said, "You have consumption." "Oh no, doctor," I told him, "I am far too plump for consumption." "Look at this," he said. And he brought out the picture of a beautiful plump girl. Then he brought out another picture of the same girl. "Look well at this," he said. The girl was now very wasted and faded. After I had stared at that picture for awhile he brought out another. He held it before me without saying a word. The girl was dead now, lying in her coffin, thin as a rail. The camera must've been put right in her face. Then he lined up the three pictures. "You see what happened to *her*," he said and his black eyes bored into me.'"

Mrs. Sealy said no more and after awhile I asked, "What happened then? *Did* you have consumption?"

"Oh no," she answered recalling herself (from thought of those black eyes, I supposed), "I went up to Mayo Brothers and they found I had a little stomach trouble, but nothing much. They put me on a rice diet and it disappeared in no time."

Later, how much later I do not know, it came to me that one of my questions at least had been answered. I had a resident for my house. The black-eyed doctor lived there. And he had with him his three pictures. Mayo Brothers, the rice diet, my good housekeeper herself, were discarded without a thought. They belonged to what James calls, "clumsy Life at her stupid work." This is

the nearest "clumsy Life" has ever come to furnishing me materials ready made. And this is near enough, for "the minimum of valid suggestion," as James is so often quoted as saying, "serves the man of imagination better than the maximum." Those well-rounded stories which a writer's friends are always smoothing up for him are all too well rounded. His mind can find no roughness in them to cling to; it slips off. The imagination crystallizes much more easily about those small angular fragments which give only a hint of the larger whole from which they have been chipped. About the fragment now known as Chooney my imagination began quickly to work. He was an evil man. Why? There is nothing intrinsically evil about black eyes (and as Chooney, the doctor lost his black eyes, anyway) nor about the improper diagnosis of a persistent indigestion (otherwise the clinics would be filled with evil men) nor about the use of photograph to induce a prospective client to buy your product (a consumption cure, I should guess, in Mrs. Sealy's case). But Chooney *was* evil. Why? For one thing the house demanded it. For another, I perhaps demanded it—a part of my personality felt neglected perhaps in the series of stories about good Quakers with which I had been busy. But most important of all Flora Chester—she was now Chester—demanded that Chooney be evil. She had that particular scent, the scent of the victim, which will unfailingly seek out and draw to it the predatory; will even stir up the predatory in the constitutionally benign. (Chooney however needed no stirring up.)

Thus both my questions were answered. Who lived in the house? Chooney. What was the meaning of the house for Flora Chester? Chooney, again, but particularly, the evil of Chooney. So Chooney was evil. But how? And why? And what was the connection between that evil and the three pictures in his possession? In that interior dialogue which is constant with a writer the questions now being asked were: Why was Chooney evil? How was Chooney evil? (And of this monologue of the writer V. S. Pritchett says, "When the inner history of any writer's mind is written, whatever his degree, we find, I believe, that there is a break at some point in his life. At some point he splits off from

the people who surround him and he discovers the necessity of talking to himself and not to them. A monologue begins.”)

The monologue which had begun with Chooney as its subject continued for some time. The answer to the question which I had asked myself, “Why was Chooney evil?” is reflected in the original first line of the story. “To himself, Dr. Chooney did not seem very real.” The seeds of Dr. Chooney’s evil (whatever it was) lay in his desire to excite, even to inflame, his own awareness of himself. And this it appeared, and appears to me, to be in itself a considerable evil; certainly contrary to everything taught by the Christian ethic. That, then, was the motive. What was its expression? The clue, I felt, lay in those pictures. Those pictures, I asked myself—was there a shred of evidence for accepting the doctor’s *own* account of them? For believing that they pictured a decline which he had attempted to arrest, rather than one he had induced? Certainly not! And now, I knew not only the cause of Chooney’s “badness,” but the form it took. He was the man responsible for one girl’s destruction and, at the minute we see him in the story, succumbing to the temptation (always latent) to destroy another.

Nothing now remained to be done—except the writing of the story. Chooney had waited three years for his moment, three years during which many other stories had been written. The writing of the story itself would take a week—or a month.

As I began to write the story I saw that Chooney would be required by the compulsions of his psychosis to show the picture of his first—or I had better say his previous—victim to his intended victim. Only thus would his o’erweening desire “to be real to himself” encounter a sensation strong enough to effect this momentary incarnation. It is a fairy tale in reverse: In the fairy tale the prince disguised as a toad is, by the kiss of the maiden, restored to his true form. Chooney wants to travel in the opposite direction since his true form is inhuman. And there will be no kissing.

This moment, the moment Chooney shows the pictures to Miss Chester, should, I believed, be the emotional high point of the

story; the moment when Chooney consciously duplicating by his own planning the ironic character of life itself gives his intended victim a prevue of her own destruction which she mistakenly reads as a guaranty of her salvation. At that moment Chooney permits the bull's horn to pass very close to his body. It is the moment of his triumph. At that moment he is "real to himself," and all that follows will be in a sense anticlimactic. The story fails at this point if some of this is not apparent to the reader—it fails, also, if all of it is apparent to him. He should suspect only enough not to be surprised when Mrs. Chooney makes her discovery. The reader at that point should merely have suspicions, already aroused, confirmed; he should say, "I thought so!" not "Well I be ——!" And certainly not, "I don't believe it." Such at least were the effects I strove for in the writing of the story.

What, I have been asked, did Chooney actually do? The answer to that is, "exactly whatever you consider the greatest wrong possible for a middle-aged man to—shall I say—visit upon a young woman—even to the point of her death." Is simple murder—if murder can ever be so designated, and I think it can—the answer to that question? It may be your answer. But I did not want to underestimate the imaginations of my readers, to circumscribe *their* ideas of evil with some paltry invention of my own. The story, I was convinced, should not attempt this answer lest an "imputed wrongdoing of considerable size be made to shrink to the compass of some particular brutality, some particular immorality, some particular infamy." Like James from whom the above and what follows is quoted, I felt, "my bad things . . . should succumb to this danger if they shouldn't seem sufficiently bad."

All hinged, I felt, upon an acceptance of Chooney's past and intended evil as sufficiently evil; and my work was, I thought, as James says, to "make the reader think the evil, make him think it for himself," and in that way release myself from "weak specifications." Whether I succeeded or not I do not know, but I was proceeding, I am certain, upon the right principle.

Dr. Chooney, when I had done for the story what I could, went to my agent Henry Volkening, a man of great good judgment.

Mr. Volkening was not much taken with Dr. Chooney. "We ['we' is Mr. Volkening making his partner, Diaramuid Russell, assume some of the responsibility for an adverse opinion] feel 'Three Pictures' [the story's name at this juncture] fails of success for two main reasons: (1) The effect, intending to be that of horror, is much more merely one of disgust, which somehow vitiates the horror and without horror it doesn't, we think, quite come off. (2) We're not really clear on why Chooney behaves this way. Even though he is apparently a homicidal maniac, the connection between that and his priggish self-preoccupation is not made plain." And, Mr. Volkening added dourly and on his own responsibility, "You should be warned that there are damned few magazines that go for this *kind* of story. Even," I thought I heard Mr. Volkening mutter under his breath, "when they are (1) not disgusting and (2) clearly motivated."

Since I respect Mr. Volkening's judgments—as well as judgment—I told him I would think about the story some more. I certainly agreed with him that if the effect induced was disgust, not horror, the story failed. In the story, as it had gone to Mr. Volkening, were two paragraphs describing Chooney's approval of what he sees in his mirror as he dresses. These paragraphs reflected "the priggish preoccupation" of which Mr. Volkening complained; they probably accounted for some of his disgust; they certainly caused the narrative flow of the story to stand stagnant for three quarters of a page while Chooney preened. I took them out. But I could not agree with Mr. Volkening that Chooney's crime was not motivated, nor that that motivation was not made clear.

Chooney's motive was, to my mind, suggested innumerable times throughout the story: beginning with the first paragraph when he watches, with pleasure, a woodpecker eat its "surprised" breakfast; and progressing through his dismay at his "faded responsiveness," his comparison of himself to a natural force unconcerned with its destructiveness so long as the destruction provided it with a means of testing its own power, and culminating in his feeling, at the close of the story, that the tiger outline was

once more beginning to assume, beneath his own well-washed sides, its fearful symmetry. Chooney was schizoid, split; only by violence, by the abnormal, or criminal, could he induce that psychic shock which would, for a short time, exert enough power to close the wound, make him whole, "real to himself."

He had experienced at least once before, we are told, this "amazing richness and intensification," this "constellation of interests," which made him real to himself. Now, longing with all of his being to experience once again this period of tumescent reality, he sees in Miss Flora Chester the means of satisfying his longing. Chooney's crime was *not* motivated in the ordinary sense: neither avarice nor revenge, nor passion unrequited—if we except Chooney's great, lifelong unrequited passion for himself—drove him to it. On the other hand, I do not feel that Chooney's case is an isolated one in the modern world—the split is there, though some have learned to endure it quietly, while others take other means than Chooney's of becoming "real to themselves." So, I did no more to make Chooney's motivation clear. Perhaps I was wrong in this.

I returned the story to Mr. Volkening as it was, except for the removal of the two priggish paragraphs. Mr. Volkening wrote, "I still feel that the story's perhaps fatal fault is that the motive is unclear." He closed his letter by saying, "Well, we shall see if somewhere there is an editor who doesn't mind murders [Mr. Volkening here 'thinks' the evil for *himself* and it is murder] without clear motive."

Mr. Volkening found one right off at *Mademoiselle*; a home, I couldn't help thinking, Dr. Chooney would appreciate.

A LAWYER RATIONALIZES HIS JOB

Russell E. Smith

I AM A LAWYER, not a criminal lawyer, not a corporation lawyer, not a specialist of any kind, but the sort of a lawyer to whom any resident of a small city in the United States might go if he were buying land, wanted a will drawn, was having trouble with his wife or a boundary dispute with his neighbor. The things that I say would probably not be said by a lawyer in a New York law factory, by a career man in a government office, or by a legal eagle who works for the Hollywood trade and competes with his clients for the front page.

As a lawyer I have successively pictured myself as a knight in shining armor, an economic parasite, and a small can of lubricating oil. It took some time and some rationalization to reach the latter comfortable classification. What follows is a brief summary of the process.

I decided to be a lawyer when I was in high school and discovered that I had a reasonably glib tongue, thinking that practicing law was largely a matter of making impassioned speeches in front of a jury. I pictured myself in crowded courtrooms, defending the poor, protecting the innocent, and acting as the all-round champion of justice. I didn't know what justice was but I placed it in the generally good classification along with the American Way, democracy, and right thinking, and assumed that it would be as easy to discover as the points of interest on a sweater girl. I didn't then know that the line between justice and injustice might lie in the deep shadows or that my own notions of justice might be as deceptive as a silk handkerchief in the hands of a magician; nonetheless, with the law as my weapon I intended to champion justice.

I had practiced law a good many years before it occurred to me that I was not protecting the poor who have relatively little

law business nor defending the innocent. As a matter of fact it was some time before I found an innocent client to defend in a criminal case, and I am still not sure about him. It was even later before I began to think about justice in its relationship to law, or to question my own role as the champion of justice.

As I practiced law I not only learned some law, but more important, at least for the purpose of making a living, I learned how the law worked. I had thought of the law, which on most propositions is well settled, as sort of a measuring stick which when applied to the facts in a case would give almost automatically a proper answer. I now know that is not true. While the law does measure rights, the measuring process is a human one, and for that reason, all of the emotions and passions and intellectual defects common to human beings affect the trials of lawsuits which are the measuring processes of the law.

Cases are undoubtedly improperly decided by judges and juries in complete good faith because of faulty memory, lack of understanding, or just ordinary stupidity. This is to be expected since judges and juries are human, and there is nothing that can be done about it. Of greater significance to the trial lawyer are the prejudices and emotions of the courts and juries. In my county in the past ten years the plaintiffs who were injured in automobile or railroad accidents have recovered judgments in at least 90 percent of the cases which have been tried by juries. When it is considered that the insurance companies and railroads settle a great many of the cases which they believe to be doubtful, it is probable that of the cases tried they should win at least 50 percent. Everyone who is interested in the personal-injury business knows that before a jury the injured plaintiff has all the best of it. As between a railroad and a man without legs, the average jury will not be too interested in determining technical questions of liability. The same kind of sympathy which causes nickels to be dropped into the pencil seller's hat operates in the jury box. A pregnant woman as the defendant in a criminal case has an advantage because the same sympathy which gives her a seat in the bus is equally effective in the jury room. The general community of interests which

farmers have may give a farmer some advantage over a businessman before a jury of farmers, and that is true with any group. The racial and other prejudices of judges and jurymen are not miraculously cleansed from their minds when they put on their robes or take the juror's oath.

I have, with these things in mind, scanned jury lists, trying to find jurors from the same economic, religious, or social stratum as my client—laboring men when the case was against a corporation, businessmen who might pay insurance premiums when defending an insurance company. I have never been satisfied with a fair juror if I could get one prejudiced in my favor. I never knew a lawyer who was.

I have seen experienced trial lawyers refuse to discuss the issues in a case when they could discuss the prejudices of the jurors, and the best jury lawyers that I have seen are those who could in addition to other things most cleverly select the proper jury and then make their case accord with the predilections of the men they had chosen.

So important is the prejudice factor that no good criminal lawyer will, if he can prevent it, defend a sensational criminal case while feeling in the community runs high. He knows that community sentiment will change and that delay will operate to the advantage of his client. Years ago Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and hanged for murder and might be today, but I have always wondered what the outcome would have been had they been tried during the battle for Leningrad.

This human quality makes the results of lawsuits highly unpredictable, particularly where fact questions are involved. Most lawyers regard judges as more stable than jurors and more consistent, and yet even with judges differences in background make themselves felt in the outcome of cases.

Everyone knows that the solubility of the marital state is viewed differently in Nevada than in South Carolina, but only lawyers know that within the same county and under the same law a marriage may be soluble before one judge but not before another. In the county where I practice we have two district judges,

both of whom are extremely conscientious and honest gentlemen. Both of them interpret identical statutes, and yet before one an atom bomb is required to blow a marriage apart while before the other a hand grenade is sufficient. As a result the great bulk of divorce cases are filed before the judge who views the marital bond as a silk thread rather than a Manila rope.

Another important factor in the measuring process is the lawyer himself. Good lawyers win cases which poor ones lose. Theoretically one litigant is always in the right and that litigant should always win, but of course it does not work that way. The advocate who can, with oratory, appeal to passion or with a capacity for simplification present his client's cause in a rosy light wins cases which on the law and facts he should lose. The careful lawyer will not very often lose cases because of faulty preparation or neglect of technicalities. The poor lawyer may lose many for those reasons. A very few lawyers can, by cross-examination, make an honest witness act and sound like an unmitigated liar. The capacity of the lawyer does not change the facts, nor does it change the essential merit of the client's cause, but it does influence the result.

Over a period of time I came to the conclusion that the courts are simply not capable of handling all of the problems which they must handle. Some of the measurements which they must make are too delicate for their scales. At the bottom of every dispute there is a factual base. In many, if not most, contested cases it is virtually impossible for any third person to determine the facts with precision. Witnesses do not have the capacity to observe accurately and remember, and particularly is this true where perception and memory are affected by self-interest. Consequently, cases arise where the eyewitnesses give diametrically opposite testimony to what has happened. Deliberate perjury, of which there is some, adds to the confusion. In some cases the truth may be detected. In many, it is impossible to find it. I once represented the plaintiff in an automobile collision case. The defendant fixed the positions of the cars and his own speed in such a way that my client had to be traveling at 90 miles per hour to reach the point

of collision. This was obviously untrue. I was delighted until my own client fell into the same trap and got the speed of the other car up to 120 miles per hour. How, in such a case, when the facts occur in the course of seconds and where one or both parties recall only what is to their advantage, can a court determine what has happened? In a domestic relations case which involves the petty bickerings of ten years the truth may be hard to uncover. I have had clients who were miserable in their marriages be unable in the privacy of my office to verbalize the things which had wrecked the home. They were real things but when reduced to words they seemed trivial even to the persons who had suffered from them.

In some kinds of cases even an exact knowledge of the facts leaves almost insoluble problems for the court or jury. In some lawsuits a man's intent may be a deciding factor. Except in extreme cases, how do we know another's intentions, particularly if we have to look into the past to find them?

In a typical divorce case, where the issue is mental cruelty, the wife may relate a history of nagging, and the husband respond with almost identical testimony. Who started the nagging? Was the first nag a justification for the retaliation? Which party suffered the more, or does that make any difference? If an Eastern girl marries a Montana cowboy (and some do), is it cruelty on his part if his grammar jars on her Vassar-conditioned ears? How much effort must she make to correct him, and if she does, is that nagging? Or should she, having married a cowboy, be held to her bargain and all that goes with it? What, in all of the peculiar combinations of love, hate, selfishness, and devotion which a marriage can generate, constitutes mental cruelty? So long as society wants divorces granted only on the basis of fault some judge must answer these questions, whether he knows the answers or not.

The things I learned about the working of the law were not learned all at once and many of them were learned the hard way. While I was learning them I was not particularly conscious of the problem of justice. It did occur to me from time to time that it was difficult to reconcile with any over-all scheme of justice the fact that a man might win a case because of the ability of his lawyer.

Now and then I did get bitter because prejudice had taken from me a verdict I felt that I should have won, or because what seemed to me to be the stupidity of judges had resulted in adverse decisions.

Finally, however, the barbs which are generally slung at the legal profession worked under my skin, and I began to wonder about my part as a lawyer in the social scheme. Was I willing, within reason, to take almost any side of any case? Would I win a case by technical means having little to do with the actual merits of the litigation? Did I try as best I could to make prejudices or emotions, which according to law have no part in a lawsuit, work for my client? Did I have no personal standards of right and wrong which governed my choice of business? In short, was I not a paid advocate, doing the best I could for my client without regard for any basic principles of morality or justice? I had to confess to myself that I was a paid advocate and that within limits I would take almost any side of any case. I found that my attitude toward my problems did not very often involve any consideration of justice as an abstract proposition. I was not concerned with what should be done but what the results of litigation would actually be. The important consideration was, what will best protect the dollar-and-cents position of my client? If I thought that he should be held liable but that the other side would not be able to prove a case against him, I was not anxious to settle. Where I felt that my client would lose in the event of a contest, I tried to settle for something less than my estimates of a possible verdict. Within the limits of my own integrity, my loyalty was to my client.

As I thought about it I found that I had no standards to apply to the great bulk of my litigation. In many cases there are no fireside equities apparent. When two farmers fight over water rights, the result may be dependent upon what the people who owned their land fifty years ago did and what they meant by the words they used in carelessly drawn deeds. A contract is made to buy and sell hay. Before any actual change of possession the lightning strikes the hay and it burns. One of two innocent persons must stand the loss. Which shall it be? In other cases where

the fireside equities were more apparent I became suspicious of my own evaluations. I had known, theoretically, that there were two sides to every dispute. Most people know this, theoretically. The lawyer learns that the proposition is true even in disputes in which he is vitally interested. Most clients do not know this. The young lawyer who goes into court armed with the law and the facts, and with justice looking over his shoulder, and winds up on the courthouse stairs some months later with a disgruntled client on his hands and his experience for his pay learns by bitter experience that the flowers of justice may bloom on the other fellow's side of the fence, even if he can't see them through his partisan glasses.

How could I justify my work in a system dedicated to the accomplishment of justice, when I knew that the system itself faltered and fumbled and was inadequate to handle many of the problems it had to handle; when I myself could not so many times recognize justice and when, where I could, I was more interested in winning a lawsuit than in advancing my own or any other standard of justice? When I finally discovered that my youthful images of the champion of justice bore no relationship to me, I reached the economic-parasite stage of my career. It seemed to me that my only function was to help redistribute willy-nilly the community plums—with an occasional bite for me. This did not seem to be very useful. I envied the carpenter whose labor created some tangible thing and was jealous of the doctor who need never question the social value of his work. About this time the war broke out and then my work seemed more purposeless than ever. With the world in flames I couldn't make myself believe that it mattered much whether Jones was a little poorer or richer as a result of my efforts and for the first time I didn't care much. I was happy to get into uniform.

In uniform I didn't learn anything about war that everyone doesn't know. That was enough to convince me that war is an expensive and inconclusive way of settling disputes, but apparently inevitable in the absence of any other way. The same struggles for advantage and power, and the same hatreds, jealousies, and misunderstandings which on an international scale lead to war are

present in our personal and group relationships. It is the law which settles these conflicts somewhere short of violence; which keeps national and local society from being torn apart. The fact that the legal system settles disputes short of violence justifies its existence and the existence of the people who work with it. To society it is imperative that disputes be settled; whether they are correctly settled is secondary. It probably doesn't matter much except to Smith and Jones which one has the greater water rights at the end of a lawsuit, but it is socially important that they do not adjudicate their own rights by hitting each other over the head with irrigation shovels.

As soon as I was convinced that the legal system is the foundation on which society is built, my estimation of myself as a lawyer increased. My work is concerned with the peaceful adjustment of conflicting rights. As a matter of fact the great bulk of my time, and this is true of the majority of lawyers, is spent in keeping clients out of court. Contrary to general opinion most lawyers do not encourage litigation; they are too conscious of its hazards. Any good lawyer is embarrassed if a contract or will he has drawn is the subject of litigation. The contested lawsuit of a civil nature is, considering the volume of conflicts which arise, a relatively rare thing. It is the last resort after every other method of adjustment has failed. It bears the same relationship to personal conflict that war does to international conflict. The lawyer in evaluating the legal system is apt to think in terms of lawsuits because they are the dramatic parts of his work, when actually millions of relationships come into existence, live and die without any conflict because the people for the most part accept without question the legal consequences of their dealings.

When the lawsuit arises, the lawyer becomes a paid partisan in a competitive event. He is not a seeker for justice and his concern is to win his lawsuit. In this role he can justify himself only by recognizing that he lives in a competitive society and that the legal system and his relationship to it are products of that society. The court's brow may be in the clouds around Olympus but its blood is drawn from the society which mothers it.

Under our system, whether we like to think so or not, litigants and the courts are not engaged in a joint and dispassionate search for either truth or justice. The law places on the litigant the obligation of presenting his side of the evidence and his side of the law and permits him to paint his picture in as gaudy colors as he can command. If the litigant is careless and fails to present the facts most favorable to him or if he fails to properly follow the law, the court does not nor is it the duty of the court to help him out. In a lawsuit the parties to it are not spectators at a drama. They are the management and sometimes the principal actors.

In one sense justice may not be served if a man loses \$5,000 in a case because of the ineptitude of his lawyer, but the law which gives him the right to exercise his own poor judgment in the selection of his attorney may express a social value greater than justice in a particular action. In any event the penalty is not likely to be so great as if he exercises the same poor judgment in the selection of his doctor or wife.

Every client who walks into a lawyer's office brings with him a bundle of advantages and a bundle of disadvantages. Some of these advantages are found in the written law but others of them are not there expressed. The man who is run over by an insured automobile has as an advantage on his side the general feeling of sympathy which extends to all who suffer. When an advocate exploits that advantage before a jury he may warp the written law, but who can say that the letter of the written law inscribed without recognition of the social force of sympathy contains the whole of justice? The parent who premeditatedly puts out of misery the defective and suffering child is guilty of murder. In the absence of insanity he has no defense. If his attorney pleads insanity, and then not for the purpose of proving insanity but for the purpose of getting before the jury the fact that his client was actuated by motives of kindness and love and thus moves a jury to acquit, does that lawyer though he may thwart the cold words of the law cause injustice to be done? These are extreme examples to be sure, but they represent the kinds of forces at work in contested lawsuits.

In all of an individual's relationships his peculiar capacities work for and against him: The shape of his eyes may convince the housewife that his brand of cosmetics will make her beautiful or convince a jury that he is telling the truth. The social and economic strata in which he lives may influence his earning capacity and the selection of his wife. It may also influence, one way or another, the jury in his lawsuit. If a pretty woman has an advantage before a male jury it is but a minor extension of the same advantage which she always has over her more unfortunate sisters. After all, the shape of her lips and hips may enable her to make a fortunate marriage or the movies and several marriages. The lawyer who makes these factors operate in a courtroom to the advantage of his client is only bringing into the courtroom the living forces which are at work outside of it. It may be unjust that a person because of his looks, brains, or luck in the selection of the time and place for his litigation should win, but then the whole of society pays dividends to the smart, beautiful, and lucky, and in court and out the more persuasively those assets are presented, the greater the dividends.

In this way I rationalize my job. I know that the system in which I work is not perfect and that sometimes it is called upon to make measurements too subtle for it, and that at other times we, as lawyers, cause the system to produce warped results. But in a larger sense the results reached are conformable to the general mores of our society, and in any event we do get the controversies disposed of. The gasoline motor and society both generate frictions which if not dissipated would destroy them. The legal system does for society what oil does for the motor, and the lawyer is a part of that system. For that reason I feel justified in classifying myself as a small can of oil. The classification is comfortable. It permits of a sense of social value and at the same time does not involve the strain of living up to the high, if nebulous, purpose of the knight in shining armor.

A NOTE ON CAUSE AND EFFECT

William Foster Elliot

THE NOTION that all effects have causes and that there is a strong probability that all causes have effects is one which until recently it would not have occurred to the present writer to question. Not quite so simple as the statement that two and two are four, nonetheless the concept of inevitable sequences of cause and effect seemed to my mind axiomatic. And accustomed as I have become to that bag of tricks sometimes called the modern intellectual approach, my expectation never could have evolved unaided so remarkable a trick as an uncaused cause.

Then, reading in a recent magazine—to be exact, *The Pacific Spectator*—I discovered there the phrase “nonteleological causes.” At first encounter I took this mouthful of syllables for a witticism and richly savored it; regarded as a witticism, the words seemed both funny and a clear sideswipe at an intellectual dilemma in which nowadays many writers are entangled.

Time and reflection and rereading, however, have convinced me that the writer of the article was serious about his “nonteleological causes,” and now it seems possible that this very seriousness may point up more sharply than any joke the nature of a currently popular intellectual confusion. Let us see if it does so.

“Teleological” is defined in my Merriam Webster as referring to the “doctrine of the final causes of things; specif. (Biol.) the doctrine of design, which assumes that the phenomena of organic life . . . in no way admit of a mechanical explanation or one based entirely on biological science.” That perhaps is good enough, but for the purpose of this discussion it may be well to pin it down even more firmly.

Suppose we say, then, that “teleological” connotes the putting in motion of a chain of causation by an act of will, an act of what in less suspicious times was called creation. Now and formerly an

act of creation generally has been held to imply the existence of a creator, though today the word, especially with an upper-case "C," is widely regarded as indecent. But in such matters as definition one must be willing to take some risks, so let us say that "teleological" refers, if somewhat reticently, to the traditional First Cause.

A "nonteleological cause," therefore, will be a cause, whether it be second, twentieth, or nine thousandth, that is not a first cause and certainly not *the* First Cause. And one who adheres to a nonteleological theory of causation has said in effect that he will accept a chain of causes so long as they "admit of a mechanical explanation," but no longer.

Leaving out the point that the nonteleological causationist might find it harder than he imagines to say what a mechanical explanation is, that is fair enough, provided only that our thinker understands the nature of the trap that has been sprung by his refusal to accept any nonmechanical explanation. But it will not do for him to fancy that there is no trap. It will not even do for him to say that he prefers to stay in the trap because outside of it lies nothing but unprovable assumption. For the trap is this: the man who will accept only mechanical causes is like that other man who said the earth was supported in space by a pile of rocks, and when asked what held up the rocks replied, "More rocks."

The brutal fact is that if you deny reality to the first link in a chain of causation, then you have denied that there is a chain. And if you do not go so far as to deny, but merely adopt an agnostic attitude, then at what point in the progression from second cause to last will you be able to abandon doubt and take up belief in the validity of your own thinking?

That is the dilemma which was alluded to at the beginning of this paper. The consequences of either admitting or denying that it is a dilemma are equally disastrous, and these consequences are everywhere in evidence today; they vitiate most of our thinking about human problems and they spoil much of our art.

It has, for example, been observed by many readers that the characters in Mr. Steinbeck's fiction have steadily become less

and less human with each succeeding book, until in *The Wayward Bus* they are hardly recognizable as living people. They make no human—that is to say, ethical—choices; they take no reasoned positions; they are in fact hardly more than so many personified appetites responding mechanically to simple mechanical stimuli. Well, naturally so, since they are by definition phenomena which admit of mechanical explanation only. But it is also deplorable, for Steinbeck created very real and moving characters before he fell into the nonteleological trap.

To imagine a first cause is extremely difficult; it may actually be impossible to do more than imagine its high degree of probability. But surely it is no easier to imagine an effect without a cause, or a sequence of cause and effect that never had a beginning. Strictly speaking, matter and mechanics being what they are, it is as much an act of faith to accept noncaused causation as it is to believe that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And this leaves us to conjecture why so many contemporary intellectuals find the one act of faith quite feasible and the other beyond their will or strength.

But a clue to this riddle may have been dropped into my lap the other day. A friend and I had been discussing the ineffectiveness of much current social thinking and planning, and he finally said: "These sociologists have all the information and impeccable sets of statistics. But something more is required to make of information and statistics a positive force for human betterment. The words are corny, I know, but I still think that what is lacking is the ability to love one's neighbor."

That overworked and fundamentally damnable word "corny" seems to me relevant to the present inquiry. It may, indeed, offer the explanation we are looking for. For is it not probable that much of our present predicament stems from the notion that it is corny to accept any basis for a moral decision? And how many shortcomings are answerable to the childish and ignoble fear of being thought religious, or righteous, or decent, or even of *not* being original? The reversal of values has become fantastic when one is ashamed to use the name of God or virtue, but proud of

having used at least three four-letter words in every chapter of a novel. But that is precisely the destination to which our original refusal has led us.

Something might be said too of the arrogance involved in rejecting whatever seems to lie outside the narrow and largely provisional categories of physical science. Will you please imagine for a moment a flea on a billiard table. There is a game going on. The flea will first observe an indeterminate number of red and white spheres moving in apparently erratic courses between his horizons. He will perceive one end of a long, cylindrical, green-tipped object that appears and disappears at irregular intervals within his space-time continuum.

After years of observation the flea may conclude that there are actually only three spheres, one red and two white. He may even venture the daring hypothesis that the arbitrary appearances of the long, cylindrical object stand in some causal relation to the senseless gyrations of the spheres. But he never will be able to deduce from such observation and hypothesis the principles of the game of billiards. And the existence of an intelligence which directs the invisible hands that in their turn direct the cue will remain for him eternally unimaginable. For fleas have no hands, and it seems unlikely that they possess the kind of intelligence that would invent a game like billiards.

However, our flea is not worried. He is an intellectual; he is clever at applying what he takes to be the mechanical explanations of flea science. So he says: "I accept those two white balls and the one red one because I can see them, and because if I don't keep out of their way they will smash me. I also accept the long, cylindrical object, which appears at irregular intervals from outside my universe, because I can see that too. I will even accept the transmission of force from cylinder to sphere and from that sphere to another, even though I can't understand the mechanics of it, because it obviously is a mechanical or nonteleological process. But I'm a rational being, and if you try to tell me there is anything with a plan and a purpose going on here, all I have to say is phooey."

By way of epilogue: The point of all this was made by Voltaire

when he said that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him. The issue, as Voltaire saw clearly, is as simple and pragmatic as that. If a man chooses to believe that God is a human invention, that is all right too, provided only that he will permit the insertion of the word "necessary" before the word "human."

All the available evidence tends to show the human mind to be so constituted that it must believe in a first cause—or else. The "or else," of course, is one form of death or another. It may be death from an atomic bomb; it may come more slowly from the disintegration of a human mind exclusively preoccupied with mechanical explanations. But it does not make a dime's worth of difference how it comes.

I am worn out with protecting mankind. . . . I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks. . . . The people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Tibet is not comfortable. . . . The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. . . . We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats.

—SIDNEY SMITH, 1771-1845

THE NEIGHBOR

Joseph Joel Keith

We could hardly believe
that this small dry man
prepared the proclamation
of tyranny,
despotic onslaught
upon his brothers;
that words coiled and uncoiled
near his neighbors' gardens;
that his words, like eggs
in the high rocks, were hatching;
and that his days were nights
where thoughts crawled—
a camouflaged threat.

Oh, if he were brave and strong,
armed,
sure of his tyranny,
what waste he would spread
in an unprepared land—
this coward, this despot,
held behind
his own barbed fences of fear!

THE ARIZONA STRIP

Juanita Brooks

WHAT GOD HATH PUT ASUNDER, let no man join together," an old-timer once said, reversing the familiar phrase to express what happened when the map-making fathers marked off north Arizona with a long, straight line on the paper, instead of honoring the natural boundary of the Colorado River. By this simple process was formed the Arizona Strip, that isolated area cut off from Utah by the map, and more effectively cut off from Arizona by the gorge of the Grand Canyon.

On paper the twisting course of the Colorado looks much like that of any other stream, but it has a character all its own. Rivers generally are beneficent—in lands of ample rain they are lanes of travel and transportation; in arid regions they are the very source of life for plant and animal. The Colorado is neither. It is a highhanded robber, taking each year a heavy toll of the precious topsoil from its distant reaches and cutting its channel through plateau and mountain so many thousand feet below the level of the land that its water can be brought to no use on its banks.

The stories of the explorations of this river form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of America. Perhaps the first European to see the gorge was Cardenas, who led a detachment of Coronado's men north from Mexico in search of caches of gold comparable to those of the lately robbed Montezuma. In 1540, ninety years before the first Pilgrim set foot on Plymouth Rock, this group stood on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Below them the earth fell away in a succession of cliffs and terraces, out and down, out and down to the thread of light in the bottom. To the west and south the banks drew in to form a narrow slit, like a clean knife-cut through the rocks. And over it all, color, reds deepening from salmon and pink into rose and ver-

milion and blood. Awed and overwhelmed, the Spaniards sensed the futility of trying to cope with this landscape, and wisely turned back.

Two hundred years passed before the first recorded crossing of the stream. Late in 1776, while the colonists on the Eastern coast were fighting to gain the independence so lately declared, the Catholic Father Escalante and his companions were making their way toward the Colorado, en route from Utah Valley to Santa Fe. For weeks they groped among gorges and plateaus as raw and barren as the earth at the end of the second day of Creation. Again and again they were forced to double back and try another approach; again and again they were misdirected by superstitious and frightened Indians, none of whom would go along as guides. Stalked constantly by hunger and thirst, they were sometimes forced to cling like flies to the edge of precipices or thread narrow, dangerous trails. At last, on November 6, they reached the river and forded it. Their answer to the problem of how to get out of the gorge is still eloquently clear in the steps which they hewed in solid rock.

During the next fifty years mountain men and trappers penetrated the upper regions of the Colorado Basin and worked southward to the desert. Others, en route overland, followed its lower course from the mouth of the Virgin to the sea, but it was not until 1869, with the explorations of Major J. W. Powell, that the two hundred twisting miles which border the Arizona Strip were known.

The river exploration had little relation to the story of the land, so completely divorced are the two. Fifteen years before Powell's expedition, Mormon missionaries were sent to the Indians of the southern desert, and as a part of their duty, they made their way into the territory which was to become the Arizona Strip. Of them all, perhaps none came to know the land as did Jacob Hamblin. In the fall of 1858, discouraged with his work among the Piedes and Paiutes, eager to present his gospel to the Hopi, and financed by government funds appropriated to find a child supposed to have been saved from the massacre at the

Mountain Meadows, he set out to cross the Colorado River. With him were eleven other Indian missionaries and a Paiute guide. From their rock fort on the Santa Clara they took a course south and east, and after days of travel, arrived at the place where the Catholic Fathers had forded the stream almost a hundred years before.

After this successful journey, Hamblin made almost annual visits to the Hopi and other tribes of Arizona. When that Territory was formally organized in February 1863, he had been across the Colorado and back four times, and was then assembling his alforjas and getting his mules shod for the fifth trip. Three times he had followed approximately the same course, through swales filled with mesquite, across lava flows, up gravel washes, to the top of Hurricane Fault. From this plateau rose the buttes of another, each with a rocky band at the top from which the layers of soft earth burst away in flounces and billows and folds, like permanent models for the striped skirts of the Navajo maidens. Their way led through a long valley of luxuriant grass which they named "Canaan," on to the ancient cottonwoods at guard over the oasis which they christened "Pipe Springs," past miles of apricot-colored Sahara rippling and shifting in the wind. Near Kanab Creek the sand dunes had petrified and stretched like a sea whose billows had hardened in mid-air. Along the Buckskin Mountains they found tall sage, juniper, and pine, and watering places which they named "Jacob's Pools" and "Jacob's Lake." Skirting the Vermilion Cliffs, they dropped again to the desert floor and made their way down one of the arroyos to the river. Thus the route for later travel into Arizona was roughly marked out.

On one trip, studying the paper map and counseled to try a more direct route to the Hopi, Hamblin and his party set out almost due south. Along writhing sand gullies they plodded, past tremendous, upthrust rock masses, through a tangle of canyons to the mouth of Grand Wash—a way so dry and difficult that he never tried it again.

Because of his repeated trips across The Strip and his many

visits to Indian tribes at their own springs and homelands, Hamblin came to know the territory as a whole better than any other person. To him the neat map with its straight lines and square corners made no real division; all the land north of the river was one, a land of little water. Though the Virgin River nicks at one corner and the Paria far at the opposite, they seem hardly a part of The Strip. Besides these two, only the Kanab Creek can properly be called a stream. Short Creek runs its uncertain length from nowhere to nowhere, for a while on the surface, then dodging back under the sand to rise occasionally for breath before it is finally lost. Grand Wash, like a myriad of others, may carry a flash flood for a few hours, a seepage during the early spring, and enough deep dampness to sustain desert willows, but thirsty men and animals cannot depend upon it for water. Hamblin also knew the springs and the meaning of their Indian names—Mociac, Ivanpah, Parashont, and the others. Even Queechapah, the shunned, which oozes from between scabs of alkali in bitter, purgative drops, like a sore beneath the hill, he knew from sad experience.

Jacob Hamblin probably did not know that the land cut off from Utah north of the river was larger than the combined states of Connecticut and Delaware; he knew it as the essence of space and silence, where the land sprawls and stretches and breathes deeply beneath the sun, rousing to a brief blossoming in the spring, to drop again into somnolence. He knew well the constant threat of midday, the vivid beauty of evening, the healing benediction of the night. Among its unfolding immensities man is either dwarfed to nothingness or he is the only reality in an emptiness where time and space are in suspension and only the wind is alive. Though to him the land seemed worthless, it was largely through him, and others like him, that it came to have value to the permanent colonists.

II

To write all the stories of the Arizona Strip would require a volume, so many and varied are they, and so unrelated to each

other. This is especially true of the four villages which contain most of its eight hundred people.

Oldest of these settlements is Littlefield, tucked into a cove just off U.S. 91. Here in 1857, Henry W. Miller had set up a way station; here since 1863 some twelve families have lived, quite untouched by the stream of traffic that rushes past en route to Salt Lake City or Los Angeles.

Fredonia, the largest village on The Strip, has 350 people and is located far on the opposite corner on U.S. 89 between Salt Lake City and Phoenix. During the 1880's, when the federal officers were intent upon stamping out polygamy among the Mormons, this isolated spot just over the Utah line was a convenient refuge for extra wives. In his novel, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, Zane Gray pictures this place where only women and children lived and mysterious husbands rode into town on horseback after dark at night and left before daybreak the next morning.

Fredonia was also unique as being perhaps the farthest from its seat of county government of any town in the United States. Though the air line is only 145 miles, the gorge of the canyon forced travel by land in a wide circle through southern Utah, the northwest corner of Arizona, the tip of Nevada, into California, and back again across much of Arizona—a total of more than a thousand miles to the county seat. A resident of Albany, New York, could as well set out for Columbus, Ohio, when he wanted to pay his taxes or attend a session of the county court. The coming of cars and the completion of the bridge at Marble Canyon solved this problem in part; the repudiation of polygamy by the Mormons made it no longer necessary to shelter “free women,” so that now Fredonia fits into the pattern of the typical Mormon village.

Mount Trumbull, in the very heart of The Strip, nestles at the base of the mountain by the same name. It was settled in 1917 by Mormon refugees from Mexico, eager to take up homesteads. Here the fourteen families would have room to spread out—room, but not water. During the fall and winter and early spring their dirt reservoirs husband the accumulated rain; during most

of the summer water must be hauled from a spring on top of the mountain, six miles almost straight up. Yet in spite of this serious handicap, people have managed to raise dry-land grain, and though the settlement has not grown in population, those who are there manage to make a living.

The colony at Short Creek consists, for the most part, of zealots determined to continue to live in polygamy, firm in the conviction that only by so doing can they reach the highest glory in the Hereafter. Out of reach of the Utah officers (now eager to assume the role of the hated "Deps," who imprisoned their own fathers and grandfathers) and far from their county seat at Kingman, they lived undisturbed for years. In 1935 the Arizona officers made their first raid upon the colony. Though there have been other arrests since and a number of the men have served prison terms, the basic community life goes on—the religious services, the old-time dances, and the constant battle for survival on the desert.

In addition to the stories of the towns, there are those of individuals, who, for one reason or another, lived isolated. There were outlaws like Butch Cassidy and his gang who operated in the eastern border; there was Jack Weston, who stole anything and everything and kept up a game of hide-and-seek with the officers of several Western states, whose center of operation was far out on The Strip, and who finally went back there to die. There were women who faced birth and death and loneliness, who carried on with high courage through years of emptiness. A home with ruffled curtains at the windows and flowers blooming on the sills, with a piano and books and magazines, and easy chairs covered with bright chintz is as refreshing to the soul of one wandering in the mazes of The Strip as is the drink of water to the lips.

Of all the stories of the Arizona Strip, none has as much general interest as does the story of the cattle industry, and none has as much bearing upon the future of this land. This began early, soon after the first exploring trips of Jacob Hamblin, when James M. Whitmore established a ranch at Pipe Springs. In 1866 both he and his herdsman were killed by the Indians, and soon after,

Brigham Young bought up the claims as a center for the church-owned cattle herd.

With the decision to build a temple at St. George, President Young "called" men to build a fortress at Pipe Springs, that the family established there might be safe. Thus the two rock houses, "Winsor Castle," became the source of butter and cheese, delivered by A. P. Winsor in buggy-loads to feed the temple workmen. From here also were driven beef, for men donating their time and energy to this great undertaking were allowed their food. In this common creation, every person shared, contributing either labor, food, or clothing.

The building of the Mormon temple opened up the central portion of the area also, for only on top of Trumbull mountain could they find timber large enough for the giant crossbeams, which Brother Brigham declared must last until the millennium. It says something for their spirit that the eighty-mile desert, the heavy mountain roads, the lack of water both at the mill and for the teams en route did not deter them. That building must go up, at whatever cost.

Soon after the temple was finished, the church cattle herd was sold to individuals and went under the name of the Winsor Stock Growing Company. In 1878 it was merged with the Canaan Cattle Company, and between them it did not take long to denude the lush Canaan Valley and the whole Pipe Springs pasturage.

In the meantime local cattlemen had formed co-operative herds at Mociac, Ivanpah, Nixon, Parashont, and other watering places. In each case the white men had purchased the water from the Indians, giving a pony or a gun for the larger springs, and a blanket, a sheep, or some trinkets for the seeps. In almost every case they moved more cattle to the watering place than the land could support permanently.

With the grass seeds gone and the wild game upon which they depended for food, the Indians were forced to move from their tribal grounds and camp along the Virgin River, near the Mormon fields. Here they could kill an occasional beef or hook a few bundles of wheat to carry to their camps. The hard-pressed

settlers, battling between an unmanageable stream and the alkaline soil, did not appreciate the extra burden of the natives.

The situation finally culminated in a strange roundup. Men on horseback visited the Indian camps and drove the natives out much as though they had been cattle. Up the long, straight road to town they tramped, squaws with tenannigans on their backs, young children alternately running ahead and lagging behind, old men hobbling and muttering, young men proud and stolid and resentful. The cowboys, gun at the side and lariat in hand, brought in the stragglers, and followed behind.

At the public square in the heart of St. George, a beef had been barbequed in the big stone pit, and the Indians were given an ample meal of the hot meat. That over, they sat upon the ground and heard the Mormon leader explain that the Big Chief had a place for them where they could plow and plant and raise their own food, and the Mormons would help them. That day marked the end of Indian life on all the Arizona Strip, except for the small reservation on the eastern extremity.

A few years later, Preston Nutter made history on The Strip. Just as the Mormons had filched the water from the Indians, so he in turn filched it from the Mormons. They had paid for it, they thought; they held the springs, and in this country possession was all ten points of the law. But they had not taken time and trouble to have their claims surveyed and recorded. Nutter slipped in, brought his surveyor, got across the river, and made everything legal before the local men knew what had happened.

His story is one of the sagas of the West. He brought in a herd of Texas longhorns, at terrific sacrifice; he conciliated the irate Mormons; and he became a cattle king who could make a fortune, lose it, and make it again. His domain stretched over the whole area, his cattle numbered well into six figures. During a drought his cattle died by hundreds around dry watering places, and he ran into enormous losses. Even among his own men there was some cattle rustling. Legend says that some who had started to work for him without even a lariat had, after a very few years, sizable herds of their own, and that a current expression was, "If

it falls on its left side, it's mine; if it falls on its right side, it's Nutter's." Yet through it all, Nutter stayed on, coming back to prosperity before he sold his holdings to move to a section of more rainfall and better range.

By this time drought and overgrazing had left their mark on the Arizona Strip. The size of herds had to be drastically cut; the stock business was not the big, sure thing it had seemed. Then came the Taylor Grazing Act.

III

The Taylor Grazing program grew out of a new consciousness of the need to conserve our natural resources, an awareness of the importance of conditions on the public domain to all the people. It was set up to cover large tracts of public land in eleven western states. In the beginning, priorities were given to men who had been in the cattle business for at least five years, and a man's holdings on the public range were to be in proportion to the land he owned as base property upon which to care for his stock during the months when they could not be put on the range.

Nine of the states retained this plan. In Arizona and New Mexico, however, it was decided that water rather than land should be the determining factor in judging a man's base property. When the law was to be applied to the Arizona Strip there was not in the whole area an electric light nor a house with running water—not a suitable building anywhere to house the administrative business. The only logical place to set up the office was in St. George, just over the line in Utah. This has always been the shopping center for all the parts of The Strip; from here the roads run out like the fingers of a hand. Hence the pattern was set which carried over to rationing and selective service and all other war agencies.

As the law now operates on the Arizona Strip, the Taylor Grazing Service administers 3,220,913 acres, which support 303,128 head of cattle on a yearly basis. A little quick arithmetic will show that each cow averages ten acres upon which to pick her living.

Actually, in the drier portions, more than two hundred acres are allowed per cow.

In addition to the holdings of those regularly engaged in the cattle business, there is an area near each of the four towns which is known as the Free Use Area, upon which people may run their domestic animals—the dry milk cows, the growing calves, or the horses out of season—without charge. They simply ask for a Free Use Permit and specify the number of animals under it.

The cattle are owned by 210 licensees, and again a little arithmetic will show that they should average a fraction less than 1,444 per man. Actually, of course, they are not equally divided; the holdings of most of the licensees are fewer than 500. Again, of these 210 men who operate the cattle business on The Strip, only 45 live in Arizona or have a post-office address in the state. Or, to put it another way, of the 800 people who make up the permanent residents of the area, only 45 receive any benefits under the Taylor Grazing program.

Like other government agencies, this one has come in for its share of praise and blame. While all are agreed that regulation is essential, some feel that when Arizona shifted from land to water in the allotment of base holdings, many grave injustices were done. Others insist that, although the theory of Taylor Grazing is sound, the cut in appropriations has made it impossible properly to supervise its workings and to regulate the number of cattle that are put on the public domain.

Whatever the arguments are, and they are too many and too involved for detailed consideration in this article, the disasters which follow closely on the heels of an overgrazed terrain are so violent that they cannot be ignored. They are hard facts which affect every citizen and which must be taken into account. In our struggle toward a real democracy, we are not always able to make the practice square with the theory. Perhaps we should examine some theories in the light of this fact. Perhaps we should re-evaluate our good American terms, "Equality of Opportunity" and "The American Way"; perhaps we should weigh again the values between free enterprise and the conservation of our natural

resources. If Taylor Grazing assists in this conservation, it is worth it, even at the price of what some individuals think is injustice. But if, on the other hand, it gives a man control of great tracts of public land and then does not effectively limit the number of cattle he may run on it, the public suffers from the effects of overgrazing as much as when the range was free.

IV

Few people, even those who run cattle on it, know the Arizona Strip as a whole. Everyone who goes into it, especially if he makes his way to the canyon gorge, seems to find in it a different meaning. It is more than the sum of all its parts—the eroded Canaan Valley, the two rock houses at Pipe Springs sitting with their backs to the desert like two age-old squaws visiting over the water, the shady streets and picket fences of Fredonia, the colony at Short Creek struggling between earthly survival and Celestial Glory, the 160-acre quilt-block squares of Mount Trumbull, the green cluster of Littlefield tucked into a fold of the brown landscape. To these add all the ranches and springs—Nixon and Big Spring and Cold Spring; Frog and Lizard and Pa's Pockets; Mociac and Ivanpah and Parashont, whose very names sound like banished Indian spirits. Over and through it all is yet an elusive entity.

The scientist sees here the unabridged volume which tells the story of life on this planet laid open to the beginnings as it is nowhere else in the world. Here he who can may read of the aeons when water covered the land, when the reptiles ruled, when birds began, when upright man groped his dark way from oblivion. The story of recorded history fills but a few pages at the end, and the passing of the Indian hunts and campfire rituals, the coming of the herds, the depletion of the range, the scramble for priorities under Taylor Grazing will be brief entries indeed. Here he sees the miracle of creation in constant progress, the river at work day and night, the wind busy among the rocks, ruffling the ancient, pin-drop stillness.

The artist sees this feral sublimity as a place to get perspective. To him, the sunset reflections echoing along the different levels of the gorge are like the closing chords of a great symphony; the surge of a storm in the canyon makes one think he has a reserved seat at Genesis. And scientist and artist and philosopher and farm hand all get from it a sense of the infinitesimal and fleeting part which man may play in the universal pattern.

But for most of us, away from it, living for this day and for these few years, still guided by the gleam of Democracy in action, the Arizona Strip could well be an experimental plot upon which to test some theories. Here, perhaps, isolated as it is, we could segregate the elements which combine to form "The American Way of Life," and see if they could be fitted together so that they would tick.

Liberty and the like specious names are their pretexts; but never any man sought to enslave his fellows and obtain dominion for himself without using the very same words.

—TACITUS (on a German invasion of Gaul)

STEINBECK: ONE ASPECT

Blake Nevius

In *Sea of Cortez* Steinbeck records the disappointment of the people of Monterey when a local scientist identified the decomposed body of a "sea serpent," washed up on the beach at Moss Landing, as that of a shark:

They so wanted it to be a sea-serpent. Even we hoped it would be. When sometime a true sea-serpent, complete and undecayed, is found or caught, a shout of triumph will go through the world. "There, you see," men will say, "I knew they were there all the time."*

The fact remains, they are not there. We know it, and Steinbeck knows it, but he is driven to the sentimental conclusion that "men really need sea monsters in their personal oceans." The Old Man of the Sea is one of them:

In Monterey you can find many people who have seen him. . . . So far, he has never been photographed. When he is, probably Dr. Bolin will identify him, and another beautiful story will be shattered. For this reason we rather

hope he is never photographed, for if the Old Man of the Sea should turn out to be some great malformed sea lion, a lot of people would feel a sharp personal loss—a Santa Claus loss.

Although Steinbeck proceeds to invest his metaphor with more complicated meanings, I believe most readers will accept it as it stands as a fair description of his attitude toward illusion. He both cherishes and rejects it. From the boy Henry Morgan, dreaming in his Welsh valley, filled with "a desire for the thing he could not name"—for the Indies of his imagination—to Juan Chicoy, yearning toward the Mexico of his boyhood, Steinbeck's characters with few exceptions stand, in their personal visions of the world, in much the same relationship to reality. Although they are victimized by their illusions, which are ultimately powerless in the face of reality, it is clear that through them they have realized whatever beauty, grace, and meaning life holds for them.

For this reason none of them experiences the usual sense of freedom when he is released from the grip of illusion and enters the world

* Excerpts from *Sea of Cortez*, by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts, and from *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Moon Is Down*, and *Cannery Row*, by John Steinbeck, are used by permission of the Viking Press.

of reality. Their loss is indeed "a Santa Claus loss." Henry Morgan, robbed of his final dream in Panama, becomes an unattractive mediocrity. Exiled to Jamaica, he spends his declining years being bullied at home by his wife and, by way of compensation, dispensing questionable justice in court to his former comrades-in-arms. The stories comprising *The Pastures of Heaven* treat disillusionment in the same wistfully ironic tone. One by one, through the operation of the Battle farm curse, the valley inhabitants are made aware of a reality which is inimical to their peace of mind, a reality which, by impressing upon such happily amoral characters as the Lopez sisters, Raymond Banks, and Junius Maltby the conventional moral truth of their motives and situations, succeeds in driving them from the valley.

It is only when its hard facts and uncongenial duties are forgotten that life begins to blossom outward. As soon as Pat Humbert's dour and demanding parents are buried, the roses come suddenly alive again and cover his house. Peter Randall, the Salinas County farmer of the short story "The Harness," is enslaved to an ideal of duty and respectability wrought by his wife. When she dies, he improvidently sows his acres with sweet peas, then settles back on his front porch to enjoy them. The best things in life come to those

who throw off the harness—so much is apparent. But the harness always goes back on. The dream ends and reality takes over, and Peter Randall finds himself involuntarily carrying out his dead wife's wishes. So it is always in Steinbeck's world. Juan Chicoy, in *The Wayward Bus*, relinquishes his dream of Mexico and returns to his jealous dipsomaniac wife and the drab routine of his business.

If American novelists are preoccupied with themes of disillusionment, it is not merely because the novel in general is concerned with the progress from illusion to reality, but because they view their fellow Americans essentially as dreamers who are easily subject to disenchantment, as idealists whose ideals are seldom realizable, as sentimentalists whose happiness is threatened by their refusal to approach life rationally. For those novelists in the New England tradition who were writing before World War I—Hawthorne, Howells, James, and Edith Wharton—disillusionment was likely to be merely the prelude to regeneration; for their successors—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos—it was the single, inescapable fact of existence, and consequently they dispensed with salvation. But in both cases illusion was regarded as an obstacle to the liberation of the individual mind and personality.

Steinbeck, however, like the later

Willa Cather, argues that there is a saving grace in illusion because without it life may be insupportable. Such is the value of the Hawkins sisters to the community described in "Johnny Bear." "It wouldn't be good for any of us if the Hawkins sisters weren't the Hawkins sisters," Alex Hartnell tells the narrator. The Hawkins mansion, the Hawkins respectability, and the Hawkins philanthropies provide the one bulwark between the community and a total invasion of the grim reality which its foggy, swamp-bound atmosphere menacingly implies. They are, in Hartnell's words, "the safe thing."

The place where a kid can get gingerbread. The place where a girl can get reassurance. They're proud, but they believe in things we hope are true. And they live as though—well, as though honesty really is the best policy and charity really is its own reward. We need them.

When the myth of the sisters' respectability is exploded, the community is suddenly and justifiably frightened.

Aware of its saving value, many of the characters of Steinbeck's later stories try determinedly to protect the illusion from the encroachment of reality. Colonel Lanser of *The Moon Is Down* is, as I hope to indicate, the supreme example, but they range in importance down

to Henri, the would-be painter of Cannery Row, who has been building a boat for seven years but refuses to finish it because he hates water.

Traditionally, illusion in the novel has been conceived of in terms of an aberration of the individual will, brought about either by a failure of values in the religious or moral realm or by a failure of insight in a given social situation. In the broadest sense, we may say that in the first case the illusion stems from an imperfect relationship between man and God, and in the second, from an imperfect relationship between man and man. In this country, so long as the novel remained under the domination of New England, illusion was represented as primarily inherent in the worship of false gods—property, social position, power, success—in the failure of the individual to align his will with the discernible will of the God of Nature or the God in Nature. As a result of the unbroken influence of Puritan thought, the corruption and eventual rehabilitation of the will furnished a seemingly inexhaustible theme, and this was true because it was not treated primarily in theological terms but instead lent itself to infinite adaptation. On the other hand, the novel of manners, which has developed more successfully abroad, is concerned, as Lionel Trilling recently

has suggested, with the problem of illusion and reality as it is revealed by "the shifting and conflict of social classes," a field of investigation that has never really interested American novelists. In either case, a corrective view is generally implied, because there is some recognition of the fundamental nature of the illusion.

With Steinbeck no such emphatic recognition is possible. It is very nearly obtained in the finest of Steinbeck's novels, *In Dubious Battle*, through the skeptical mediation of Doc Burton, who realizes that illusion is generated on both sides by the conflict of interests between owners and strikers, and who, unlike most of Steinbeck's characters, is willing to probe for the source of the infection. But the relatively searching and dispassionate kind of analysis which Steinbeck applied to the situation in this novel has not been repeated in his later work.

Steinbeck's failure is further defined by the fact that evil, which is generally thought of as the product of illusion, is granted no basis for existence in his world. It has no source in the illusion, but arises spontaneously and unpredictably, like a cloud, enveloping and infecting everything in its wake for a while, then disappearing as unaccountably as it came. Of Estera de la Luna, one of the *Western*

Flyer's points of call in the Sea of Cortez, he writes:

We felt that this had not been a good nor a friendly place. Some quality of evil hung over it and infected us. . . . It had been a bad place—bad feelings, bad dreams, and little accidents. The look and feel of it were bad.

Steinbeck's philosophical justification of this passage may be found in the same book, for *Sea of Cortez* is in large part an attempt to rationalize a view of life which derives essentially from the author's particular nervous response to people and environment. Briefly, its philosophical passages constitute an attack on teleological reasoning, which seeks to discover causes and concerns itself with the purposiveness of events. The burden of Steinbeck's counterstatement is that "the truest reason for anything's being so is that it *is*." Nonteleological, or "is" thinking, as Steinbeck calls it, is of use to him primarily as an antidote to optimists, moralists, and reformers, who attempt to ameliorate conditions before they have achieved even the most superficial understanding of them, and as a means of clearing the air for a detached but sympathetic approach to human nature.

At the same time, applied to the problem of evil, it becomes a convenient pretext for begging the question. Thus, in *The Pastures*

of *Heaven* evil assumes the guise of the Battle farm curse which, through the agency of Bert Munroe, spreads through the whole community, poisoning the lives of its inhabitants and driving them from their false Eden. It has no source in human nature. It simply exists. It "is." And in this early collection of stories Steinbeck, at a loss to account for its origin in terms of the usual myths, treats it with the incipient irony that marks his first two books. The whirlwind of dust which Richard Whiteside accepts as a favorable omen from God is the granddaddy of the whirlwind which, two generations later, catches up the vagrant sparks from a bonfire and destroys the house he has built for the dynasty to succeed him. And of course the irony of the concluding framework episode, in which the tourists look down on the valley and picture it individually to themselves as a happy refuge from the world, is if anything overstressed.

In "Johnny Bear," the disaster which is to overtake the community when its saving illusion is destroyed is announced by a series of unaccountable accidents at the construction camp: the digger sinks into the swamp, a crew member loses both legs, a leverman develops blood poisoning. In *Cannery Row*, following the abortive party at which Mack and the boys wreck Doc's

laboratory, the community is similarly plagued by accidents: "It was a bad time. Evil stalked darkly in the vacant lot. There is no explaining a series of misfortunes like that." Then with as little preparation the pall is lifted, and Steinbeck commemorates the change in some of his most embarrassing prose:

Now a kind of gladness began to penetrate into the Row and to spread out from there. Doc was almost supernaturally successful with a series of lady visitors. . . . The puppy at the Palace was growing like a beanpole. . . . The benignant influence crept like gas through the Row. . . . The sea lions felt it and their barking took on a tone and cadence that would have gladdened the heart of St. Francis. Little girls studying their catechism suddenly looked up and giggled for no reason at all. . . .

Although Steinbeck has moved from irony to sentimentality, his vision of evil—if it may be called that—is essentially unaltered.

Instances could be multiplied, but *The Grapes of Wrath* offers a crucial one. Here, when we ask what Steinbeck is attacking, we are again confronted with a blank wall. Society as it is constituted in this country? Hardly. There is little criticism of specific evils except that of absentee ownership. Human nature? Steinbeck, following the logic of "is" thinking, is inclined to be lenient: men act brutally

toward less fortunate men out of fear for their possessions. No ultimate assignment of responsibility for the Okies' plight is possible. Of the owners who drove them from their land, some, says Steinbeck, were kind, some angry, some cold, some afraid, some "hated the mathematics that drove them," and all of them "were caught in something larger than themselves." The tractor driver who plowed up the land got his orders from the agent; the agent, from the Bank; the Bank, from the East. "But where does it stop?" cries the tenant. "Who can we shoot?" And the driver replies: "I don't know. Maybe there's nobody to shoot. Maybe the thing isn't men at all."

That there is an antagonism at the heart of the world is apparent, but that is all that can be affirmed. Steinbeck is admittedly opposed to the investigation of first causes: "The whole picture is portrayed by *is*, the deepest word of ultimate reality, not shallow or partial as reasons are, but deeper and participating, possibly encompassing the Oriental concept of *being*." Like the Hindus he acknowledges the possibility of differentiating between good and evil, since evil implies the absence of good, but insists that they be regarded as aspects of the same whole. The preacher Casy, in *The Grapes of Wrath*, is the prophet of Steinbeck's middle period:

"There ain't no sin and there ain't no virtue. There's just stuff people do. It's all part of the same thing. And some of the things folks do is nice, and some ain't nice, but that's as far as any man got a right to say."

Western philosophy, in so far as it remains untouched by the implications of modern science, conceives of good and evil as separate, warring forces and therefore is ultimately trapped, in dealing with the problem of evil, by the question "why," which demands an assignment of responsibility. From first to last Steinbeck refuses to be trapped. "I want to see the whole picture—as nearly as I can," Doc' (Steinbeck) Burton tells Mac, in *In Dubious Battle*. "I don't want to put on the blinders of 'good' and 'bad' and limit my vision."

Steinbeck illustrates vividly the kind of moral impasse to which the idea of relativity applied to the field of cultural investigation has brought us while at the same time widening the grounds of tolerance in a way we can only approve. Since what is good in terms of our culture may be a positive bad in another, we can safely apply the term "good" only to those motives which appear in common at the most primitive level. This is precisely what Steinbeck does. His *paisanos* in *Tortilla Flat*, Mack and the boys in *Cannery Row*, and most of the characters in *The Wayward Bus* gain a certain vitality

(which his less earthy characters do not have) as a result of their uninhibited response to organic drives; but this involves their almost complete emancipation from social responsibility and a disregard of everything which culture has added to human life. The novels of Steinbeck's middle period, *In Dubious Battle*, *Of Mice and Men*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*, in a large measure avoided this simplification; but when the impulse generated by social change, which so vitalized his work in the late 'thirties, passed, he returned in *Sea of Cortez* and in the stories which followed it to an earlier and apparently more characteristic point of view.

The danger which this kind of thinking entails for the artist should be clear from the failure of *The Moon Is Down*. Now that the controversy over the question of Steinbeck's possible disservice to the Allied cause at a critical moment is buried, the question of his artistic failure can be discussed more calmly. Although for the first time since *Cup of Gold* Steinbeck broke away from the California valley and the isolated rural community of his earlier, successful stories, the unfamiliar setting of this new novel posed less of a problem than did the necessity of dealing with characters in whom the qualities of intelligence and the operation of cultural values were manifested to a high degree.

"Honor and peace to Pilon," Steinbeck had written in *Tortilla Flat*, "for he had discovered how to uncover and to disclose the good that lay in every evil thing." In *The Moon Is Down* Pilon's creator seems to have approached his task in much the same spirit. As I have noted, the nonteleological approach is valuable to Steinbeck in so far as it tends to eliminate moral judgments and to substitute what he calls the ideal of "understanding-acceptance." Applied to the situation described in *The Moon Is Down*, it produced a supposedly representative group of Nazis (we call them that for the sake of convenience) who at their worst appear to us as misguided idealists and rather unpleasant barracks-mates. Omitting Colonel Lanser, they are: Major Hunter, the engineer, a happy, humorless automaton; Captain Benthick, "a family man, a lover of dogs and pink children and Christmas," an Anglophile, unsuccessful in his profession; Captain Loft, an unimaginative disciplinarian who "had no unmilitary moments"; and Lieutenants Prackle and Tonder, "sentimental young men," the former a foe of degenerate art who can scowl like the Leader, the latter "a bitter poet who dreamed of a perfect, ideal love of elevated young men for poor girls" and longed to die romantically on the field of battle. "These," Steinbeck concludes,

"were the men of the staff, each one playing war as children play 'Run, Sheep, Run' . . . and their war so far had been play—fine weapons and fine planning against unarmed, planless enemies." Here, in other words, is *The Enemy*—innocuous, a bit ludicrous, playing a game. "Of them all, only Colonel Lanser knew what war really is in the long run."

It is in the characterization of Lanser that Steinbeck's determined fair-mindedness operates most disastrously. I am willing to grant that his failure may be one of emphasis rather than intention, but his refusal to ground his action clearly on the moral dilemma faced by this polite, cultured, world-weary, supposedly humane individual, who is responsible as a soldier but irresponsible as a human being, is fatal to that intention if it existed. As a matter of fact, one is hardly justified in speaking of Lanser's "dilemma," for he has rationalized himself clear of the threat of alternatives. Although he presents himself to Mayor Orden as a man untroubled by memories, he carries with him the bitterest recollection of the first World War and of his part in it.

Lanser had been in Belgium and France twenty years before and he tried not to think what he knew—that war is treachery and hatred, the muddling of incompetent generals, the torture and killing and sickness and tiredness. . . . Lanser told himself that he was a

soldier, given orders to carry out. He was not expected to question or think, but only to carry out orders. . . .

Because of his evasions, his refusal to accept responsibility as an individual for what he does, preferring to take refuge in the fact that he is acting under orders, he is—given his other qualities of intelligence and sensitivity—a potentially tragic or ironic figure. He is driven to the most ignoble kind of expedient: forced to condemn to death a man whom he admires, he looks for consolation to the iron pattern of the military which he feels is imposed on his actions as an individual. He is no more responsible for Orden's death, Steinbeck would evidently have us believe, than the agent of the Bank is for the dispossession of the tenant farmers of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Nor does the responsibility rest ultimately with the German High Command any more than it does with the Bank.

That Steinbeck is unable to conceive of Lanser's predicament in either tragic or ironic terms or to make it the center of interest in his plot is perhaps an index of his own predicament, which is dangerously like that of Lanser. He is not only required to make the same evasions, but seems to be equally unaware of their significance. In his latest characters evasion has become a settled habit of mind. Juan Chicoy,

longing to desert his wife and return to Mexico, shuffles off the decision onto the Virgin of Guadalupe.

You know that I have not been happy and also that out of a sense of duty that is not natural to me I have stayed in the traps that have been set for me. And now I am about to put a decision into your hands. I cannot take the responsibility for running away from my wife and my little business. . . . I am on this road not of my own volition. I have been forced here by the wills of these people who do not care anything for me or for my safety and happiness. . . .

And yet this is Steinbeck's "man of complete manness," the one character in the allegory who commands his admiration, the successor to Mac in *In Dubious Battle*, Slim in *Of Mice and Men*, and Doc in *Cannery Row*, imperturbable men who can

do things with their hands and are equal to every situation.

In a qualified sense Steinbeck's attitude is merely symptomatic; it helps illustrate to what degree the novelists of the 'twenties and 'thirties succeeded in extricating themselves from the New England tradition. With the last vestiges of puritanism discredited, they were no longer compelled to face the problem of evil squarely or to recognize the ideal of individual responsibility as the basis of conduct. If among them only Faulkner has tried to any extent to reshape the puritan myth into a myth peculiarly his own in terms of which he can order and dramatize the experience he presents in his novels, at least no other writer of comparable reputation has resorted to the sentimental evasion of Steinbeck.

THE FAR WHISTLE

[A STORY]

Warren Beck

WE WENT THERE OFTEN afternoons that summer, my son and I. I'm glad we did, too, not only because of the fun my boy had, and I with him, but for what else I finally came upon there. We'd drive across town in bathing trunks and sweat shirts, go in at the big gate, give the girl attendant two more tickets out of our season books, adult and child, and park as close as we could to the boardwalk. Then sometimes before we went on to our preferred spot at the far end of the beach, we'd stroll around for awhile in the midst of things.

There behind the boardwalk, at the middle of its crescent, stood a massive concrete building that housed soft-drink stands, hamburger and hot-dog grills, shooting galleries, and games of simple skill or chance with displays of gaudy prizes to carry off. Atop this central structure was the clock tower, holding up the time to the entire beach on foursquare dials. From loud-speakers on this height recordings of popular songs were sprayed over the crowds, an almost continuous music more penetrating than the sun's reach and louder than the reiterant swish of the ocean or the continuous babble of myriad human voices. Now and then you could just hear a whistle too, even there, that far whistle, if you happened to notice. My son and I never tarried there for long, though. We would soon turn toward the other end of the beach, where the crowds did not come, since it was a half mile or so from such necessities as cokes or candied apples, or perhaps some deeper need of theirs for a nearness to each other, among the close-planted big bright orange-and-green umbrellas or at the bingo game.

On our opposite way we would pass another attraction, an amusement park for children. Here were the usual installations—

a merry-go-round, some crazily rotating tubs, a Ferris wheel, a circular swing of airplanes on cables—but all of them on such a reduced scale and operated so discreetly for the kiddies that my lanky ten-year-old scorned them. One thing there he loved, however—the miniature railroad. I too rather fancied it, especially its locomotive. She was a regular steam engine, of conventional design, standing about four feet high, with everything proportionate. She had a small clear whistle and a mellow little bell. She burned coal, out of her own tender, and gave off a nice amount of sulphurous smoke. When the engineer opened the iron door to the firebox, we could see a good bed of white-hot coals. He never fired on a run, because then he had to sit on the tender itself, the engine cab being too small for man or boy to get into. While the train waited at the platform for passengers, he'd shake the grates and pitch in coal with a short-handled shovel. Then he'd go all over her with a long-stemmed copper oilcan, as though he'd just finished a hundred-mile run. Always several men and older boys who had been wandering by would have stopped to watch him and look the little engine over. She would usually get up full pressure waiting there, and her safety valve would blow a fierce stiff geyser of steam that made her look dangerous. She was a honey, for sure. No wonder this engineer took such good care of her.

He was dressed to look the part, too. He'd have on the regulation overalls and jacket, and one of those high-crowned cloth caps with a long visor, and around his neck a bandana handkerchief tied at the back. Gauntleted gloves, also. He was gray-haired, with a weathered face and clear blue eyes. He went about his job very seriously, even sternly; but he was brisk, and looked as if he knew what he was up to and was confident he could handle it. He wore a gold watch on a chain in the breast pocket of his jacket, and although the little train had no schedule but would wait for a paying load or until what load there was got impatient, this engineer would take out his watch every now and then and look at it. Then he'd always check the time before he started a run, and again when he pulled in. With his gray hair and that getup and all the business with the watch he could have passed for the engineer of a crack

flier, a fellow of seniority and infinite dependability, noted for bringing her through on the dot. Only one thing was not typical—he should have been chubby and upstanding, but he was scrawny and stooped. Driving that scaled-down engine might have bent him a little, but his gnarled figure looked twisted by harder work than pulling a throttle or occasionally tossing in a little fuel with an easy singlehanded motion.

I didn't speculate about him, however—not then. Nor about that other man, the fat one. The old engineer seemed almost as much a stock property as the merry-go-round's archly snorting wooden horses; one might fancy him, too, laid away in storage at the summer's end, gold watch and man both allowed to run down and rest immobile until it was train time again next season. As for the well-dressed cigar-smoking fat fellow who sometimes would be standing around, obviously the proprietor of this tiny railroad, to my careless glance he was merely the single-minded entrepreneur forever counting passengers and calculating profits. Had my boy and I not gone back all those times, I might never have seen either of those human beings except as plain cogs in the flimsy business of peddling amusement to a multitude of childish tastes.

It became a routine, however, for us to stop there at the railroad platform on the way to our swimming. My boy would go buy his ticket at the booth, and if the train wasn't in, I'd sit on a bench and wait while he tried to walk the thin narrow-gauge rails. Then we'd hear the little engine off a way, bell clanging and the open wooden cars clattering, and around the curve and through the trees she'd come, and slide steaming to a slow, easy halt, and the old engineer would get off the tender and look at his watch. Then while he waited for his next run, he'd give her a scoop of coal, oil a bearing here and there, and wipe her off all around. Meanwhile the children would be getting their seats. Some of them would change their minds over and over, migrating from car to car one after another like sparrows that couldn't settle, until the engineer would yell sharply at them to sit down somewhere and stay put. Others, especially those with parents along, would find places at

once and wait. I always sent my boy alone on those journeys. I had a notion he'd have more fun—travel farther—on his own. I thought he was safe enough, too, for the cars were built comfortably wide out over the narrows tracks, like a sleigh, and the train never went faster than a man could trot. Besides, my boy always preferred what happened to be the safest seat, at the very end, from which he could gloat on the whole length of the train in motion, especially at the curves, where I suppose that little engine in profile took on for him a brave transcontinental guise.

When with much clamor a paying load had assembled and got seated, the old engineer would collect tickets. He always looked rather grim as he came along, something like a schoolmaster set to squelch trouble before it starts, and he'd crack down pretty sharply on any boys who might still be fooling around. It looked to me as if he didn't much like the conductor part of the game. With the tickets collected, he'd take on a different air, just as serious, but somehow satisfied, too. He'd glance at his watch, draw on his gauntleted gloves, take his seat upon the tender, and give the bell a few premonitory jerks. Then he'd open her up, gradually, and she'd pull out smoothly, on the stretch back past the miniature merry-go-round and Ferris wheel, on into the grassy spaces beside the wide parking lot. Far out there she made a loop, where she always sounded her whistle. Then she returned onto the main track, coming in past the platform in the opposite direction, with her bell ringing steadily, going her full speed, like an express through a whistle stop. The old engineer would be looking straight ahead, with hand firm on the throttle, a figure seemingly intrepid and trustworthy. In she would curve among trees and bushes that cut her off from view, but you could hear her clattering along the little creek. Then after a while her whistle would sound again, and you knew she was rounding her loop westerly, out on the sandy backstretches of the place, with only rocks and the sea beyond, her farthest journey from the loud-speakers and the crowds in damp bathing suits milling around the refreshment stands. Sometimes she whistled twice out there on that most romantic reach of her route, across a sort of desert place, where the

sense of distance and speed could most fully possess her dreaming young passengers.

From our swimming spot at the unfrequented tip of the crescent beach we could watch the little train on all its afternoon trips, whenever it made that remote great curve. We would wait to see her whistle pluming white and then hear it; with unfading satisfaction we would watch her rapidly jerking pistons and puffing smoke. "There she goes," we'd say, and sometimes my son would add, "right on time." Then he'd go back to building in sand a web of new roads for his tiny automobiles, and I'd look off across the moving sea toward Fowler's Island and the chalk-stick lighthouse at its tip; and I'd watch the gulls slanting in flight, and the creeping ferryboats, and the powerful big submarines hastening in on the surface after practice runs in the Sound, and the slow drift of small clouds above the everlasting succession of waves; and so I'd wait in some contentment until the boy was ready for another swim.

II

But as often as we'd gone there summer afternoons, we'd never seen the beach at night until on that mild spree, the indulgence my son asked for to celebrate his eleventh birthday. I don't know just what rich strangeness he thought to find there after dark, but evidently he expected the whole place to be wonderfully transformed. So out we went, not in our swimming trunks this time but dressed to promenade, and planning to try the shooting gallery and the little golf course. Except for the same songs continuously bleating from the loud-speakers on the tower, things certainly were different. Naked electric lights blazed and glared all around and through the big building. The boardwalk by the amusement booths and refreshment stands was jammed with a crowd that in the mass seemed almost torpid. The beach itself, no longer flowering with a thick stand of colored umbrellas, lay vacated now. The sea stretched out black, barely visible; the great vista of water that had spread so openly under the sun was masked in obscurity; there were only the little distant lights on buoys and one inter-

mittent gleam from the island lighthouse to draw the eye outward, and no one seemed to look that way. The ocean's edge was empty of swimmers. Gone with the afternoon were the plump mothers and assorted children in bathing suits. Now in the concentrated crowd young men and slim girls predominated, and they were dressed to make the most sportive appeal to each other. The girls tittered shrilly, the young men raised merrily aggressive voices, and in the undulant press couples touched each other lingeringly, questioning with intense eyes. Boyish lusty sailors from a near-by station penetrated everywhere, attaching themselves with glib talk to the tentatively consenting girls. To be in this crowd but not of it was like wading shoulder-deep through another kind of sea, feeling its certain tide drawing always in one direction.

My boy quickly sensed this strangeness, and he didn't like it, though he couldn't name it except as too many people, too many girls. He didn't want to try the miniature golf course with so many of them looking all the time. At the shooting gallery, where young men predominated, he was more comfortable, and he stayed to fire away until on one setup he averaged every other duck. I told him it showed what a fellow could do when he got to be eleven, and I asked him what next. Well, he said, next could he ride on the train? He wanted to see what the trip would be like in the dark out there to the other end of the beach; he thought it would be even better than by day.

We went over. The train wasn't in. My son got his ticket, and we waited on the brightly lit platform along with some family parties and a number of young couples, including several sailors and the girls they'd picked up. There was jesting about how dark it would be on the train ride, and one of the sailors said hell, what this place needed was a tunnel of love, and another shouted yeah, when he went on one of those little boats in a tunnel of love he always took along a rope and an anchor, and the exhilarated girls screamed to each other how simply awful these sailors were. So I suggested to my boy that this time he get into the front seat of the first car, where he could watch closely how the old engineer drove her at night, and no doubt there would be a headlight that would

show up the track. I wanted the boy to have this train ride in the pure dark as the prime adventure he anticipated, free from the intrusion of those shadow-seekers, tossed in their other tides too deep and counter for him this birthday.

Soon the little engine came steaming around the curve, with a fine light shining. I sauntered behind my son as he started forward to get that first seat. Then as the train slid in and stopped with a jolt, we saw that the engineer was not the old man we knew. This was a young man, bareheaded, with black hair sleeked down, and he wore an old Army field jacket and a pair of dark trousers. He didn't act the part, either; he had got off the tender without a glance at the locomotive. He lit a cigarette and walked over to the fat man, who had just come to the platform, conspicuous in a light suit and a fashionable figured tie. When I turned again after seeing my son settled in the car just behind the engine, the two men were talking casually. Then the fat man looked at the train-load and nodded to the new engineer to take it away. The young fellow went down the line collecting tickets, came and got on the tender, and took off with a jerk. I waved to my son as the train pulled out, and then there we stood not far apart, just we two, the fat man and I. He was lighting a fresh cigar. I strolled over, idly, with no notion of what I might be getting into.

"What about the old engineer?" I asked him. "Doesn't he work nights?"

The fat man shook out his match and tossed it over the platform to the cinder-strewn tracks. He took his cigar out of his mouth and blew a slow stream of smoke. He looked at me appraisingly a moment.

"The old man?" he finally said, in the tone of a formal consent to talk. "Oh, he's still on afternoons. Used to work nights too, but I took him off nights for a couple weeks and I guess I'll keep him off. Why, you know him?"

He turned to me and I shook my head.

"I've just seen him here," I said, "afternoons."

The fat man smoked meditatively a moment, and then he went on.

"He handles the engine okay, the old man does. Takes fine care of it. But he's too damned crabby with the customers. Treats 'em all like kids. Acts like he owns the railroad and they better set still and be quiet if they want to ride it. That may be okay with the afternoon crowds; it's mostly kids, anyhow. But you take with these night customers, they're out for a good time and maybe they had a few beers and if they want to guff around a little they don't want no attendant telling 'em off. You gotta think of the customers. So I got me this young fella. He ain't bad looking and he tosses 'em a good word and don't give a damn what they do long as they don't kill theirselves and make us no trouble that way. So I guess I'll leave it stand, for the present, anyhow. It's hard to tell. I gotta see how everthing works out."

He stuck his cigar back into his mouth and puffed on it rapidly. I sensed the hint of a deeper concern than he had expressed.

"The old fellow certainly looks the part," I suggested.

Again the fat man glanced questioningly at me. Then he stared out across the narrow tracks into the darkness beyond.

"Yeah," he agreed, "he looks the part all right. And he sure keeps that engine oiled. That's one reason I didn't get rid of him entirely, even if he is a grouch. He works over that engine ever afternoon and then all the young fella has to do nights is keep coal and water in her. Trouble is now the old man's always yapping to me how the kid don't handle the engine right. I don't know."

His frown made him seem the complete man of business, but still I felt intimations of a further care. In our silence we heard the little engine's whistle at an outer arc of the run. I thought up another question.

"Has he been a regular railroad engineer, when he was younger?"

The fat man took out his cigar and lifted his face with a "Hah!" like a derisive bark into that gloom overhead from which the local lights had banished all the stars.

"Him?" he went on, in a kind of wry mirth, yet not unkindly. "All he's ever been before this was a farmer. Just a farmer, all his life."

"Never a member of the Brotherhood, then," I remarked.

"Hell, no," said the fat man. "I don't have to have no union man on this teakittle. All the law requires is a boiler inspection ever so often."

Now we could hear the engine puffing louder and see the vibrating beam from the headlight as it came into the stretch back along the platform. I watched and waved as my son went by, secure in his front seat and grinning. The family parties sat primly, as if on their patient way to some far city; the sailors and their girls slumped together, looking forward into the new darkness beyond, all except two couples who had not broken off their straining embraces and thirsty kissing. As the cars curved through the gloom under the trees, on the way into the blackness by the creek, the other young couples were turning together. I looked at the fat man and found him watching with a kind of hungry glare.

"So the old man used to be a farmer," I prompted.

The fat man jerked his thumb as he stepped back toward one of the wooden benches, and I took it I might consider myself invited to sit down with him.

"You know," he began, "the old man never has said a word about hisself, and not a word about nothing else, either, excepting the train. He come around one afternoon several years ago, in the spring it was, we was getting the concessions ready to open, and he hits me for a job as engineer. Well, it don't take no experience, like I said, so I took him on. He showed up for work the first day in that outfit, cap and bandana and all. He did all right too, right from the start, like he'd been driving that engine or one like it all his life. Here ever day, too; never missed a day and never late. But he was tight-mouthed and I'd never of found out he'd been a farmer hadn't it been a friend of his showed up one afternoon, just a few days ago. It was the day after I'd took the old man off the night work; that's when it was this friend of his come along. I guess not a friend exactly, either, just a fella used to live near him. He was surprised as hell when he saw the old man, and he says to him what was he doing here, and the old man says can't you see, running this-here train, I'm engineer of this-here train,

he says, gruff like he always is; and then he took the tickets and pulled out and left this other fella standing there with his mouth open. So I was setting here, right here on this same bench, and this fella come over and started telling me about it—seemed like he wanted to talk, and seeing how the old man brushed him off, he started in on me.”

The fat man paused, stared at the splintered boards of the platform, and shook his head meditatively before going on.

“Damned if I knew what to make of it. It’s been kind of bothering me ever since. What this fella told me was everbody up in his neck of the woods had been wondering where the old man had disappeared to, on account of he’d been quite a character. Seems the old man had always wanted to be an engineer, ever since he was a kid, a railroad engineer, but what with one thing and another he never could make it. Father had died when he was still under age, and his ma kept him there on the farm, hung on to him, would yell and bawl ever time he said he was going and get hisself a job railroading. So he never broke loose. But he never got over it, neither, wanting to be a railroader. Funny thing, ain’t it. You take it with most fellas, I reckon most ever boy at one time in his life thinks he’s going to be an engineer. He can just see hisself setting up there in that-there cab with his hand on the throttle, rolling her along to beat hell and Casey Jones, whistling all the crossings, and waving at the poor damn farmers and the watchmen and the kids just out of school. And then, too, lots of boys has them electric trains to play with, and I hear there’s even some grown men makes a hobby of toy trains. Anyhow, most all kids are crazy about trains. But then a fella usually forgets about it when he grows up. He gets mixed up with something else. He takes some job that’s right at hand and there he is. Stands to reason can’t ever’body be engineers. Somebody’s got to be switchmen. Somebody’s got to set in a cage all day and sell the goddamned tickets. Somebody’s got to go down and mine the goddamned coal.”

The fat man turned suddenly and looked at me as if to question my grasp of this analysis.

"Ain't that right?" he asked, after a moment.

"That's right," I told him; and beyond the diffused dreamy babble from the crowded boardwalk and the stridently titillating music from the clock tower I could just hear the even, definite exhaust of the little engine as she curved westerly on the open sandy reach, and then her whistle sounded, small and thin, as if very far off.

"And somebody's got to raise the beans and bacon," I added, to reassure the fat man further.

"That's right, that's absolutely right," he agreed approvingly. "And the old man, but he was a young fella then, he stayed on the farm and raised crops. But like I was saying, most fellas get over wanting to be an engineer, or stuff like that, they forget about it; but he didn't. Seems like ever time he heard a train whistle in the distance, he'd jump like something had touched him sudden on the shoulder, this other fella said, and he'd turn his head and listen, like a bird dog pointing, if he could hear the sound of her running. He never got over it. But he couldn't break loose and go, either. His ma hung on to him and wouldn't hear to his leaving the farm. So next thing happened to him, this fella says who knew him, he got married. That's how it goes, don't it? A young fella's got to have it, and time comes he thinks one dame's got all there is or anyhow more than he can grab onto any other way, so he steps right up and shoves his head through the old horse collar and they hook the goddamned traces onto him. So now besides his ma he'd got a wife to tell him he had to stay on the farm and make crops. So he stayed. Nothing else he could do by that time, I reckon. But ever'body noticed he'd still flinch kind of whenever he'd hear one of them big locomotives whistle far off. Hell, that ain't too funny, either. You can see how it would be, being in the spot he was in. Why, hell, sometimes I wake up middle of the night and I hear a train whistle way off long and mournful, and I think to myself there she goes and I ain't on her."

He paused and puffed on his cigar, and stared off intently at nothing, as though he were listening then.

"Sure," I said, "I know what you mean."

He nodded a number of times, contemplatively, and went on.

"Well, anyhow, that's how it stood with him then for a while. He stuck to the farm, and this fella told me about it says he was a careful farmer and good to his old mother and got along fine with his wife, seemed like, and never complained to nobody. Only them whistles would always stop him for a minute. And then ever so often he'd go on a Saturday afternoon drunk. But hell, what's that? Lots of fellas has to get drunk now and then to sort of clear their systems. But then when this little daughter of his started to grow up into a real pretty, smart little girl, why he stopped the drinking, even. Stopped it altogether. She died though, died sudden when she was about ten, and he started drinking again—not regular like some fellas do, but ever month or so, when he'd heard one too many whistles, I reckon, why then he'd have to hang one on.

"And then he did the goddamnedest thing of all. He bought hisself a big engine, not one of them gasoline tractors for plowing and such stuff, but a steam-roller sort of thing, that he fired the boiler with coal, the kind of job with a flywheel they drag a thrashing outfit around with and put a belt on the pulley to run the thrashing machine, or maybe it's a portable sawmill. It was the old kind you steer 'em with a wheel turns round and round and pulls a set of chains to the front wheels. It had a whistle, too; couldn't have been much, but anyhow a steam whistle. Well, he drove that outfit all over the county, thrashing wheat and sawing wood. And that's when he started wearing them overalls like a railroad engineer's, and the cap and bandana. And goggles even, this fella told me. Guess he had hisself a hell of a time with that-there engine, and made hisself some money, too; anyhow enough to pay a hand to do up the chores while he was out. But I reckon it still wasn't enough to satisfy him though, because he still would go on a drunk ever now and then. So one night he was lit up good and he come home and fired the boiler and got that-there engine out on the road running her wide open and tooting that whistle like crazy, and finely he run her off the road down in a ravine. Smashed her all to hell. Broke his arm too and lucky he didn't get scalded.

Well, there he was then back on the farm with nothing but the farming to do and ever now and then get drunk. But he told folks he'd soon have another engine, he was saving up for one, and folks heard he had catalogues with pictures of the newest models he'd study ever night. But then his wife up and died, sudden—had to have an operation and died—and he was left all alone, his mother was already dead some years before that, so he just up and had the farm auctioned off and ever thing on it, quick as he could, and left the next day, not saying a word to nobody, and nobody knew where he went or what he was doing till this fella run across him here that day."

The shivering headlight of the approaching train shone through the trees and its bell began to clang. We got up from the bench.

"Does he still go on those drunks?" I asked.

The fat man shook his head emphatically.

"Funny thing," he mused, "if that fella hadn't told me, I'd never believed it about him. The old man's been on the job sober and regular as a clock straight through ever season since I hired him. A few times I seen young fellas offer him a drink out of a bottle, and ever time the old man always says no, thanks, he don't touch it. I don't think he did, either, not since he come here. Never a day off, always sober and steady, like I told you. Hell, I hated to take him off nights, but business is business. I gotta make a profit here. Can't have nobody growling at these-here adult customers, the way the old man was doing. I only hope I don't have to throw him off the afternoon job too. I only hope I don't have to fire him completely."

The little train shuddered to a jolting stop.

"Je-ruslum!" the fat man muttered. "If that kid can't learn to handle them brakes I'm gonna havta fire him too."

The family groups debarked primly. Some sailors and girls roused themselves and strolled off arm in arm, bemused; other couples sat with more tickets, waiting for another round. My son came running toward me. It had been a wonderful ride in the dark, he exclaimed, much more exciting than in the daytime. He

wanted to take the trip all over again. I told him sure, there was no time like the present for that, and I went and got his ticket while he held his front seat. When I came back, the fat man was gone.

III

On subsequent afternoons I was always anxious to see whether the old man still held his half-time job at least. He was still there, every day. Usually I found out at once, for my boy almost always wanted a train ride first before we went into the water. If we passed up the ride, I wouldn't know until I watched from our stretch of sand as the little train came around that westerly curve, but then I'd see him, unmistakably hunched in his engineer's outfit, driving at a regular speed, blowing the whistle at about the same spot each time. To me then he seemed merged with the moment—the gulls forever circling and crying overhead, the sun glinting steadily on the water, the poplars bending one way in the offshore wind—all that poised bright scene faintly tinted with the sense of impending change. I knew the autumn frosts would reach this place with as deadening a touch as in any flower garden—the blossoming beach umbrellas would fold and be laid away, the refreshment stands would be boarded up vacant and silent, the merry-go-round would be taken apart and stored, and I supposed the little engine would be run into a shelter somewhere, or perhaps a portable shed brought and set up over it for its hibernation under sleet and snow, after the winds had driven the last poplar leaf into the consuming sea, when only the gulls would remain to scream over the desolate stretches of sand where the high tides left harsh rims of ice. But it wasn't just a seasonal cessation I worried about for the old man. I could imagine him snugly retired into some rooming house and spending a large part of his day at the New Haven railroad station, checking the comings and goings of trains by his constant watch, and perhaps swapping a bit of semiprofessional talk with trainmen. That would be all right for him, if all winter he could be anticipating another season at the beach, looking forward most particularly to the warm bright spring

day when he'd clean up the protectively greased little engine, put water into the boiler, start the first fire of the year in her, and take her out on a trial run around the route. But what if he were discharged and sent away now, while this summer still lingered, while the fire still burned white in the well-oiled little engine that waited always ready for one more trip?

If the old man himself was under any apprehension, he didn't show it. Indeed, when we stopped those afternoons it seemed to me he was actually a bit more cheerful. I wondered whether the fat man had given him a final warning, to be more easygoing with the passengers or else lose his afternoon job too. Anyhow, though he wasn't exactly genial—which couldn't be expected of him, I suppose—he was at least more patient with the customers, and when he told the boys to stay in their seats, he said it quietly instead of snapping at them. He was doing his best, no doubt. I still wondered, though, whether it would be enough. I soon found out.

My son had asked whether we couldn't go to the beach at night just once again before our vacation ended; he didn't care about the other attractions but he wanted to ride the little train in the dark. So we came again in the evening, and there on the platform was a waiting crowd including as always the anonymous, seemingly identical sailors and their girls, and there stood the well-dressed fat man smoking his cigar and surveying his enterprise and its patrons. We'd been arriving so early in the afternoons that this was the first time I'd seen him since that other night when he'd told me the old man's story, but he seemed to remember me, giving me a seriously considerate nod from a distance. Then in came the train, headlight shining and bell sounding, and driving it was the old man.

The train stopped as nicely as a song ending on a sweet diminishing note. My boy jumped into his preferred seat for night rides, just behind the engine. The old engineer got off the tender and looked at his watch. There were the illuminated foursquare dials high on the clock tower, like a bright cubist moon, toward which almost everybody would glance up once in awhile, as if to

see what God was saying, but the old man didn't look in that direction at all, he only peeped at his watch and pocketed it again with a pistonlike motion. Then he went around the engine with his oil-can, the same as ever. After that he did something different; he climbed back upon his seat on the tender and stayed there. It was then I noticed that the fat man was coming along collecting the tickets himself. He got my son's last of all. Then in a hearty voice he called out a prolonged "All aboard!" and waved his arm slowly in a broad arc, the authentic wigwag of railroading. The old engineer looked at his watch again, moved the throttle carefully, and eased the train into motion, picking up speed quickly but smoothly. I strolled over to the fat man.

"Is the old fellow back at night regularly now?" I asked.

For a moment the fat man looked at me frowningly, and I wondered whether he was just taking his time or was going to ask me at last what business this was of mine, anyhow.

"Yeah," he said finally, "he's on regular. He's my one and only engineer now, just like he was before. I had to fire that young fella you saw. Him and another one I got afterwards, I had to fire 'em both. They was tearing hell out of the equipment. Locking the brakes and yanking the couplings loose, and I was afraid they'd even throw her off the track and maybe hurt somebody. So I put the old man back on the whole job. He sure takes care of that engine. And you notice how he starts that train, smooth as if he had a string of Pullmans full of bank presidents asleep. The old man's sure got his heart in it. So when I'm around I collect the tickets. Don't do me no harm to just walk along and pick 'em up. And here lately I been throwing in that 'All aboard!' you just heard me—the customers seem to sort of like it, and I think he likes it too."

He struck a match and relit his cigar.

"I'm right glad to have him back, too," he went on. "Somehow I never could of felt right about firing him. Not after I found out all that about him. He's what you might call a special case. He sure had to wait a long time to get his engine."

"He got it, though," I said.

The fat man nodded.

"Yeah," he agreed. "And that's what I keep telling myself. Ever time I look at the old guy pottering around with that-there oilcan I say to myself there's one man got it. So I wouldn't want to be the one took it away from him now."

He turned abruptly, as if to withhold a further acknowledgment, and walked away to the booth with his handful of collected tickets. I stood waiting on the platform, and again I heard the little engine whistle, far out on the westerly curve, in all that spacious darkness.

Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds.

—CHARLES LAMB, *The Essays of Elia* .
(“The Old and New Schoolmaster”)

THUNDER OF THE BUFFALO

Lawrence P. Spingarn

The thunder of the buffalo remains:
Within parentheses of sound
Their anguished wrath
Suspends above the highway as a sword
Ready to cut each passing car in two.
The hooves will charge,
Then change direction,
Bear down on nervous traffic of today
And never stop.
That flesh was sweet
The skinners left to rot
On Upper Platte in fall of 'seventy-eight,
And nickels cannot buy it back.
Remember those wide horns
That promised meat in plenty and forever?
Each generation goes
Wasteful to new frontiers, devaluated lands.
Bleached bones remain, and thunder.

LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE UNIVERSITIES

Henry Nash Smith

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Two professors, acknowledgedly Communists, have recently been dismissed from the University of Washington faculty. Both were dismissed solely because of their being Communists. Each had a record of long service at the university, and no charge except that of communism was sustained against them. The dismissals, then, offer an example of exclusion from teaching because of political belief which is perhaps clearer cut, less obscured by extraneous circumstance, than in the several other somewhat similar instances reported in the newspapers. The issue is one of importance to all persons having a stake in higher education—and in the United States everybody has such a stake. For this reason, *The Pacific Spectator* presents two articles on the subject—the one in the *Spring Spectator* by J. H. Hildebrand of the University of California at Berkeley, upholding the dismissals; the present one, by Henry Nash Smith of the University of Minnesota, derogating them.]

THE DISMISSAL of Communist teachers on the sole charge of their being Communists seems to me a serious mistake. My view is based on "liberal" assumptions that are nowadays often said to be naïve, old-fashioned, outmoded by recent history. The burden of proof for these accusations rests, however, on those who demand the revision of doctrines long cherished by American society. Until a convincing case is made out to the contrary, I shall continue to believe that the conduct of a university requires freedom of all discussion, including political discussion, and that expulsion of members of the faculty because of their membership in any legal political party violates this principle. The nature and the program of the Communist Party are of minor importance in this

connection because the party has had only an infinitesimal influence, if any at all, on the conduct of American universities. The role of the party in education has been greatly over-publicized and has attracted an amount of attention that might more profitably have been devoted to the protection of scholarship and teaching against uninformed or irresponsible interference from nonacademic sources.

The position of the administration of the University of Washington as set forth by its president is contained in a pamphlet, *Communism and Academic Freedom*, which is an extended commentary on documents published by the Board of Regents. In this pamphlet the principle of academic freedom is endorsed in general, and is applied even to teachers who are "sincere intellectual Marxists." The administration recognizes that universities must make room for diverse doctrines, however strongly some doctrines may be disapproved by those in authority. "To close the University's doors to honest nonconformist thought would be to do violence to the principles of academic freedom that we must maintain at all costs."

There is, however, one qualification: the holder of heterodox opinions must be "not subject to dictation from outside the mind of the holder." Under this clause, members of the Communist Party are excluded from the application of the principle. The contention that party members are invariably subject to such dictation provides the ground on which the Regents voted for discharge of the two professors in question. The president describes this doctrine as "the University of Washington's solution of a problem that for many years has disturbed not only this University but higher education in America generally."

If we analyze this position we perceive that the situation assumed is somewhat as follows: the Communist teacher, left to himself, would reach, or at any rate might reach, conclusions different from the official views of the party. But he renounces his intellectual autonomy by accepting party dictation and holds his opinion on instruction from an authority he is powerless to resist. This surrender of freedom to choose among alternative

opinions renders the Communist incompetent and intellectually dishonest, and unfits him for teaching.

It is undoubtedly true that as long as a Communist remains in the party he does accept its doctrines and policies. But remaining in the party is itself an act of free choice, constantly repeated. President Alexander Meiklejohn has made this point with compelling clarity. "It is idle," he asserts, "to speak of 'thought control' except as we measure the compulsions by which that control is made effective" (*New York Times Magazine*, March 27, 1949). Given the present state of affairs, the pressures in our society against party membership are immensely greater than those favoring it. At the University of Washington itself, the report of the Regents shows that in recent years three members of the faculty who at one time were members of the Communist Party have withdrawn from the organization. There is no indication that they have suffered any punishment for their action. On the contrary, they have derived a tangible advantage from it, in that they have not been dismissed from their posts. The same course of action lay open to the professors who were dismissed. It would be more convincing to argue that they have stayed in the party because of their opinions than that they hold their opinions because they remained in the party.

I suggest therefore that the proposed distinction between sincere Marxists outside the Communist Party and insincere Marxists within it is not valid. It is impossible to discriminate between the teachers who were dismissed and those who were not on the basis of their sincerity or insincerity, their intellectual autonomy or intellectual bondage. The definition of academic freedom advanced as the official position of the administration logically requires defense of Communists as well as non-Communist Marxists.

But if the theory of mental bondage and consequent insincerity cannot be made to support the view that Communists are properly excluded from the protection of the principle of academic freedom, what theory does underlie their exclusion? I think the answer to this query is to be found in another passage from the pamphlet to which I have already referred. It is a passage quoted from the

written opinion of Professor Surtis T. Williams, a dissenting member of the University of Washington's Committee on Tenure and Academic Freedom, a faculty committee. A majority of this committee voted to retain the professors finally dismissed. The dissenter, voting otherwise, justified his position by a statement of reasons, the gist of which is found in the following passage.

Public education in the United States is in the nature of a social enterprise in which the general welfare is one of the prime considerations. Public educational institutions are instruments created by legislation at the behest of the public on the assumption that they will perform their public functions in terms of the spirit, philosophy, and under the general climate of ideas acceptable to the government of the people who create, patronize, and support them.

The people are sovereign in respect to American public education. They have the right to establish the policies governing the conduct of educational institutions. One well-established policy, generally accepted in the United States, is that one of the functions of education is that of training for citizenship. I have no doubt that it is the expectation of the parents of students at the University of Washington that their children shall not be instructed by members of the Communist Party, U.S.A. I hold that a member of the Communist Party is incompetent to teach in a publicly created institution of learning because such membership is incompatible with citizenship in a government such as ours founded upon democratic principles and unquestionably opposed to the rule of any one class as advocated by the Communist Party.

I do not question the right of an instructor to entertain a belief of his choice, but active membership in any organization incompatible with the government of the United States is disqualifying and is ground for dismissal.

This argument seems to me ambiguous in that after setting forth the duty of the University to be guided by the general climate of ideas prevalent in American society, Professor Williams in his last paragraph seems to accept teachers with unorthodox political beliefs provided they are not active members of the Communist Party. And the record shows that he voted to retain on the faculty the three respondents who were not party members. The basis of his distinction between Marxists inside the party and

those outside it is as obscure to me as is that of President Allen. But he reaches the conclusion that the Communists ought to be dismissed by a line of argument that is different from President Allen's and considerably clearer. The president sets out from a doctrine of academic freedom that in my opinion should lead him to defend the Communists on the faculty. Professor Williams sets out from a conception of the relation between the University and the society which, as I understand it, should lead him to demand the dismissal of all the respondents, the Marxists outside the party as well as the party members. For it can hardly be maintained that any kind of Marxism conforms to the general climate of ideas acceptable to the American people.

If what is desired is a theory of educational policy that logically supports the dismissal of Communists, then Professor Williams' general position is more serviceable than that of President Allen. Indeed, the Williams doctrine is the only line of reasoning I can discover in the published documents that clearly demands the action which the president and the Regents actually took. I propose therefore to discuss it at some length. The president explicitly endorses it, and it expresses an attitude that any observer will recognize as widely current in this country at the present time.

The argument consists of two main propositions. One of these is that the state university must conform in its teaching to the climate of political opinion prevalent in the society. The other is that the sovereign people, acting through the Legislature, have the right to intervene in university affairs for the sake of enforcing political orthodoxy. Amid the confusions that lie on the surface of recent events at the University of Washington, it seems unmistakable that the root of the matter is the effort of a legislative committee to expel from the faculty certain teachers who were objectionable to the Legislature and by presumption to the people of the state.

Under the doctrine just quoted, this is an acceptable method of administering a university. But both the premises and the conclusions of the doctrine seem to me in the highest degree mistaken. The argument rests on a conception of primitive tribal

cohesion that would restrain intellectual diversity and disagreement for the sake of the organic integrity in the social group. It legislates the idea of a closed society. But the United States—is the assertion debatable?—is committed by its tradition to the idea of an open society, and the universities bear primary responsibility for keeping up that constant play of mind over all the possibilities of human existence which is the life of culture. It is true that in periods of tension, domestic or international, a fear of the future spreads through our society as through others. This fear engenders a desire to mobilize for defense, to strengthen the society's powers of survival at whatever cost to its powers of growth and flexibility. During such periods of public fear, the state university is placed in a precarious position. The search for truth, with its implication that there are no articles of political faith possessing an authoritative claim to allegiance, comes to seem insolent, unpatriotic, "subversive." Serious differences of opinion are regarded as disturbing influences on the social solidarity which is considered indispensable to national safety. Unreflecting spokesmen thereupon demand that differences of opinion be suppressed for the sake of security.

When the public has been persuaded that a national enemy towers on the horizon, the least tolerable differences of opinion are those which imply agreement with the foe. Thus the first efforts to enforce orthodoxy take the form of punishing supposed agents of the enemy: the Communists offend because they take orders from Moscow. But the fear to which these efforts give expression is much broader and vaguer than a simple fear of Russia. It is fear of any sort of vital disagreement—in short, of heresy. The campaign to enforce a uniform attitude toward Russia cannot possibly stop there. It inevitably becomes a campaign to maintain an orthodoxy, and such campaigns are never restrained by the difficulty of establishing just what the orthodoxy is.

Although I have no firsthand acquaintance with what is going on in the state of Washington, I think that even from a distance one can discern the familiar outlines of this recurrent pattern in American life. The Legislature grows fearful, and seeks relief from its fears in the standard device of an investigating committee.

The committee, presumably with ample help from newspapers, sets about purifying the University. This situation, and not the presence of a few Communists on the faculty, contains the really serious threat to higher education. It simply will not do to let a university be made a tackling dummy. Teachers are not more delicate than other men, but they are peculiarly vulnerable, and no one can do his job effectively if he is kept in fear of being called before an inquisitorial commission to give an account of his views on domestic and international politics. A legislative committee operating in a blaze of publicity is not a suitable tribunal for determining complex matters of social theory or university policy. Entirely adequate procedures for dealing with misconduct or incompetence are set up by the Tenure Code of the University of Washington, and it is both unnecessary and dangerous to abandon this carefully framed machinery of faculty self-discipline as has been done in disregarding the recommendations of the faculty committee.

The most serious damage to the University of Washington—and, in lesser measure, to all universities—arises from the encouragement which these recent events have given to future interventions by legislatures along the same lines. In the light of the precedent, no member of the faculty can feel secure. Discovering and punishing a few Communists is not a matter affecting this almost invisible minority alone; it diminishes the security of every member of the faculty. From confessed members of the party, suspicion spreads by a natural transition to men who may have concealed their membership; from these to fellow-travelers; thence to members of "Communist front" organizations; and finally to anyone who has endorsed any measures advocated by such organizations. There is no way to draw the line.

Yet if teachers are to be held accountable to the government for their political views or affiliations, such inquisitions will become a normal part of administrative routine. If Communists are dismissed, any member of the faculty can be dismissed on the same principle. The process of rooting out subversive elements at the University of Washington has already gone beyond the limits of

party membership in at least one instance, that of Professor Ralph H. Gundlach, who, though not proved to be a party member, was nevertheless dismissed as one of those "who deliberately do not become party members so that they may better serve the purposes of the party."

It appears, then, that other actions than membership in the party may constitute grounds for dismissal. The expansion of the sphere of unacceptable behavior is also evident in the curious and, so far as I know, unprecedented penalty of "probation" imposed by the Regents on three members of the faculty who were not dismissed. These men admitted past membership in the party but established the fact that they had withdrawn. In the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* of January 23, 1949, unnamed members of the Board of Regents are quoted as saying, "The probation . . . means that participation in any Communist or *Communist-front* activities henceforth will terminate their services" (the italics are mine). A principle that can be stretched this far can be stretched farther. The idea of participation in Communist-front activities is virtually without limits. It might, for example, include membership in the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, which was at one time declared subversive by the Un-American Activities Committee of the federal House of Representatives, despite the fact that the honorary president of the organization was President (now Senator) Frank Graham of the University of North Carolina. And are we to imagine that faculty members not on probation will feel entirely free to engage in activities forbidden to those who are on probation?

But surely I do not need to traverse again this well-known path of demonstration. The only way to shield a university from an endless extension of restraints on members of the faculty is not to let the process of legislative intervention begin—to defend the right of Communists and non-Communists alike to responsible freedom of opinion and freedom of speech. It is true that the people, acting through the Legislature, have the legal power to dismiss any teachers they please. But if this power is exercised recklessly, it will work irreparable damage to the university.

And beyond the consideration of expediency lies a question of morals. All universities, including those supported by the state, have an obligation to scholarship, to the advancement of learning, which cannot be fulfilled without the most determined and aggressive protection of diversities of opinion. This obligation is at least as binding on those who control university policy as is the legal sovereignty of the people over institutions supported by public funds. An administrator in a state university thus faces a dilemma that is potentially tragic. His legal obligation to the government may come into conflict with his moral obligation to the cause of truth, and the conflict may conceivably prove irreconcilable. But I prefer to think that conciliation is yet possible, that there is a fund of reason in the people to which the academic statesman can appeal with hope of success. His task of mediation demands a high order of courage and a still higher order of skill. If he wishes, however, he can draw upon the tremendous resource of being right where his adversaries are wrong. And he has the incentive of knowing that to subject a university to the control of any orthodoxy, especially to the climate of ideas prevalent in the society at a given moment, is to destroy it as an institution of learning.

VACHEL LINDSAY IN SPOKANE

Emmett L. Avery

IN MID-JULY of 1924 Vachel Lindsay went to Spokane, Washington, to take up residence, perhaps with the expectation of settling there permanently. Forty-four years of age, he was then at the height of his reputation. During the preceding ten years he had become famous throughout the country not only for his poetry but also for his dramatic recital of his own verse and his "poem-games," which he instituted wherever he went. In the midst of this renown he had left Springfield, Illinois, his native town, perhaps deliberately exiling himself after his mother's death, and during 1923 and early 1924 he had hopefully become a resident poet at Gulf Park College in Mississippi, a venture which had disappointed him. Becoming restless again, he was ready once more to venture the unknown.

It was, in fact, an important moment in his career. No longer was he firmly rooted to Springfield, although that community was never far from the center of his thoughts. In spite of the always pleasing stimulus of youthful people at Gulf Park College, his initial excitement over that venture had changed to irritation. More important, he could no longer initiate or sustain so satisfactorily the poetic spirit which had been vigorous within him only a few years before. Perhaps by settlement in a new environment, among stimulating acquaintances, in a region different from his more familiar surroundings, he might refresh his mind, spirit, and poetic fire. At this critical moment he received an invitation from Mr. B. H. Kizer, a lawyer with broad cultural interests, to live in Spokane, a region which Lindsay had visited on lecture tours and, more important, was not far from Glacier Park, through which he had made a delightful hiking trip with Stephen Graham in 1921. To Mr. Kizer the presence of Vachel Lindsay would not only bring him closer to a man whose poetry he had admired and with whom

he had corresponded, but would also endow Spokane with a famous man of letters. To Vachel Lindsay the invitation offered all the delight of a new prospect, a new opportunity, a chance to be, as he later phrased it when writing for the *Spokane Chronicle*, "Vachel Lindsay, Citizen of Springfield, Illinois, Guest of Spokane."

At that time Spokane was a city of better than a hundred thousand population, with a lively interest in the arts. There Lindsay met many individuals with whom he shared common interests: amateur and professional artists in painting, writing, impressionistic dancing, dramatics, music, and newspaper work. There was Stoddard King, a spirited man whose light verse was widely known throughout the Northwest and whose column, "Facetious Fragments," enlivened the editorial page of the *Spokane Spokesman-Review*. There was George Greenwood, professionally a banker and by avocation a composer and pianist of more than local standing, with whom Percy Grainger visited when Grainger performed in Spokane, as he frequently did when Lindsay lived there. There were also Anita Pettibone, a novelist; Lenore Glen, a dancer and later a novelist; Russell Davenport, newspaperman and poet; Leonardo Brill, conductor of the Davenport Hotel orchestra; and Hannah Hinsdale, an enterprising newspaperwoman at whose home often met "The Serious Group of Little Thinkers." At the homes of some of these people, especially the Kizer, Pettibone, and Hinsdale residences, Lindsay was gay and lively, reciting his verse with vigor and stimulation and talking about himself and his poetry and the myriad of topics which fascinated him. Spokane also had a Drama League, with a little theater, the Alley Playhouse; and an Art Museum, with frequent exhibitions of local and visiting art, upon which Lindsay regularly lectured. Settled in the Davenport Hotel, one of the famous hostelries of the United States, Lindsay quickly became the center of a group of admirers and co-workers in the arts.

Lindsay's early feelings about Spokane are a matter of some importance, for, although he remained there five years, often lectured and recited, married a Spokane woman, and wrote a good deal about the city, he left with bitterness in his heart. Those who

are familiar with Edgar Lee Masters' biography, *Vachel Lindsay, A Poet in America*, may remember that in 1928 and 1929 Lindsay expressed himself as intensely unhappy because he thought that Spokane did not understand him, did not treat him with genuine hospitality, and did not read his verse appreciatively. More specifically, in the spring of 1928, speaking before the American Association of University Women, Lindsay deviated from his lecture to declare, "They've even tried to drive me away [from Spokane]; there are ten businessmen in Spokane determined to crucify me. I've never been made to feel at home here, even though I have had my home here for four years" (*Spokesman-Review*, March 4, 1928). This is the story, then, of the rise, decline, and fall of Lindsay's enthusiasm for transplanting himself from the Middle West into the Northwest and of his self-dedication to make Spokane more conscious of its duty to its artists and to beauty—a venture which resolved itself into his return in April 1929 to Springfield, where he died two years later.

To turn back to the summer when Lindsay first became acquainted with Spokane as his residence, it is evident that he was not then in the least unhappy. In an interview with the *Spokesman-Review* that autumn he implied that he was sympathetically attuned to his new surroundings. "When I have to go away," he told his interviewer, "I hope Spokane friends will not say he isn't here, but that he is busy. I don't want them to think of me as being out of town." His interviewer, Hannah Hinsdale, added, "Vachel Lindsay wants Spokane to feel that he feels at home here." Spokane was, in fact, giving him a great deal of attention. He was asked to speak, to recite his verse, to lecture at the Art Museum, to perform "poem-games"; a glance at his activities during his first year in Spokane will suggest how warmly he was welcomed.

His most intense activity began in the autumn of 1924. On a Sunday evening in October, Lindsay joined Percy Grainger at the home of George Greenwood, where Grainger played for the guests. He was composing "Zanzibar Boat Song" and Lindsay, excited by the music, recited "The Congo." He was also delighted

by Grainger's "Colonial Song," and as a result of these musical evenings George Greenwood attempted to put down, in musical notation, Lindsay's reading of "The Sante Fe Trail." Publicly, Lindsay read his verse at an invitational tea at a bookstore, lectured before the American Association of University Women, and, perhaps most important of all, presented some of his poem-games at a program for the Drama League. For it he recited "The Blacksmith's Serenade," which Miss Virgil Clumpner interpreted in pantomime and rhythmic dancing. Lindsay in evening clothes and Miss Clumpner in "a Peter Pan effect of autumnal yellow with hunter's green and dark brown forming the contrast" made it an "exquisite and artistic thing" (*Spokesman-Review*) and "one of the most beautiful things that Spokane has seen in years" (*Chronicle*). Shortly thereafter he appeared at a University Club smoker, where he entertained members and their wives at an evening "more original and tangy than usual" with two tales, "The Man Under the Yoke" and "The Old Lady on the Hill," from his *Handy Guide for Beggars*.

During the winter he published some of his poems locally. In the column "Facetious Fragments," Stoddard King printed two Lindsay poems, "Butterfly Hieroglyphics" and "The Voyage," the former written for Ruth St. Denis and the latter for Ted Shawn. King stated that these were the first of a series of "Butterfly Books," pocket volumes of fairy tales and pictures. On Christmas Day the *Spokesman-Review* published "Virginia" and three weeks later "Nancy Hanks," the latter for its first appearance. Lindsay was usually referred to as a "poet of international reputation who is making Spokane his home." Although not printed locally, "These Are the Young" (*New Republic*, March 25, 1925) was dedicated to Charles Pease, minister of the Unitarian Society, another member of the group with whom Lindsay mingled.

The largest audience to hear him during this season was an assemblage of teachers representing four Northwest states. Assisting him in this recital were Miss Virgil Clumpner and Miss Dorothy Irvine, who danced "The Moon and the Swan," Miss Clumpner also repeating "The Blacksmith's Serenade." The prin-

cial poem which Lindsay read was "Andrew Jackson," just completed but not yet published, which he referred to as his "present delight" and added that he felt about his old poems as women did about old hats: he wasn't interested in them. He also read "The Flower Fed Buffaloes," "Virginia," "These Are the Young," and (inevitably) "The Congo."

He also had opportunities to exercise his interest in painting. In April 1925 he lectured at the Art Museum to more than seventy-five listeners, giving an informal series of comments upon an exhibition which was presented in a "combination of the precociousness of the connoisseur and the man on the street. He uses little of the lingo of the studios in his comment." Generalizing, Lindsay argued that artists "should be bold, but not too bold," for artists "get tired of sappy stuff." Nearly every year thereafter Lindsay lectured at least once at the Museum, his principal series of talks being a discussion of an exhibition lent by the National Academy of Design in the autumn of 1925 and an exhibit of "The Blue Four" early in 1927.

By the early spring of 1925, then, Lindsay had been frequently invited to display his diverse talents—reciting verse, leading poem-games, lecturing on art, reading his unpublished poems, and mingling with artists, musicians, and writers. In an interview in March with the *Spokesman-Review* headed "Spokane Fits This Poet's Dream," it was evident that he had settled himself happily and "from a large repertoire of hotel experiences he had selected the Davenport as his roof-tree because, as he says, 'This is the only one that wears well, and that is a good enough reason.' "

What was to bind Lindsay still more closely to Spokane was his marriage in May 1925. Early in that year he had met, at the home of B. H. Kizer, Miss Elizabeth Conner, a graduate of Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane and of Mills College, from which she had both an A.B. and an A.M. Now teaching Latin and history at her own high school, she had published verse of her own. The acquaintance moved quickly to marriage, and it was not unnatural that the newspapers gave the wedding a good deal of attention, one heading its front-page account:

ENGAGED ONE DAY,
POET WEDS NEXT

The papers could not resist emphasizing that the word "obey" was omitted from the service, and the event was fully reported:

And then because Mr. Lindsay is a poet and because poets do not walk in the cut and dried mold of the world, something of the romance of Mr. Lindsay's early days was brought into the event of his wedding.

Mr. Lindsay among his many accomplishments is known as a poet of the highway. Once he begged and sang his way through the South with poems he later collected into *Rhymes to Trade for Bread*. And last night he was married in hiking clothes with a black shirt suitable to wear on a tramping trip, and following the ceremony he and his bride departed to tramp the highway, not figuratively but literally, or rather both.

One may see Lindsay's happiness in the marriage in a letter to Harriet Moody, one dated May 22, 1925, and printed recently by Olivia Howard Dunbar in *A House in Chicago*. Unfortunately, this happiness was countered by a ruling of the school board which made it necessary that Mrs. Lindsay, now a married woman, discontinue teaching.

Not long after their marriage the Lindsays went to southern California, where he lectured on poetry and the art of the motion picture. On their return to Spokane in late July they prepared for a tramping trip through Glacier Park, where they remained nearly two months. Some years earlier Lindsay had tramped through that area, and its inspiration for him was renewed when he and his wife tramped 160 miles, crossed four passes, slept frequently in the open, and had adventures with bears, porcupines, and mountain lions. There he completed work on several poems and pictures to accompany them. Apparently he began what was to be a revised edition of *Going to the Sun*, but it had so much new material that he made it into a volume in its own right under the title *Going to the Stars*. In it were to be "Andrew Jackson," "These Are the Young," "Virginia," and others completed while he was in Spokane. For reading matter the Lindsays had Masters'

Spoon River Anthology and *The New Spoon River*, an Egyptian grammar of hieroglyphics, and a Chinese primer.

Upon their return to Spokane in October, Lindsay rounded off a busy season with lectures at the Art Museum concerning an exhibition lent by the National Academy of Design. Walking from painting to painting, he expressed spontaneously what he liked and disliked in a way which gained from the newspapers the title of "Peppy Critic." One newspaper added, "More interesting than the comments on the pictures was the chance to see the reactions and the quick comebacks of the speaker's mind. He goes at his criticisms not only with the art student's bravery, but with a freshness of attack, a wisdom of the creative viewpoint, that makes what he says of weight as well as of unique originality." Fully enjoying himself, Lindsay repeated his lecture on the following afternoon, and a day later the Lindsays left for the East on a lecture tour that occupied them from October 1925 to January 1926.

When he departed, Lindsay had lived in Spokane for fifteen months. It had been a rather fruitful period for him. He had had the stimulus of a new audience, to which he was adding a group of high-school students who improvised dances as he chanted his verse or that of other poets, particularly "Kubla Khan," and he had been kept fairly busy answering calls to lecture, recite, and lead poem-games. Not only had Spokane been stimulating, but he had thrived under the stimulus of these groups which, by a process of inspirational spontaneity, revived his urge to create. And not only that. He had immensely enjoyed his avocation of hiking in Glacier Park, an area of great natural beauty; and he had married.

When he returned early in 1926, he found, somewhat naturally, that he was not quite so much in demand. A great many people had heard him, in public or private gatherings, and he began to experience the disappointment that lay in a slackening of public interest and appreciation. It was not that he was not called upon to talk and recite. In February 1926 he began reading his verse over radio Station KHQ in Spokane, reciting "The Congo" and "The Chinese Nightingale" on successive Sunday evenings.

In April, Harriet Monroe came to Spokane to speak before the American Association of University Women at almost the same time that *Poetry* printed twelve of Lindsay's poems under the heading, "The Forest Ranger's Honeymoon." On the eve of her visit Lindsay published in the *Spokesman-Review* a long account of the new movement in poetry with which she and *Poetry* were identified, including discussion of Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and Ezra Pound. Rather significantly, in view of the ideas which Lindsay later emphasized in two columns he wrote for the *Spokane Chronicle* in 1928, he argued for greater recognition and appreciation of artists and writers. "Surely," he said, "the most substantial thing we can do for Harriet Monroe and for ourselves is to read her books and to subscribe to her magazine before she arrives and to continue in loyal co-operation with her thereafter. There is surely an irony in the experience of the traveling literati, who are lionized for one day, passing through a town in which they give an hour's address or reading in which there is an attempt to bring forward the work of a long lifetime." Whether Lindsay was thinking also of himself, newly lionized in Spokane and soon to feel that appreciation of him was declining there, one cannot know, but the parallel exists.

In some ways the years 1926 and 1927 represent a plateau in Lindsay's relationship with Spokane. Early in 1927 he told Masters that he was settled happily there, although it was clear that Springfield was intensely on his mind and would be the center of much that he wrote. He continued to lecture and recite, to entertain visiting celebrities—Frederick Melcher, editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, and James Stevens, of Paul Bunyan fame—to have more verse published locally, and to acquire a family, a son and daughter. Yet in January 1927 he was interested in seeing whether he could again become a resident poet, this time at Mills College, where his very good friend, Professor E. O. James, was a member of the faculty. Lindsay felt settled in Spokane, yet the possibility of a new venture was an attraction to him. The following year, 1928, was perhaps *the* critical year. He was to be much more actively before the public in Spokane but his mind was more

and more determined to return to Springfield, where by immersing himself in the environment which had given him his original stimulus, he might recapture the Lindsay of the 1910's.

Yet in 1928 he was in the public eye more regularly than at almost any previous time during his Spokane residence. Early in that year he was a lecturer in a series sponsored by the *Chronicle*, which was conducting a short-story contest. Lindsay discussed the problems of the writer of fiction, remarks which were later reprinted in that paper. Two months later he began the first of two columns which he conducted for the *Chronicle*. It was called "Home Town Topics," and it appeared once a week on the front page of that newspaper for nearly three months. The second column, "Lumberjack Philosophy," began in August 1928 and continued weekly until the following January.

Just before his first column appeared, however, there occurred the lecture before the American Association of University Women in which he unburdened himself concerning his reception in Spokane. He began the recital with "Jenny Lind in Chicago," which he announced as his most recently composed poem. Significantly, he turned then to reading his poems which dealt with Springfield, and no doubt it was the hold which his home had upon him which caused him to digress "here to hurl a bomb into the audience, telling them in no uncertain way that Spokane had been anything but friendly to him during his residence here" (*Spokesman-Review*, March 4, 1928). He continued to make the statements, already quoted, which emphasized what he considered the unfriendliness of some Spokane people toward him. Although many persons stopped after the lecture to assure him that he was welcome in Spokane, it is questionable whether these views ever departed wholly from his mind. They are occasionally apparent in the two series of columns.

"Home Town Topics" and "Lumberjack Philosophy" are interesting expressions of many of Lindsay's ideas. The first series was a somewhat connected, though often meandering, discussion of the ways in which Spokane could make itself genuinely responsive to the arts and possibly unique among American cities. He

began the series with a physical characteristic of Spokane as his theme: the Rim Rock, the high wall with which the mountains encircle the city, led Lindsay to use the heading "Spokane Is a Walled Town" for his first column. In respect of the presence of this surrounding wall, he regarded Spokane as differing from any other American city, and after comparing it with the walled towns of medieval Europe, he turned to Ralph Adams Cram, the Boston architect whose studies of European architectural civilization had brought him to a belief which Lindsay labeled "American medievalism," and to John Ruskin, a "prophet of beauty and goodness" whose creeds could, Lindsay felt, be the basis upon which Spokane could create its unique greatness.

This could be accomplished, he argued, by permitting artists (in the large meaning of the word) the freedom to express themselves artistically and individually. He began with the architects and lamented the fact that a young architect, a member of a firm, was doomed to anonymity. The architect, Lindsay asserted, should sign his work, as does a painter or poet. "Let there be great architects in Spokane as long as the rim-rock wall stands. Let it be Nature's own call for great and brilliant building. . . . Let us build the most magnificent town in our land." In later columns he warned the city that to "thwart the young singers or actors of this city is to thwart the most obvious talent here." Similarly, talented dancers and singers should be encouraged from their youngest years. "Above all let these dancers and singers be creative—compose their own songs, invent their own dances. Let them be as naturally adapted to this soil as any other picturesque thing planted here. Let them not dream of conquering the ends of the earth, but the walls of this stubborn walled town." He made the same point for all the other categories: poets, musicians, and composers; short-story writers, playwrights, and novelists; painters, sculptors, and engravers.

With this theme the series of columns possessed a unity, although it probably was not easily apparent to the casual reader who glanced at them as they appeared weekly, for Lindsay's approach was discursive and tangential. Throughout the series there is an

urgent appeal that the artist be given continuing opportunities and encouragement. Sometimes this theme was expressed rather vaguely, as when he included numerous appeals for free speech and free thought which he did not make specific but which constantly suggest that he thought the artist insufficiently recognized in Spokane. For example, in concluding his account of Ralph Adams Cram, whose creed he supposed would not be very popular, Lindsay said, "Now Spokane can take the next step, after open free and untrammelled debate in all her forums." Urging Spokane to read Ruskin, he concluded, "and then have open free and untrammelled debate in all our free forums. If any of the forums are muffled and not free, these two men will set them free, and no one can call them 'Reds'." In the climax to his appeal for recognition of Spokane's poets, he said, "Let us have free speech and free music. Let us have free speech and exquisite beauty." In his last column he reiterated, "All artists require a free world."

One is drawn to the conclusion that, whether he was consciously stating his own dilemma, Lindsay was affected by his feeling that he had not been accepted wholly and genuinely for himself and for his poetry. If one rereads the letter to Masters—in *Vachel Lindsay*, pages 340-41—wherein Lindsay sums up his complaints about Spokane, one sees that Lindsay thought that his freedom was circumscribed there and that too many people seemed to want to dictate how he should write and live. He complained of their not understanding his verse and of their urging that he write like Edgar Guest; of their saying that if he behaved he could write for the morning paper or be a columnist for the evening one; of their advising him to drop his eccentricities, change his church or party affiliations, cease writing "high-brow" verse, and so on. These outpourings suggest Lindsay's disappointment that he, a free artist, was not accepted and understood for his merit alone. In a poem, "For All the Youngsters in Spokane," published in the *Chronicle* soon after the conclusion of his first series of columns, he urged Spokane to respect the artist by uniting again the theme of the Rim Rock and the idealistic call for youthful creativeness as the basis for Spokane's greatness.

The second column, headed "Lumberjack Philosophy," with the accompanying statement, "A Series of Editorials Written for the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* by Vachel Lindsay, Citizen of Springfield, Illinois, Guest of Spokane," began on August 1, 1928, and concluded on January 30, 1929. It appeared each Wednesday in the *Chronicle*, each unit being a half-column or so and being accompanied by Lindsay's picture and signature. Perhaps because of its longer duration, this series had a greater diversity of topic, although certain themes recurred frequently.

At the beginning Lindsay justified his title, "Lumberjack Philosophy," not on the ground that he was a woodsman, although "I get along better with [that type of man] than I do with most." Rather: "Lumberjack Philosophy! The reason I like that title is that it sets me free." He stated early in the series that he would select his topics freely and write of characteristic elements in the Northwest: "Spokane wheat and wild flowers, wild and zoo animals, and deep woods. I want to discuss with an easy swing: lakes, mountains, and rivers as they make up the scenery here. I want to talk about bridges and viaducts, orchards, and Johnny Appleseed. I would like to talk about Indians and the Indian influence on the west-going imagination." Later he stressed his desire to discuss "that great lumberjack of the past—Abraham Lincoln." In a general sense these are the outward topics, but his preoccupations dominate the essays.

To look at the variety first, only occasionally did Lindsay attempt anything light or satiric. Early in the series he made a venture at the informal in two columns devoted to a mythical meeting of Ezra Pound, born in Hailey, Idaho, and Senator William E. Borah, the great statesman of Idaho. In Lindsay's fantasy Pound and Borah met in the hotel lobby in Hailey on a July Fourth when a celebration was to culminate in the dedication of a statue to Hamilton. Introducing themselves, the two men confused themselves into Mr. Sound and Mr. Blura. They conversed rather happily upon Hamilton, yet soon each found it difficult to understand the other's remarks, and they parted in an air of confusion. In the afternoon when Pound went to the dedication, he discov-

ered Borah making the address and found that Borah was talking about Alexander Hamilton while he, Pound, was discussing Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Admiral Nelson. The essay only partially comes off.

More seriously Lindsay stressed certain ideas which illustrate the preoccupations which were deeply rooted in him before he came to Spokane but which were sharpened by his experiences there. One of them is an appreciation of nature in the wild state as contrasted with nature cultivated for financial gain. For example, Spokane is located in one of the great wheat areas of the world, yet Lindsay constantly stressed the beauty and primacy of the wild-flower wheat as against the materialistic speculator or grower of wheat. "In the lumberjack philosophy, the wild flowers come first and the wheat second. If the lumberjacks preferred wheat to wild flowers, they would not be in the woods at all. Either they would be in the wheat fields, or on the stock exchange buying and selling wheat." He rasped at the commercial man, the one insensitive to the beauty of nature or its wild grandeur; too many men, he asserted, were money-makers only. As he said, "Wild flowers come first with me, even in this wonderful wheat region."

He pointed out that, unfortunately, in Springfield all the wild flowers were plucked years ago to make way for wheat, corn, and pork; and unless Spokane was careful, it would sacrifice its natural beauty for commerce. "Spokane's personality begins with its wild flowers. . . . There they are, more brilliant than any of the tired Indians you bribe to dance for the stranger, more primitive, closer to the deep volcanic dirt." He proposed to change the name of the region from the Inland Empire (a title he called "patented and electroplated") to "The Wild Flower Region." Applying it to wheat, "Discover the wheat some time, leaving mathematics and the wheat pit out of your head. Look at a single grain of wheat, look at one stalk as though it were one blade of Whitman's Leaves of Grass." It is the gospel of natural beauty, something of the same crusading for beauty which he had done years earlier in Springfield, as opposed to the money-minded, crassly commercial spirit of the man who saw in wheat only a means of making money,

who saw in the scenery of the Northwest only a way of attracting visitors who would spend money there.

In other essays he returned to the theme which had been stressed in the earlier series: it was the cultural, historical, and scenic elements which gave an area its proud place in history. It was not the advertising man, the exploiter who could do it. As he said about the young Inland Empire, settled only a few decades, "It is a sweet fifteen and ought to wait at least a year to be kissed by the big advertising man." Natural beauty called for greatness, something intangible, something haunting, beyond easy commercial exploitation. "As to the lakes, mountains, and rivers of the Spokane region, there is no doubt that you are justly haunted with the fact that they are more beautiful than you know how to tell the world. Acres and acres of mysterious scenery, and nobody caring very much no matter how many railroad folders you get up; you put in everything but the mystery." Not exploitation, not commerce made an area great. Instead, Chief Joseph, the famed Nez Perce warrior, "made this Spokane region great," just as the Custer battlefield was made "a place to meditate" because "something happened in that field, something beautiful, heroic, historic, and terrible." What may be done positively to give a locale true greatness? "Do something to make it immortal. Find your saints and hermits there. Establish your musicians and artists, your native sons." Lindsay preferred that to the "galloping consumption called brag," which exploited a region from the wrong reasons.

Having established this point of view, Lindsay turned more specifically to his former theme: the encouragement of beauty, artists, and native talent. "So please don't blow so hard about lead and other minerals; put your shirts back on again and admire the epic rim rock." Like Elizabethan London at its best, "put our passions on record in beauty." Make the Art Museum a great center of Spokane where artists may have one-man exhibitions. "Any adequate artist can fill at least one good room, and one good room is a sufficient event for the month." Have more Artists' Festivals like the one held in June 1928, where there were "sing-

ing, acting, poetry, pantomime, tableaux on the spacious and beautiful lawn." In such enterprises, coupled with the Museum itself, Spokane's love of private and public gardens, its bridges (which he considered one of its architectural merits), he saw the means by which Spokane could achieve the uniqueness which he saw as the potential and genuine fame of a city.

Toward the end of 1928 his columns turned toward Abraham Lincoln and Springfield, coincident with an Eastern tour which he took in the late winter and with his decision to return permanently to Springfield. In writing of Lincoln, Lindsay constantly emphasized the lumberjack, rail-splitter concept of Lincoln in opposition to the tendency among some persons to make Lincoln more respectable. He praised Sandburg's life of Lincoln for "re-establishing the rail-splitter tradition." He stressed again his aversion to the rejection of the natural, the wild, the genuine in favor of the artificial, commercial, and sophisticated. Men, ideals, artists, and heroes made an area famous, not mere physical wealth or scenery without meaning. Speaking of Western scenery, he said, "No matter how beautiful, it must have the association of a saint, an artist, a tribe, a family, a hero, a genuine achievement, or it is one more movie or newsreel, twitching and turning too fast. The muddy Sangamon River is still more important than the crystal-clear Spokane River. Over the Sangamon hovers Lincoln. You cannot impart him in a steel engraving."

In concluding his series, Lindsay emphasized, by a comparison of Springfield and Spokane, how many virtues Spokane possessed. "The Rim Rock around the outmost borders of the town and the clear water running through it represent a million-year investment by heaven." Spokane has many parks; Springfield, few. Spokane has excellently conceived bridges; Springfield, one which obscures the statehouse. Springfield has slums; Spokane had cleared hers "long ago in high civic enterprise." Springfield has less talent than Spokane, less energy and ambition. "What else can I say against my native town?" Yet it is evident that, in spite of all he could say against it, he was turning toward it. In the next-to-last column he remarked, "But there is something about Springfield

that holds me. Maybe it is this: I had rather be wrong about everything like a man from Springfield than right about everything like a confirmed booster of Spokane. . . . Springfield has a dream as do the old towns of Ireland and Scotland and over the dream hovers the vision of Abraham Lincoln, the lumberjack, the rail splitter, 'the tallest angel of the centuries.' "

Throughout the series there was a growing attention to Springfield, and the conclusion of the columns coincided with his return to Spokane from an Eastern tour in early 1929. He then began preparations to return to Springfield, although he did not immediately abandon his local activities. He continued to recite and to lecture, to entertain small groups of high-school students at his home, and to conduct poem-games. But his Spokane era came to an end on April 13, 1929, when he and his family left for Springfield. Somewhat ironically, at the first no-jury show of the work of artists of the Inland Empire beginning on the next day, a bust of Vachel Lindsay by Adrian Voisin was judged one of the excellent pieces of art on display at the Art Museum.

Lindsay lived in Spokane for nearly five years, a varied, often stimulating period for him. He wrote a good deal, though perhaps nothing to equal his best work, and he plunged his energies into varied tasks: reciting, writing, preaching his gospel of beauty, lecturing on art, hiking, training young people in the improvisation of the dance to poetic themes, and playing poem-games. Yet it is hard to escape the conclusion that, in his own mind, the Spokane venture may have seemed partly a failure. His vision turned more and more frequently homeward to the town of his birth, and perhaps the tragedy of Vachel Lindsay lies partly in the conception of a man who felt that his greatest powers as a poet were inextricably linked with a home place and who, restlessly transplanting himself in search of a regeneration of his poetic talent, found it necessary to go home again in the hope that it would restore in him the visions and genius which he perhaps felt were failing. His death within two years of his return to Springfield is an ironic epitaph.

IN DULCE JUBILO

Wallace A. Bacon

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15—The first displaced persons of the atomic age, the natives of the bomb-test atoll of Bikini, finally have found a permanent home.

After temporary moves to several islands, the Bikinians have chosen small but fertile Kili, in the southern Marshalls over the United States Navy's alternate recommendation, Wotho, in the northern part of the group. The Navy announces that the move to the new location has been completed . . . [from *The New York Times*].

Gather the fruit
Of the breadfruit tree;
Pull the pulsing
Fish from the sea.
King of sorrow,
Juda, soon
You'll forget
The green lagoon,
The coral circlet
Where your name
Was law and life
Until we came.
Sing the song of the dispossessed:
Kili forever! Kili's best!

(Deep in the bone Bikini sings,
And all the little men and kings
Who have no home and take no rest
While East is East and West is West
Watch the world grow sick, grow sick.

Softly the Geiger counters click.)

PINK CEMENT

[A STORY]

Tom Bair

MRS. SCOTT SAW THEM FIRST as they clustered around the automatic stop signal at the end of the block. She had been in front of the rooming house almost all morning talking with Mike Gonzales about the new porch and steps; and, as she began to walk up the street once more to half-close her eyes and bring up the magnificent and long-held dream of the pink stairway rising between blue pottery urns to a smooth platform where now there was only splintered wood, she noticed the two men and three boys at the corner.

They were obviously confused, all five of them—directionless, and it was this that attracted Mrs. Scott's attention. The signal changed with its familiar whir, knock, and clang, but the two men and the boys did not cross the street. They milled uncertainly for a moment. Then the taller man—the one who carried the wicker suitcase—came up the street toward Mrs. Scott. The others followed.

When the man with the suitcase was in front of the rooming house he stopped and looked the place over. Mrs. Scott's grandson, Jory, sat in his rocker beside the door. He rocked gently, steadily, and smiled at the man. Jory smiled at everybody. He was six feet tall but something had gone wrong as he had grown. His muscles had merely become longer. There was no strength in them and they refused to operate his body in any but the simplest movements or to do more than half-control the weight of the massive head with its pale brown face and thick cap of rusty wool. The great head swayed horribly but the soft yellow eyes were beautiful and innocent and when Jory smiled, he left the most timid child unafraid.

"Boy," said the tall man with the suitcase, "is there any rooms in this house?"

Jory kept smiling and nodded.

The man ran fingers along his sharklike jaw as if testing the edge of a knife. "Who runs this here house, boy?"

"Granma," said Jory, his voice childish and uncertain, rising from such a monstrous figure.

"Where's she at, boy?"

There was something in the man's voice as he said the word "boy" that shocked Mrs. Scott. She tried hard to remember what she was doing in the street—planning the steps and the porch of pink cement that were the symbols of a long high dream—but the cutting timbre of the voice went through her and, over the years and years, the tone and the word came back. She remembered.

How easily you forget, letting the carefully, painfully prepared defenses soften. Since she and Granpa Homer had moved North and then West with his work on the railroad there had been so few times to remember—to remember the tightening, twisting clutch of fear that came with the touch of eyes and voices filled with a mysterious hatred.

She stood still. She wanted the tall man and the others to pass on up the street to the next rooming house or the next or the next. She wanted them to go, to be out of her sight so that she could forget again.

But the man repeated, "Where's she at, boy?" And, as Jory turned his head and looked at her, the pale blue eyes followed his gaze. The man did not try to conceal his surprise. Jory was so light and so ugly that you didn't think of him as being colored; but Mrs. Scott was night-black. The man had set down the suitcase. Now he picked it up again. "This here a colored house?"

"It's a house for all kinds of people." She was glad to say it, but saying it only made her more afraid. She was glad to say it loud and to tell herself that the time was past for fearing pale cruel eyes. The South was years and thousands of miles away. But the fear was only driven down like a water snake when you sling a rock at him. The fear was still there.

The thin man hawked thoughtfully and spit on the sidewalk. "Come on," he said to the others.

None of them looked at Mrs. Scott as they passed. The tall thin man went first. The shorter man followed, his sweat-stained cowboy hat pulled low over his eyes, his blue overalls low on his hips, making his legs look heavy and short—swollen, elephantine. And the three boys, somehow mastering a khaki twill bag between them, struggled past her silently. They all seemed to ignore her and yet, in each of their faces, she found the strange, forgotten thing—the reasonless resentment against something that was older than themselves and had grown too big for them to understand. It was stronger, clearer, in the faces of the children. There, it was hard to bear. She could look away from the older boy's loose-lipped, complaining mouth or the frighteningly determined jaw of the smallest boy. But the face of the child between them in age and size reached deep into Mrs. Scott and held her.

She had been motionless and strong within her broad comfortable body until she looked into the third boy's face. There had been nothing to surprise her after the first shock of memory, but now she felt weakened and unbalanced. This face was pinched, the chin and forehead narrow with family resemblance, but, where the lips of the others were gathered like scars over the crowded teeth of the lower jaw, this child's mouth was eager and full. As a sudden odor or ray of color or strain of music may capture and hold the emotion in a net of nostalgia, something in the boy's face caught and held Mrs. Scott. She loved the child in that moment. Then the fear flooded back to warn her. She did not reach out and touch the taffy-colored head as she wanted to do. She stood aside and let them all pass. She stood aside and, she told herself, let the thought of them pass out of her mind.

Back in the house she tried to think of nothing but the pink cement steps, opening the window so that she could talk out to Jory if she wanted to and so that she could hear him if he called.

It was hard for Jory to get or even know what he wanted. His child's nerves and muscles had a difficult time with his big-man's body, and sometimes when he was thirsty or hungry he wouldn't

know what made him uncomfortable and tears would creep slowly out of his yellow eyes until Mrs. Scott noticed him or heard him saying, in his soft quavering voice, "Granma, Granma, Granma."

Now she drove the thought of the strangers away by taking the dented alarm clock from the shelf above the stove and prying loose one corner of its tin back. Shaking it a little, she was able to get out six tightly wadded bills. They were twenties and, when she had smoothed them on the oilcloth of the table, she called through the open window to Jory, "How many years I tell you I waited for pink cement?"

Jory neither spoke nor turned his head. He only rocked a little faster and smiled out into the street as if they understood between them some secret happiness that was completed with his silence.

"Granpa Homer always say, 'Veta, a house ain't what I want without it's got that pink cement vesteebule' That's the word he say, Jory boy—vesteebule, vesteebule." She kept repeating the word, enjoying its sound, chuckling. She was a joyous woman, filled with an inner happiness that years of difficulty and even tragedy had been unable to touch.

Placing a big saltcellar on the pile of bills, she put the coffee-pot on the stove and came over to the window. "You know where Mike gone, Jory boy—you know where he gone? He gone to fetch the pinkin' an' it hard to find. Not many folks makin' them pink cement vesteebules now days."

Jory slowly rolled his face around until he could see through the window. "Alarm clock money—alarm clock money done got big enough now" He smiled at the battered clock lying on its side on the table.

And Mrs. Scott giggled with laughter. It was wonderful to her when Jory talked. "You got it, Jory boy, you got it good—alarm clock money done got big enough now." She leaned out the window to look up the street, then went back to the stove to lift the lid of the coffeepot and sniff at its contents. Her body and mind were simple things that usually moved on single lines of thought to single and clearly seen objectives.

But now, she was again suddenly confused and anxious. She felt that she must defend something that she could not clearly comprehend. She wanted to hate, to reject this thing that kept creeping back into her skull. She wanted anger. And the memory of the child's soft mouth—the child's drawn face—would not let her become angry, would not . . . No, it was better to forget. Today was the day to think of pink cement and Granpa Homer who, from his huge wonder-working dome, had brought forth the dream.

She said to Jory, driving out the thoughts of the strangers and the child's face in its aura of danger, "Dat Mike should be comin' down the street right now. He gone to do his figurin' and get the pinkin'. Dat's all he got to do and he take all day." She saw that the boy had turned his face to the street again. "He comin' —, he comin', Jory boy?"

Putting the money back into the clock and returning it to the shelf, she went into the hall and looked out toward the street. "Mike, Mike," she whispered rhythmically to herself, "Mike, Mike, you Mexican Mike, you better shake you' lazy bones. Mike, Mike, you Mexican Mike . . ." It was almost a song, almost a prayer, but it was not Mike who entered the frame of the doorway. It was the tall thin man with the suitcase and he stood looking at her, his mouth thinner, more bitter than ever.

"You got a room, did you say? People in this damn town is crazy. Like to want your life for a place to bunk if they got one at all." Slowly, the other man and the children joined him, watching Mrs. Scott with alert, hostile eyes.

"Don't know if I got a room." Mrs. Scott spoke slowly in a voice that had not come from her lips for more years than she could remember. The very tone was guarded, sullen, and she was surprised and angry with herself. She wanted to say again, in her own voice, "— a house for all kinds of people." But something had gripped her over all the years. Here again was the dark protection of vague words, of not quite understanding, of never saying no, but never saying yes—the old tricks remembered. "I don't know if I got a room," she repeated stupidly.

Now she was speaking a language that the man understood. The cruel mouth relaxed a little. She was acting "nigger." "Listen, you got a room or you ain't got a room."

Mrs. Scott took her eyes from his, watching the other man chewing a straw and studying her from under the brim of his hat. She did not want to see the children—the child with the soft mouth. She did not want to disturb the darkness that was on her.

"He is too a nigger," said the smallest boy suddenly. He spoke to the older boy, staring at Jory. "He's a yella nigger."

All three of the children stood around Jory's rocker, but the one with the soft mouth turned suddenly and looked at Mrs. Scott. A front tooth was missing and the tip of the pink tongue sought the vacant spot thoughtfully. The face was quiet; heartbreakingly patient.

"How long you be?" asked Mrs. Scott uncertainly.

"Just till the mornin'. We're movin' north to work in the fruit."

She tightened her will. "All I got is a room with a double bed an' a couch."

"How much more than it's worth are you askin'?"

"I get five for more than two people."

The thin man hawked, went back to the edge of the porch and spit in the street. He smiled ironically. "They once get you up North, they know they got you. They stick it in you and you got to stand still for it."

"This way," Mrs. Scott said in a dead voice. She went down the hall.

The coffeepot was boiling when she came back to her apartment. Absently she turned down the gas and stood staring over Jory's head to the street. A black-and-white police car went by very slowly and Jory waved. One of the officers raised his hand to him then dropped it lazily on the back of the seat.

It was a lazy, good-omened day, Mrs. Scott reflected—the very kind of a day she would have chosen for starting to build the new steps and porch—the kind of a day that made you go slow and loose. And here she was standing tight and all jumped-up inside

and half-sore at Mike for not hurrying when she hated hurrying as much as anything in the world.

She shook herself hard and began to hum. But the tune wouldn't flow. There was no welling up of old and new music. She could get no rhythm in her belly and shoulders. The humming dried up on her and ended in a low sighing moan.

Jory turned his head. There was a subterranean vein of communication between them in which the boy's intelligence was more alive than in ordinary relationships. He stared at her and presently a tear moved down his cheek.

"Now, now, Jory boy!" Mrs. Scott forgot everything but that she had let her grandson become unhappy. "Now, now, Jory boy. You ain't gonna cry. What would big ol' Granpa Homer think to see them tears—him dat never did nothin' but sing an' work all the way from the state of Georgia to California? Nobody ever make Granpa Homer cry."

The boy's face began to change under the regular sound of her words. "—nobody ever make Granpa Homer cry?"

"Nobody—nobody at all—nobody at all—not even that ol' devil papa he got, way down by Athens. He chase out his daughter. He chase out one boy. He chase 'em all out till only Granpa Homer left. An' Granpa Homer grow an' grow till he stan' up shoulder to shoulder with dat ol' devil, Sam. An' ol' Sam, he raise his han' at Granpa Homer; Granpa Homer, he stan' up tall an' stick his chest out an' ol' Sam know it ain't no good signifyin' 'round there."

"Granpa Homer, he stan' up tall," said Jory happily, "he stan' up tall."

"But come one winter, the rain keep fallin' 'round dat ol' cabin for thirty days an' every day ol' Sam, he look at Granpa Homer an' Granpa Homer, he look at Sam. An' Sam, he boilin' over 'cause he cain't get out an' pester folks an' 'cause he ain't makin' Granpa Homer one bit scared—an' he take to eatin' gunpowder to make him madder an' make him stare down Granpa Homer. But Granpa Homer, he stan' up tall."

"He stan' up tall," said Jory.

Mrs. Scott chuckled. "He stan' up tall, an' ol' Sam eat up a whole sack of gunpowder an' stare an' stare. Then, all of a sudden, Granpa Homer start to sing an' laugh just to show he ain't afraid of ol' devil Sam nor nobody else. He jus' sing out an' Sam blow up like a yard chicken been eatin' dry rice an' drinkin' water. He let out a yell an' grab up the shotgun an' load in a shell. He screamin' an' cursin' loud an' high, so Granpa Homer take out a-runnin'. But when he come to the edge of the porch, he grab the eave an' swing onto the roof an' let ol' Sam go tearin' on down the path in the dark an' rain." She stopped speaking and shook with laughter while Jory rolled his head from side to side and grinned.

"An' after ol' Sam go back inside, Granpa Homer jump down an' run 'round the cabin singin' an' laughin' till his papa cut through dat door again an' fire the gun plumb blin' in the dark. He kill a houn' dog name of 'Booger,' but Granpa Homer, he take out an' never stop movin' an' singin' till he come to the town of Chicago—an' he never come back."

"The town of Chicago—an' he never come back," Jory chanted, "—an' he never come back."

Mrs. Scott said, lost in her story, "—an' he never come back. An' he help to build the bigges' railroad what is—an' he ride dat road clean to . . ."

The rickety Ford hurried up to the curb in front of the house and crashed to a stop. Mike Gonzales got out and came up the steps without waiting for Concha, his wife.

"I got it," he said to Mrs. Scott, grinning in at her through the window, "pink as a virgin's lips."

Concha caught up with him as they entered the hall and they came into Mrs. Scott's apartment together.

"I came with him. You know how he is about money." Concha was short and plump and pretty. Mrs. Scott remembered when she had been a flashy little Indian, teasing all the boys on the street. Now she had a child of her own and plenty to do keeping Mike Gonzales straight.

"I'm just about to pour the coffee," Mrs. Scott said, "everybody get set."

There was silence around the table when they had seated themselves over the steaming pottery cups and Mike had spread the packet of brown wrapping paper before them. The powder was brilliant, heavily pink—pink until the color seemed to get back of your eyes, turning the rest of the world gray and dead.

Mrs. Scott put her hand across her mouth and stared. She had pictured the porch and smooth bright steps so many times; but now, the complete and overpowering splendor of Granpa Homer's conception struck her. The color entered into her and stirred long-forgotten sensual urges. It was almost like being young again with Granpa Homer. She heard wild music. She wanted to laugh and shout and, at the same time, to sing the saddest song in the world because Granpa Homer was dead and she was old. She took a deep breath and spoke the words softly, "Man—what pinkin'!"

Mike grinned and his wife reached out and put her hand on Mrs. Scott's arm. "Mike will build you a swell steps, Veta, and I'll see—," she threw a quick frown at Mike, "and I'll see he puts all the money into cement and not into no beer."

"I know Mike treat me square," said Mrs. Scott. "You got a good man, Concha, honey. I know a good man."

Mike kept grinning. "God damned right I can make a good steps." His powerful hands and arms moved on the table as if anxious to wield the shovel, throwing sand, gravel, and pink cement together under the blending force of the water. His fingers seemed to anticipate the gentle, deft movement of trowl and float and to feel the new brilliant satin surface.

"He can build a good steps, Veta. He's got it in him to build a good steps." Concha let her pride in her man get away for a moment. The extravagant color of the cement and the sight of his brown hands wanting work, wanting something to touch and hold, made her feel hot and crazy. She sipped her coffee, her eyes narrow and secret.

And Mrs. Scott heard the humming music begin to flow; and Jory, grinning through the window, knew what she felt. It was the moment for taking out the money again and handing it over to Mike; the moment of seeing the dream begin to move toward

reality. She reached for the alarm clock, and her ear caught a faint scuffling sound. She turned. The tall shark-jawed man stood in the doorway.

"I got to have more blankets," he said, "if I'm goin' to bed down my folks in there." His eyes went over the room and the figures at the table slowly, as if he had already forgotten his own words. He had placed the responsibility for his comfort. He waited.

Mrs. Scott stood up, "I —, I don't know if I got —," she began, then slowly went to a chest of drawers and took out a freshly laundered blanket.

The tall man took it without acknowledgment. He was looking at Mike. "Damndest messed-up country I ever did see. Everybody tryin' to skin you and mess you up every way you turn."

"It's okay." Mike let his black Indian eyes rest on the man's pale ones a moment before turning back to his coffee.

Mrs. Scott let herself down heavily in her chair. Her full lower lip protruded and her eyes were curtained with thought. When she looked up the man was gone.

"Who was that?" Concha asked.

Mrs. Scott's hand clattered the cup against the saucer as she picked it up. "Southern folks, honey." She lowered her eyes and her voice. "Maybe tomorrow—maybe next day." It was as if she spoke to herself at first. Then her voice grew stronger. "Maybe I'll talk about dat pink cement tomorrow, Mike. Just can't seem to think right on it now—got kind of a swimmin' in my head today—can't seem to think right on nothin'."

Mike studied his cup, slowly rubbing the bridge of his powerful, broken nose. Then he stood up. "It's okay, Veta," he said, "I will come back tomorrow, maybe day after tomorrow."

When they had gone, Mrs. Scott sat very still. Her eyes were completely curtained, her face expressionless. As Mike and Concha got into their car, Jory did not notice them. He was looking in through the window and his brown, pitted cheeks were wet with tears.



WITH this issue, *The Pacific Spectator* concludes its third year. With this issue, too, it takes on a new cover and a new inner dress. It is, therefore, a good time to report progress, and especially to that group most important to any magazine—its continuous readers. That there are many such readers the subscription list shows. Sixty-one percent of the subscription list of *The Pacific Spectator* represents charter subscribers who have received every issue of the periodical from the beginning.

This is an unusual record. In another respect, *The Pacific Spectator* is also unusual. It has had from the beginning the financial support of twenty (now twenty-six) West Coast colleges and universities. Nowhere else on the academic scene—not in athletics, not in fund-raising—has co-operation taken place on so large a scale. It is, we hope, a happy augury for the future of colleges as well as of the quarterly.

The editors have steadily kept in mind two things: that the word "Pacific" has an application far wider than to the three West Coast states only, and that a general-interest magazine should appeal to any educated and intelligent reader. The new appearance of the quarterly implies no change in content. Henry Dreyfuss (who, during the last fifteen years, has reshaped such diverse instruments as trains, airplanes, and eggbeaters, as well as magazines) has designed the new format. The editors hope that, outside as well as inside, the quarterly will continue to be a favorite with those who "like to think while they read and to have something left to think about after having read."

Edith R. Munsell

THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

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AUTUMN

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THE AUTHORS

WALLACE STEGNER ("A Problem in Fiction") is professor of English and director of the Writing Center at Stanford University. He is also author of several novels, among them *Big Rock Candy Mountain* and *Second Growth*, and of many short stories and articles. His "Pattern for Demagogues" appeared in the Autumn 1948 *Pacific Spectator*. "The Women on the Wall" will be the title story in a volume of Mr. Stegner's stories to be published by Houghton Mifflin early in 1950.

ALEXANDER SPOEHR ("Surrender at Ponape") is at present curator of oceanic ethnology at the Chicago Natural History Museum. During the war, he served as a naval officer with a seaplane squadron in the Central Pacific, one incident in which service is recorded in the present article. His field work in anthropology has concerned itself with various American Indian tribes and more lately with the inhabitants of the Marshall Islands in Micronesia. **WILLIAM EVERSON** ("Time of Year: Three Poems of Autumn") says of himself, "I have published

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several books of poetry, most important being the comprehensive edition, *The Residual Years*, issued by New Directions in 1948. I have lived in Berkeley the past three years and am currently enjoying a Guggenheim Fellowship in poetry. I am a hand-press printer and operate the Equinox Press, in which I adhere to the ideals of William Morris and Eric Gill."

WILLIAM H. BARROW ("War Neurosis—A Peacetime Product") has had abundant experience in the field covered by his present article. A medical officer in World War I, he

served with combat troops at the front and in Army hospitals in France and in the United States. As medical adviser in a boys' private school and later in academic and medical school faculty appointments at two Western universities, he has had opportunity for extensive contact with adolescent and post-adolescent youth.

Dr. Barrow is now a practicing physician in San Diego, specializing in internal medicine and diagnosis. He is the author of numerous scientific articles.

(Continued on page 473)

by *Wallace Stegner*

THERE ARE SO MANY KINDS of stories that one cannot hope, by analyzing or re-creating one, to say anything very definitive about the form. One kind, intensely personal in feeling, deriving often from memory, its origins clouded and obscured by time, its methods so unconscious and undeliberate that the story seems to grow by itself out of some fecund darkness, can reward analysis only if the analysis searches out the whole mental and emotional state of the author during composition, and becomes a kind of personality analysis, a study in Jungian terms of the creative process and the creative personality. Another kind, built deliberately according to predetermined blueprints, is hardly worth analysis no matter how skillfully it is made, because the skill is all it has; it exists at a rudimentary level, without the difficult and indispensable quality of original design. It is the quality of design which I assume we are after in this series of story re-creations, and what may be valuable in such a study is the simple record of how a story came into being, how the scattered materials of time and place and people and situation and idea and feeling and significant action were subjected to some sort of synthesis and emerged a new thing, with a form of its own.

Almost any professional writer has had stories write themselves for him. I suppose most of us look upon that kind of story with a slight awe: it comes so easily and it leaves no tracks. Almost any writer too has had on occasion to build a story from scanty suggestions or fragmentary experiences, to hew one out by main force. This latter kind lends itself better to critical retrospection because its processes, if not exactly clear, have been at least painful.

"The Women on the Wall"* is a story that had to be hewn out. It is one of the few I ever wrote directly from a scene and a group

* "The Women on the Wall," which should be read in connection with this account of its creation, was published in *Harper's Magazine*, April 1946, and reprinted in *Best American Short Stories*, 1947 (Houghton Mifflin). "A Problem in Fiction" is the third in a series of studies of how writers write.

A PROBLEM IN FICTION

of people immediately under my eyes, and perhaps because I knew nothing about any of these people except their external appearance and their general situation, and so was without the help of the gestative processes which memory and the subconscious often perform painlessly, I had a good deal of difficulty in finding out exactly what my story was *about*. Action is an easy thing to invent and a hard thing to guide, because to guide it you must know where you want it to go.

Since I am engaged in a process of re-creation, let me re-create. The circumstances which gave rise to the story were not in any way unusual; the idea began casually and accidentally, in the middle of a time of letdown and boredom. I had returned to Santa Barbara from New York in the spring of 1945 to recover from an illness and a long stretch of working on racial minorities in the United States. I was in that state of mild collapse that follows the finishing of a book. Habit drove me to my desk after breakfast, but I could think of nothing I really wanted to do there. I wrote letters, or looked out the window across a lovely pine-shrouded point and a sunken lane, with the Pacific shining beyond and the mornings so still and temperate that I almost felt the house wallow slightly, like a ship in a dead calm. I smelled the slow warm fume of that little promontory—pine and eucalyptus and wood smoke and Ceanothus and kelp, and heard the relaxed swash of surf on the beach.

And I saw the Army and Navy wives who lived in apartments in the old beach club building on the point. Every morning about eleven they began to gather on the stone wall at the end of the lane, and for a half-hour, three-quarters, an hour, sometimes longer, they waited as quietly as patients sunning themselves in a sanitarium garden, until the mailman in his gray car and gray uniform drove up to the row of mailboxes.

Perhaps the way that picture formed and broke up every noon, only to re-form again in almost identical shapes and colors the next day, impressed it upon me unduly. Perhaps the women did not

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have over them the still purity of light that I thought I saw. Nevertheless I saw them waiting there under an intense stillness, a picture of a wistful charm. Before two mornings had passed, what I really did in my study was watch that most beautiful, lulled, enchanted place above the blue and violet sea, with the frieze of bright, still women along the wall.

I have no idea at what point I began to think of them as a story. It was simply apparent after awhile that I felt them with the clarity and force of a symbol, and that I wanted to write them. But you do not write a picture. You do not even write a "situation" like this of the women waiting patiently at the remote edge of the West while their husbands fought the Japanese thousands of miles westward across that miraculous water. Waiting was obviously a significant wartime activity, but it was fairly inert stuff to make a story from.

The women waited, as women have always waited in wars, and I watched them as avidly as a Peeping Tom. I saw how they were tuned-down, stilled, withdrawn into themselves until they seemed to have little to say even to each other. I heard the surf on the beach below, and the surf was slow and muted. I saw the mornings pass over as even and imperturbable as the muted sea and the waiting women. I knew that these images and shapes of quiescence that came to me might sometime be useful, that they were the images from which an atmosphere could be created, but I did not see any story around which to create an atmosphere. The images lay around in my mind at random, unconnected, and though I must even in the beginning have had some perception of how everything that struck me as important about those women had a cyclic, reiterative compulsiveness—tides and waves and growing mornings and the gathering along the wall and the climactic and awaited coming of the gray car—I was too interested in the images singly to see their significance en masse.

And another confession of almost unbelievable obtuseness: I had watched the women for upwards of a week, and been reminded of Keats's "On a Grecian Urn" a dozen times, and been impressed every morning freshly by the clear Attic light, the Mediterranean clarity, of the picture the women made. But it was a week before I

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made the connection with Penelope on the rocky isle of Ithaca above the wine-dark sea waiting her twenty years for Ulysses' return.

That belated perception of the classical parallel took me forward a long step. The very roll and ring of Homer's epithets and the soft thunder of his names added a dimension, dignity, depth. So I found myself with a place, a group of people, a situation, a classical parallel that had the effect of a stereopticon viewer. But I still had no story. I still had only a picture.

I attempted to surprise a story out of the picture by simply beginning, describing the point and the light and the sound of surf and the incense smells and the graceful waiting women. But when I got the picture finished everything stopped. And every attempt I made to invent and import some action fell flat. The Penelope parallel tempted me into inventing suitors, but they were as out of place in what I had already half-conceived as Keystone cops would have been. I was tempted by the communal, enforced life the women led in the beach club to try a kind of Grand Hotel scheme, following each woman and each woman's husband to a conclusion, whether death or reunion or separation or misunderstanding. But everything I tried was off key, or involved complication enough for a novel. And I kept being pulled back to the picture, just that. After several false starts and ten days of watching, certain things began to be clear.

It was clear that these women fascinated me precisely because they did nothing but wait. The minute I started them acting I falsified them. Their proper story was not a story, but only a repetition, and the conflict proper to their lives was only the tugging on the chain that held them. Waiting itself was their essential struggle. They were all thrown out of their normal posture by the war; they lived suspended lives.

It was clear too that if I wanted to dramatize that suspension properly, the method must be repetitive. That much I might borrow from the Grand Hotel theme; the effects of waiting must be seen in more than one way and in more than one of the women. And since the conflict here was internal, the story would probably re-

A PROBLEM IN FICTION

solve itself down not into a clear line of action, but into a series of uncoverings, all set within the framework of the daily waiting for the mail. The problem, I finally began to see, was not to make action out of this picture, but by moving the picture slightly to reveal what was hidden behind it. This story would develop, certainly, not as a complication resolved but as what Henry James called a "situation revealed."

And if revealed, it must be revealed to someone. I had already tried, with a dismal sense of failure, to get at these women from the inside. In the end I adopted the point of view that was at once easiest and most natural—my own, the viewpoint of the external observer. I elected to make my observer a man, for no particular reason; I made him an older man to prevent any suggestion of his being interested in the women for the wrong reasons, and to avoid the necessity of explaining how a young man could be on this secluded bit of beach during wartime. In the end I decided that he had just recently returned from many years on the Galapagos Islands, because as a retired colonial he might be assumed to have a certain innocence, because he would have along with that innocence an interest in rediscovering things in the States, because he could first be impressed and then shocked or startled at the uncoverings I was intending to make. I set his earlier career on the Galapagos only because every night at that time I was playing a game called "Cargoes" with my son, and almost every night I stopped my marker at the Galapagos for a cargo of turtles.

My story was still not clear to me in detail, but by now I knew what I thought. I thought the waiting women were lovely and symbolic and touching; and I thought that their quiet could not possibly be more than skin-deep, that beneath their muted surface must be a seethe and dart of emotion like a school of small fish just under the unbroken surface of water. I suspected, though I didn't know and don't know yet, that their submission was only apparent and that they were all ready to explode with anger, hysterics, loss, boredom, fear.

Though I certainly did not formulate the notion to myself as I started to write, I had a pattern of reversal all prepared for myself.

WALLACE STEGNER

Whether it is a complication resolved or a situation revealed, fiction normally works either toward surprise or toward recognition. Whichever it works toward, it covers its tracks, it moves by stealth, it pretends to be going the other way. Like a lever, a story needs a fulcrum of opposition on which to get what we used to call "purchase." If boy is going to get girl, it usually is rigged so that for most of the story he apparently is going to lose her, and vice versa. So in this story, since the uncoverings were going to reveal unsuspected depths of passion and resentment and resistance in these women, I began with what had been my own first impression: the enchanted point, the breathing sea, the cyclic mornings and tides and mailman, the quiet cataleptic pattern of the women on the wall, the apparent submission to their waiting.

By now I had to know more about my characters than their external appearance. Quite without their consent or knowledge, I gave to one of them, Mrs. Kendall, an adopted child, a warped and bottled-up and prudish interest in sex, and a personal inadequacy matched by her personal loneliness; I gave another an illegitimate unborn child whose father rarely wrote and was constantly in danger of death; to another I gave defiance and a corrective hostility against those outside her own life; to a fourth I gave an intense and nervous temperament, the habit of smoking marijuana, and a husband who preferred combat to his home. I had my Mrs. Corson smoke marijuana rather than punish highballs because I had recently been working with Mexican youths in Los Angeles and I had marijuana on my mind. So much of what attaches itself or insinuates itself when one is making a story is purest accident; the story growing in the mind becomes a kind of flypaper that catches everything light, everything loose.

The form the story was taking was organic; it could not be separated from the materials, it took on definiteness as the materials clarified themselves. All I had to do was to start my Mr. Palmer where I had started, have him see and admire the women, respect their withdrawal, idealize them as Penelopes, be impressed with the classic purity of their situation. I did this. I allowed Mr. Palmer to try making their acquaintance and I let him be

rebuffed, and I had him apologize to himself for their behavior. They were heroically doing what they had to do; they should not be intruded upon. He went back to his role as respectful observer.

Now I needed an incident to bring him close to them again, so that from a certain point on he could become progressively more aware of the seething under the quiet surface. Fate provided me the incident in the form of an unexplained cocker pup who appeared for one whole day in the beach club yard, howled and yipped and mourned for twelve hours, and mysteriously disappeared again. I incorporated him and his adventure bodily, using him not only as a means of characterizing Mrs. Kendall, but also as a symbolic representation *in petto* of the way everybody in the story, adult, child, or dog, was tied down helplessly and no relief for it.

Having brought Mr. Palmer into contact with one of the women, Mrs. Corson, I was in shape to have her use him as a screen for one of her marijuana binges. On the pretext of going down to take her daughter for a pony ride, she drives down to a joint and gets her "reefer." And being high on marijuana, she is in a condition to break the unspoken agreement of silence that protects the women from outsiders. She can confide in Mr. Palmer that Mrs. Vaughan, six months pregnant, has no husband but the one who was killed at Dieppe, three years before. She can give away Mrs. Kendall's secret of the adopted child and take a catlike claw or two at Mrs. Kendall's prudery, fussiness, self-righteousness. Finally she can involve herself in a screaming catfight with Mrs. Kendall, and in the course of it Mr. Palmer can learn about her too, what makes her pupils so large, what is the source of her furious and demented energy.

In that series of scenes the reversal is completed, the idyllic and wistful picture Mr. Palmer started with has been violently shoved aside and the turmoil of suffering and frustrated humanity it has covered is revealed.

And for an ending—there is no ending, actually, since there is no story but only a revelation, what Joyce called an "epiphany"—I had no choice but to drop the original picture back into place. Being cyclic, the story must return upon itself. I closed out the

catfight with the coming of the mailman, and the resubmission of all the women to the monotony of their lives. That ending recommended itself not merely as a way of getting out of the rather melodramatic scene of the women fighting, but also as a structural symbol. If the structure and intention of the story are legitimate, this ending ought to have the power of closing the circle, returning us to where we began but with the added understanding and insight that a round trip behind the scenes has provided.

The great and glorious masterpiece of man is to live to the point. All other things—to reign, to hoard, to build—are, at most, but inconsiderate props and appendages Relaxation and versatility, it seems to me, go best with a strong and noble mind, and do it singular honor. There is nothing more notable in Socrates than that he found time, when he was an old man, to learn music and dancing, and thought it time well spent.

—MONTAIGNE, 1533–1592

SURRENDER AT PONAPE

by Alexander Spoehr

THE OTHER DAY a man came into the office who had recently been on Ponape. Except for naval officers, anthropologists, and a wandering journalist or two, not many people have heard of the place. It is one of those islands miles from anywhere out in the Pacific that the Japanese once had and that the United States now controls. It is almost four years since I first saw Ponape, but for wartime service my first visit was somewhat unusual. The circumstances were neither so all-encompassing that one felt caught up in a chain of events one could never hope to understand, nor yet were they trivial.

It was just after dawn when the big gray Martin Mariner rose from the waters of Kwajalein Lagoon and headed westward for Ponape, five hundred eighty miles away. As we came into view of it three and a half hours later, it showed itself to be a beautiful island, dark green and purple—a mountain rising out of the Pacific—fringed with a ring of surf breaking on an encircling reef. We swept the harbor for an hour, giving the place a good looking over before making an approach for landing. Then the pilot—our squadron captain—set the big plane down, mooring it to a line streamed from the fantail of an American destroyer which was lying there at anchor.

An old Japanese *daihatsu*, a powered barge, was alongside the officers' ladder of the destroyer. In the center of the *daihatsu* were two large wooden chairs. Draped over one was the bright red blanket with the stars of a Japanese lieutenant general. Over the other was the blue blanket of the Japanese commander of the naval forces on Ponape. The captain, the executive officer, and I, going from our plane to the ship, climbed over the *daihatsu* and up the ladder to the destroyer's quarter-deck and forward to the wardroom.

The wardroom was jammed with people—the American commodore, the politely smiling Japanese lieutenant general, who was

the ranking officer on Ponape, the politely smiling Japanese naval commander, and the usual accompanying overflow crowd of aides, language officers, military-government officers, and such. Japanese surrender negotiations were in progress.

That was nothing in which we had any part. The skipper interrupted only long enough to report our presence. Then we got out quickly, bagged a seaplane personnel boat, and, together with two Japanese lieutenants, headed for the seadrome, where our first job lay. It took about two hours to make an inspection of it. After a quick lunch on the destroyer, we started next with the commodore toward Colony, Ponape's only town, for a look at the airfield beyond it.

Colony, built on the tip of the long arm of the bay, was a two-mile run. Along the water's edge rose a belt of mangroves, backed by coconut palms on the rising ground behind. In the distance lay the dark green mass of Ponape's mountains. It was quiet, with only the calls of a few birds breaking the hot stillness of the afternoon. We came to a long, narrow concrete pier at Colony and disembarked. A Japanese sentry stood stiffly at attention at the end of the pier. Three Japanese men in shorts and soldiers' caps sat immobile on a fishing boat. We walked up the length of the concrete pier toward the town.

But there wasn't any town. Except for two churches, one badly damaged, that we had seen at the northern edge, and except for a couple of sheds near the base of the pier, it was utterly destroyed. American planes had literally razed it to the ground. One of the sheds had partly open sides and was used as a Navy barracks. A hundred or so Japanese sailors stood and watched us as we walked toward the shore. There wasn't a sound. Just those Japanese and the town that wasn't a town any more, and the green grass and shrubs growing up around the foundations where buildings once stood. And coconut palms whose tops had been blown off; and a lot of bomb craters. It is true that Colony wasn't large. Yet it had had a main street. There was the big white Government House upon the hill, and the Fuku-Sumi Hotel. It had had a water front where the fishing boats came in, and a little business district with stores

SURRENDER AT PONAPE

and shops. In the town people had been busy, buying and selling, and eating and drinking. Now there was nothing. The place created a strange mood and atmosphere. We all fell quiet, listening to our heels on the concrete. Even the commodore stopped talking. We reached the base of the pier and started up the street. On our left were the two sheds with the Japanese sailors silently watching us. On our right was a heavy bronze mission bell set in a sort of shrine. Beyond the bell the ground dropped to a cleared grassy square, about one hundred fifty feet on a side. In the center of the square stood a freshly painted white flag pole, put up an hour before by the first ship's party ashore from the destroyer. The commodore stopped and the rest of us stopped, and we all looked at the flag pole. The commodore said "Good, the flag pole's up." It was the first evidence of American occupation.

The commodore said that he intended to walk around the town, and that we should go ahead with our job. "Yes, sir," said the skipper. "Wonder where that Jap truck is that was going to take us out to the strip," he added. We milled around for a minute or two and soon five Japanese soldiers—all noncoms—walked slowly up. "Good afternoon, sir," said one in American English. "What can I do for you?"

The Japanese soldier was a corporal. Sometime during our ensuing conversation, we asked him his name. The skipper didn't catch it and I didn't get it, so Kasuga is as good a name as any to call him. The Lieutenant General's name was Watanabe, so I can't call the corporal that. Kasuga it is.

We all stood there looking at the mountains and the bronze mission bell and the Japanese sailors staring at us from their barracks, and made polite conversation with Kasuga. His four companions stood a little behind him, listening attentively and saying nothing. They wore army caps and cotton uniforms that were worn, but clean and neat. I told Kasuga we would like to use him as an interpreter for the afternoon. "It is all right," said Kasuga. "I have nothing to do."

"Where did you learn English so well?" the captain asked.

Kasuga smiled a little and looked embarrassed. "In Sacra-

mento. I was born and raised there." He ground the gravel of the street with the toe of his field boot.

Pretty soon a truck came down the street. It was a Japanese truck, old but in fairly good condition. It had a right-hand drive and behind the wheel sat a perspiring little Japanese petty officer. Kasuga made known our wants, and we climbed in. After a lot of grinding of gears, we started off for the airfield.

We drove through what was once Colony and up a hill where Government House had stood, as well as the town's few larger residences. Now there were only stone pillars at the street, through which overgrown gravel drives led to stone and concrete foundations. Nothing more. The street up the hill was lined with royal palms. Half of them had been blown down by bombs, so they didn't look very royal any more. The street became a road, and a poor one. It was that reddish mud one sees in Hawaii, crudely surfaced with coarse basalt gravel, and full of holes. But the drive was beautiful. I saw hibiscus as it can grow only in the tropics, and gorgeous red fuchsialike blooms that hung in profusion from a larger shrub. There were other flowers I did not know, while beyond rose those green and purple mountains. Behind and below us, we caught glimpses of the Pacific welling up in coves and little harbors. We passed on to a sort of upland where the gardens of the soldiers were scattered—green acres of small, carefully cultivated plots of beans, pumpkins, melons, and sweet potatoes. It was all very beautiful.

It was also a bit sinister. There were some six thousand Japanese soldiers around Colony. They all carried their arms. Every now and then we passed a leisurely moving water buffalo drawing a cart—completely at peace with the world. And every now and then we passed a Jap patrol coming in from an outpost—well-conditioned men, stripped to the waist, walking with a rapid, silent stride, looking neither to right nor left, and armed to the teeth. We didn't have even a thirty-eight among us. Under every clump of trees was a shed and from every shed dozens of soldiers' faces looked at us curiously, sometimes with hatred, but mostly with no visible emotion. It was a little like a cross between a Burton Holmes travelogue and an old Alfred Hitchcock movie mystery. These men

SURRENDER AT PONAPE

were my enemies, yet I had never before seen them face to face. War in the air can be very impersonal. I remembered watching the bursts of flak blossom off the wings of the plane over Nauru, and the pattern of bullets on the water when we landed off Jaluit to evacuate some wounded in one of the war's minor operations. You didn't think of the men behind those guns much. Yet here they were. And they certainly weren't friendly. I didn't blame them particularly. This little army had not been beaten in the field, and they had plenty of arms and ammunition left. In the sentry houses along the road, the rifles gleamed in their racks and the men behind them were clean and healthy. There were soldiers by the side of the road and in the fields; they stopped and stared when we passed.

After nearly an hour's bumping up and down hills we came to the airfield. The craters in the runways had been filled in, but the strip was unusable. "This place is really beaten up," I said to Kasuga.

"I'll tell the world it is," he answered. Kasuga was catching up fast on his American.

We made a quick inspection of the blasted and defunct air-drome and started back. Kasuga's pals knew some English and on the return they opened up, for it was plain that they wanted to brush up on their foreign language. "And do they have papaya trees in America?" asked a nearsighted little sergeant.

"In America it is too cold," I answered, thinking of home. In order to draw him out, I asked, "Where did you learn such good English?"

"My English I learned in school in Japan." The sergeant was visibly pleased.

The little fellow didn't seem typical, however. The airfield was destroyed and so were all the planes on Ponape. I don't know whether those soldiers had learned of the atomic bomb and the fate of Hiroshima, but in the eyes along the road there was often what I took for hatred and arrogance.

After returning to Colony, we followed another road that led southward along a little valley. In this valley lived not only scat-

tered groups of soldiers, but also Japanese civilians and natives. Our truck crossed a bridge over a stream that rushed down white and foaming between black boulders, and then came out into more open country. Shacks with rusty tin roofs were scattered here and there among clumps of trees. Several families of Japanese civilians were lined up in front of their small houses to watch us go by. The skipper waved at the children, and in reply the whole family would bow gravely from the waist. Also along the road were a few natives—happy Micronesians in tattered clothes who greeted us with a laugh or a smile. Both civilians and natives were obviously poor, with old clothes and weather-beaten quarters. Finally, the skipper decided we should turn back to be in time for the flag-raising, and coming to a place wide enough, where a side road branched off, the driver started the necessary backing and hauling to get the truck turned around.

Suddenly there was a shout from the side road, and the excited voices of children. We looked toward the road and saw running and stumbling toward us a family of white people. Three barefoot girls dashed out ahead, followed by an adult couple. The girls raced up in a tumult of joy. The youngest was eight or ten and the oldest must have been around fourteen. All were skinny, blond, and dressed alike—in clean cotton dresses so faded that the designs barely showed. Next came the parents—two thin and pale people, both wearing Panama hats. The man had a game leg and walked with the use of a cane. “Do you speak English?” I asked as they came up to the truck. “A little,” the wife replied. “My husband speaks it well.”

We helped the man and his wife into the back of the truck. The girls climbed up in a jiffy and were followed by four Ponapean natives, who, the man explained to us, were once their servants. The back of the truck was now crowded, with everyone laughing and smiling and talking at once, except for Kasuga and our other Japanese soldiers, who were conspicuously silent. The white man explained as fast as he could. “We are Belgians,” he said. “I am a planter here on Ponape. My whole family and I have spent nearly three years in prison. When war broke out we wished to leave, but

SURRENDER AT PONAPE

were held as hostages. On the twenty-fourth of August we were released, and were told the war was over. Our little girl saw the boat come ashore from the ship, and an hour ago we met your first inspection party. They said the American flag would be raised this afternoon. We are very anxious to be there."

"We have waited so long for you," his wife added.

I looked at the Belgian family more closely. The man wore a neat blue coat with a tie and a white shirt, and light-colored trousers. His wife wore a simple dress. Their shoes were worn but still serviceable. Their Panamas were still very white. Despite their threadbare clothes, it was apparent that they had done their best to keep up appearances, and had made a special effort this afternoon. The wife did not look well; she was thin and pale. Perhaps I was staring too hard, for the planter's wife spoke to me. "We carry all our possessions with us, for we have nothing but the clothes on our backs. If it were not for the kindness of our old servants, we would have starved."

Her conversation was interrupted by a near-calamity. The old truck started to cough and in a moment the engine died. The driver couldn't get it started. He tried cranking, to no avail. The Belgians were heartbroken. "We shall miss the flag-raising. It is too late," the wife cried.

"It is not yet four-thirty," the skipper said. "We shall get there."

The little Japanese driver worked like mad. Rivers of sweat ran down his face, as he checked the ignition and changed the spark plugs. Finally, he got the old crate started and soon the truck was jolting along the road again. We came into Colony and drove up to the square where the flag pole had been set up in the morning. Detachments of Japanese soldiers and sailors, with their officers, were already drawn up on one side of the square. Facing them was a detachment of American sailors. The Americans were under arms; the Japanese had none. A group of Japanese army officers occupied a part of the third side of the square. A number of them had shiny brown canes, which they stuck upright into the turf behind them.

ALEXANDER SPOEHR

However, the commodore and his party had not yet arrived. The flag was not up. We were in time.

The shouted orders of officers brought the troops to attention, as the Japanese island commander and his staff strode in and took their positions on the open square. A short interval elapsed and the troops were brought to attention again as our commodore and his party entered and took their stations at the eastern side. At the base of the flag pole stood the bugler and a color guard. The commodore stepped forward and in a clear voice read a brief résumé of the surrender terms. He finished with, "In the name of the United States Navy, I hereby take command of Ponape Island and declare it to be under the control of the American Government."

An American Army colonel took several paces forward and read the proclamation in Japanese. He stepped back and there was a slight pause. Then a Navy officer barked "Present Arms!" American sailors can never compare with their brother Marines when it comes to drill, but the rifles came up together. The sailors' whites were spotless, their leggings scrubbed, and their shoes shone against the turf. The bugler raised the bugle to his lips, and the call to the colors floated out across the grass-grown ruins as the American flag went up over Colony.

The Belgian family had a little spot of their own on the square. The girls stood in front, stiff and straight, with their parents behind them. An afternoon breeze had sprung up and it caught their faded cotton dresses. It unfurled the flag and held it out for all of us to see. And it dried the silent tears of the Belgian planter's wife as she watched the new flag reach the peak of the pole.

Time of Year

THREE POEMS OF AUTUMN

WILLIAM EVERSON

I

And in the cooling weather,
Over the canyons,
Over the sun-invested slopes,
That hold, like tawny wine, all summer's hauteur;
Over the hazy draws and the pine-thicket knolls,
Drifts the unmistakable odor of autumn.

And I am reminded
That once more now it is the season of school;
And on country lanes
Again the school children make their way,
Wearing that openness about the eyes
Where fields have glimmered,
And the ground squirrel shrilled his piercing note;
Bearing about them a something restless,
Something unruly,
The charge of freedom,
Nature's benign tolerance,
That will in time be curbed, made docile,
Smoothed as the tousled hair
Before the glass is smoothed and parted,
Sent with them off down the road
To an anxious future that long ago
Lost what they cannot keep.

II

To rankle under restriction,
And seek an out—
As in the municipal environs,
The groomed campus and the kept parks,

WILLIAM EVERSON

One turns at last to the path-side weeds for his assurance,
And sees there, snatched out of confine,
A glimpse of that large pervasive nature,
Thrusting the tasseled head,
The spiky thorn shot forth,
A rough challenge
Toward a freer, more ambient order.

So will the guiltful youth,
Too timid to leave his father's house
Yet chafed to remain,
Wander, come autumn, in the rural lanes,
Where the poplar litters its rainy leaf
And the thorned weed prospers;
Where the yellow weather leans over the land,
And summer's harvest, umber,
Sleeps on in the smoky fields.

III

When the crop is in: fat muscats,
Most nectarous of grapes or sun-shrunken raisins,
The boys will go out in search through the vineyard,
And find the few forgotten bunches,
That hang on late near the raggy stumps,
Gain a puckering sweetness,
Till frost drives down the leaves.

All through the empty afternoons will they wander,
Between the picking of the grape
And the pruning of the vine,
And find these better,
The ones not taken,
Rarer to the eye,
Riper to the mouth,
And richer to the mind.

WAR NEUROSIS—

by William Hulbert Barrow

HAS PSYCHONEUROSIS become an increasingly prevalent American disease? Are we, particularly our younger generation, potentially psychoneurotic? Do our background and way of living tend to break down psychic fiber rather than build up mental stamina?

Approximately four million men were rejected and classified as 4-F in the draft for World War II. About 702,000, or 17 percent, of these rejections were for neuropsychiatric disorders, exclusive of mental deficiency and illiteracy. The men finally inducted into service were then presumably sound mentally and physically. Yet by the end of the war about 315,000 more had been discharged for psychoneuroses and other psychiatric defects, this number being 43 percent of the discharges for all causes. We had psychoneuroses in the first World War—they were classified under the heroic cognomen of “shell shock”—but it was no such mass illness as this. The increase over World War I has been five- to tenfold. If the trend continues until a next war, there will be so many men too nervous to fight that it will be difficult to raise an army.

A civilian psychiatrist who during the war served as consultant to the surgeon general of the Army has said that it is to be hoped that civilian physicians will prepare to accept and treat what Army medical officers discovered during the war were their greatest problems, namely emotional factors in the production of illness. Coming from a psychiatrist this statement is surprising. There is nothing new in the concept of mental conflict as a cause of physical disorders. Mary Baker Eddy founded a religion on the idea many years ago. S. Weir Mitchell and William Osler, pioneers of American medicine, are famous for their writings and teachings on the subject. The problem as a challenge to the medical profession is not postwar; it is many years prewar. Medical specialists and general practitioners know that about half of their patients come to them complaining of physical symptoms which are caused by

A PEACETIME PRODUCT

psychic factors. So psychosomatic medicine is not new, and although it is true that its incidence is alarmingly greater, even the increased incidence is by no means an aftermath of war.

The condition of combat fatigue, in which men were completely exhausted and broken by the strain of battle, has been dramatically emphasized as a cause of war neurosis. One sample survey, however, showed that only about 15 percent of the men discharged for psychoneurosis had even been overseas, and a much smaller percentage of course were exposed to combat fatigue.

The increased incidence of mental breakdowns has also been explained in part by the contention that "modern warfare is tough." But warfare has always been tough, and at camps and training centers in this country, where 85 percent of the mental breakdowns occurred, life was certainly more comfortable and well ordered than it was twenty-five years before when there was much less psychoneurosis. The explanation would seem to lie not in the toughness of the war but in the lack of toughness of the men.

Army training centers had mental hygiene units called "consultation services," with directors, assistant directors, Red Cross psychiatric social workers, and enlisted personnel trained in psychiatry and psychology. Similar units functioned in most general, convalescent, and station hospitals. Series of lectures on mental hygiene were given to officers and enlisted men. All this setup was there to help the men over their faulty adjustments to Army life, their homesickness, their fears, their sublimations of individuality, their anxiety and escape neuroses, their conversion hysterias, and their somatic and hypochondriacal reactions. So runs the psychiatric jargon. These mental states occurred not in a bunch of middle-aged neurotics, but in a startlingly large group of supposedly healthy young American adults. It seems fantastic that such steps had to be taken.

Why was all this mental nursemaiding necessary in men that boast of a heritage such as theirs? This is a heritage, of only a few

generations back, of physical and mental stamina that carried their forebears across a wide ocean in small wooden sailing ships, to a wilderness where they fought the Indians, endured cold and hunger and disease, crossed an almost trackless country in ox carts and covered wagons, and later in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles built cities and railroads to establish the most virile nation on earth. It is enough to make those hardy pioneers turn over uneasily in their graves, could they but know that many of their children's children, called on to fight for that country, had mental conflicts, maladjustments, and hysterias which in plain layman's parlance means they "just couldn't take it." And again they might well ask, who or what is to blame?

The late Dr. Elliott Cutler, former professor of surgery at Harvard, who with the rank of brigadier general served as chief surgical consultant in the European theater, stated that the chief difference between the casualties in World Wars I and II was the alarming increase in neuropsychiatric cases. Although a surgeon, he was moved to write at length on the subject. Listed as causative factors by Dr. Cutler were relaxed discipline, poor leadership by junior officers, and the softening influence of playing up the "terror of modern warfare as if it had once been a different sort of game, and running away could be excused now." He blamed also the softening influence of the higher standards of living that had crept into the training camps, with the elaborate canteens and places of entertainment patronized by Hollywood actresses. To these factors he added the featherbedding of our citizens by government aid to the "underprivileged," the consequent supplanting of self-reliance by a tendency to rely on others, and the growth of the idea that one's country owed one something instead of being something to be served.

The indictment must, however, go farther back than the training camps and the social security programs. It must extend into the beginning of things—into the home and the school. Composure, imperturbability, self-reliance—these are the timbers with which we would strengthen the vessel that is to weather the storms of life. Yet, it is hard to see how the hectic life of the average American

home can develop these traits of character in the children. To the restless generation of parents, mere contentment and the routine of a quiet existence are intolerable. Here where the groundwork of orderliness and discipline should be laid, the child is too often without restraint and runs foot loose and fancy free. It is forgotten that childhood is a time for training and tempering as well as for happiness, and that happiness, if it is to continue, must be disciplined self-expression.

From the shelter of home, the child goes to school. Here he begins to merge his individuality with that of the group, and adjustments are necessary. And here, where again routine and well-ordered discipline should be helping the child to bridge the gap, we find instead programs too active and varied, and extracurricular activities too strenuous to allow the child to find himself. Educators tell us that studies must be made attractive, that methodical procedures are antiquated, and that discipline stunts the development of individuality. But a child is very amenable to and very happy under quiet discipline, and a child's demands for pleasure and variety are modest. I suspect that it is a distaste for routine and basic drill on the part of supervisors and teachers rather than the needs of the child that is responsible for the modern educational trend and methods. In other words, when the drudgery of older methods is decried, it is the teachers' prejudices that are being considered rather than the reaction of the children. I do not believe that any of us who were brought up under the old basic hammer-and-tongs system of teaching have any recollection of great unhappiness.

As the upper grades of school are reached, the child is faced with more mental stress in the form of too much variety and freedom of choice in the curriculum and in the often incompatible mixture of school methods with shop and business procedures. Having been taught little at school so far, except that work should be fun, he is perhaps unable to apply himself contentedly to any serious course of study. Even sports have been so highly organized and commercialized and made so keenly competitive that they foster nervous and emotional strain rather than diversion and relaxation.

WAR NEUROSIS

The social life in our high schools is another fertile field for unrest and mental conflict. There are competitive standards—standards involving money and morals—which to the emotional youth present serious problems, problems not made easier by the fact that questions of sex are often involved. Many of the products of this system develop psychic strain rather than psychic stamina.

There has been little so far in the experience at home or at school to engender composure, imperturbability, or self-reliance. There is no self-discipline because there has been no authority imposing a discipline which could be absorbed and made a part of one's self. There has been developed no power of concentration because there has never been time or quiet enough to learn concentration. There is no real sense of values because the windy programs of home life and school have no place for emphasis on the more salutary though less spectacular virtues.

Ill-equipped, the youth goes out to the more complex life of college or business or service in the armed forces. Again he is called on to adapt himself to a strange environment and to fit himself into a still more active and competitive existence. His home and school indoctrination clash with the realities and demands of his new life, and mental conflicts develop. He wants material success, he wants an undisciplined freedom, he wants what he is not mentally equipped to achieve, and he is therefore discontented and restless.

Sex life, another phase of our existence which is fast reverting to animal-like freedom and lack of discipline, throws a further strain on the psychic resources of the young. Inhibitions, in the past fostered by training and public opinion, are now condemned as would be the squeaking brakes of a car, and so with no brakes at all the youths dash on over the rough road of moral freedom. And in favor of this much-maligned younger generation it may be said that they realize that in spite of it all they are not happy. Philip Wylie has vividly expressed it, "They ought to be happy. They ought to be serene and composed. They are free to make their own lives. There are no conventions, no taboos, no gods, priests, princes, fathers, or revelations which they must accept. Yet the result is not so good

as they thought it would be. The prison door is wide open. They stagger out into trackless space under a blinding sun. They find it nerve racking."

It is small wonder that many men who were products of this hectic home, school, and social background broke when subjected to the strain of war service. It is obvious, however, that most of them would in time have broken under the strain of civilian pursuits. As a result of hereditary instability, poor childhood environment, or of previous psychic trauma, the adult psyche is a weak vessel. One might say that these persons are like boats which are safe and comfortable as long as they stay in the sheltered waters of a harbor, but which founder if subjected to the buffeting of even an ordinary sea outside.

It was the belief of psychologist Adler that all psychoneuroses are based on some phase of an individual's expression of his ego, in a striving for power. Frustration breeds lack of confidence and a non-co-operative mental state. In civilian life, man may be master of his fate, but if because of inadequate mental or psychic equipment he does a poor job as master, he is baffled and broken in spirit. In the Army, one's fate is in the hands of others and to the individual who chafes under discipline imposed by others *this* spells frustration. In both instances illness, physical or mental, is often an avenue of escape from an unbearable situation. These are the cases that are refractory to treatment, because the will to get well, which is indispensable to recovery, is feeble and a life of invalidism looks easier and more interesting than a battle for existence with inadequate mental equipment.

The basic defect in many of these personalities is a failure to ripen and mature. The individual never grows up. These people with their ingeniousness and childlike reactions find the going hard. After all, there is not a Santa Claus and this is not a land of make-believe. One must in adult life face and adjust oneself to reality. This these individuals usually fail to do. In the performance of *physical* tasks called for in our daily lives we expect to have the necessary strength and reserve to accomplish them. The normal youth welcomes a test of his strength and is ashamed to be called a

physical weakling. There are calls also for *mental* stamina and reserve strength to meet emergencies. One is not born with these qualities. They are developed as a result of systematic training and mental discipline, which are as necessary as is physical exercise in the maintenance of strength to meet physical demands. If this is not done and one looks for help and a way out only when an emergency arises, then disaster occurs. In the transition from civilian to Army life, serious problems of adjustment arise, and often for the first time in his life the recruit finds himself in a situation that he does not like and where he is made to do things he does not want to do. He becomes mentally ill. He has not been conditioned for such a state of affairs. He has no rule of conduct to guide him.

In an orderly existence the importance of self-imposed discipline of the group and of the individual is fundamental. In the acquisition of self-discipline there is great virtue in doing well an uninteresting and unpleasant task. There is the need too for youth to be indoctrinated, not with the idea of "how much can I get" but of "how much can I do and how well can I do it?" And a normal youth will rise to meet that challenge with the same zest that he will climb a mountain or brave a running sea, for no other reason than to prove his strength. Obstacles and problems encountered strengthen his moral fiber and increase his mental stability and stamina.

The spiritual urge or compulsion to meet and master opportunities and difficulties as they arise springs from sentiment and emotion. Psychoneuroses often develop as the result of the conflict of these emotions with experience. When this happens there is need for a strongly dominant central sentiment, "a star to hitch one's wagon to." This central sentiment should be invulnerably entrenched within one's self. It must be organized around something that cannot be lost, and so preferably around an ideal or rule of personal conduct. Thus one may develop the impregnable armor of self-sufficiency, and though money, position, family, even reputation be lost, still be invulnerable and unbroken. The rules of conduct and a code of living can never be taken away and need

never be lost. Strength and stability of character have these as a backlog.

The individual who through hereditary, home and social training, and self-indoctrination has developed an intrinsic discipline and who is motivated by a dominant sentiment and code of living is equipped for the stresses and emergencies of any environment. But as he develops self-reliance and confidence, he also develops humility. Disappointment may temper his enthusiasms and he learns the fallibility of faith in and dependence on others. He acquires a philosophy of life which Osler summed up in the Latin word, "*Aequanimitas*." By this was meant schooling oneself not to expect too much of life or of the people among whom one lives, learning that "we aim at the unattainable and must be content with finding broken pieces," accepting disappointment and defeat courageously, and joyously fighting on with only the acquisition of wisdom and experience as one's reward.

For the individual who has not in his early environment acquired self-discipline, an orderly plan of living, and a psychic equipment adequate for the demands of life, we should have sympathy and understanding. But it would seem to be a mistake to forever excuse him for his shortcomings, and he must be made to understand himself and his defects. He need not be ashamed of them but they are certainly nothing to be proud of and they should be remedied. In case co-operation is lacking, the possible value of compulsion instead of psychiatric coddling should be considered. This is not a popular concept in these soft days, but it should be remembered that the imposition of restraint and compulsion by one person on another is no more severe than the use of self-imposed discipline which governs most men. Carlyle said of one of his characters that after a period of "ragings and despairings" over a soul tragedy, "the first mad paroxysm past . . . he collected his dismembered philosophies and buttoned himself together." Some of our psychoneurotic individuals should be told to do just that.

This type of person with his maladjustments and mental conflicts should be made to understand that it is not so much the harassment of his environment or of the situation in which he

finds himself that causes his mental turmoil as it is his own failure to take his bearings, study his charts, lay out a course, and get under way. It is indecision and uncertainty as to what to do that causes the conflict rather than the disagreeable factors themselves.

By way of positive and constructive mental prophylaxis there would seem to be a place for a new or reborn philosophy in regard to work. Man maintains his supremacy here on earth by his individual and group productivity. The freedoms about which we idealize are subsidiary to and dependent on work. The individual or group that will not do its share of work will be submerged. The man who does not know the joy of work for its own sake only half-lives. Work is a medium for the expression of one's strength and individuality. The world does not owe us a living and it demands that we meet its challenge to work if we would live. The necessity and the obligation to work, rather than easy living, a pride in one's skill and technique and not craftiness and cunning—these should be dominant in the theme of any training program calculated to build up moral fiber and adequate psychic equipment. As natural corollaries of this basic philosophy are the inculcation of self-discipline and an over-all recognized art in the way of living.

Had the Almighty given me the choice of possessing truth or of seeking after it, I should have chosen the latter.

—LESSING

THE LONG HOT DAY

by Patricia Farrell Zelter

HER FATHER sat hunched under the lamp light, his lap filled with twisted copper spinners and swollen silver bobs and many-colored flies. The old tin tackle box lay open on the table beside him and its discolored felt lining smelled of the fish that had been dead since last summer. Her father was bent over, beneath the lamp, studying the glitter of his favorite spinner.

For just one moment it was all too much. I won't ask, Ann decided. She had no need, really, to sit one long hot day in a hard boat with a pole in her hand.

Her father had found a piece of decayed velvet in the box and was scrubbing his spinner with vigor and care.

"May I go with you tomorrow?" Ann said. It was done now. How absurd it had been to have hesitated at all. "Please, Daddy, let me go."

"Now what would I want to take you for?" He looked up at her and grinned so that the wrinkles went slipping about on his great, old, handsome face.

"You promised! The next time you went with Gasper."

All this, then, because she was going away. The waste of a summer's day—they were expendable in Eagle Point—as a farewell gesture before she left in a week, thank heavens, for Los Angeles where she had a job.

"You'd embarrass me," he said. "You can't fish!"

No, it was an art she had not yet mastered. One needed, she felt, to be a monomaniac first. "I could if you wouldn't always experiment with my bait," she told him fretfully.

Her mother came into the room then, dressed for dinner in a black crepe gown. "Did you ever hear anything so funny?" said her father. "Ann wants me to take her fishing!"

Ann was certain by her mother's quick glance that it was true. She had never heard anything so funny. "I thought you were hav-

ing lunch with me at the club," her mother said. "I thought you were making up my foursome."

"I—I'm going fishing," Ann told her.

Her mother laughed.

"Why, you don't expect him to introduce a member of his family to his precious Gasper, do you?" she said.

Her father sank back in his chair, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette. "Gasper and I get along," he said. He liked the thought that they were jealous of the disreputable Gasper. "Now, what would we want with a woman on our trip?" he asked them.

"You promised!"

"Well, well," said her father, reaching out to tossle her hair. "I'll tell you what! Seeing as you're going away—" He was, she felt, resigned at last. "Seeing as you're going to leave us for the big city, I'll take you. But no foolishness on this trip. No, sir!"

"Why, you'd think Gasper was a rich client of yours, Paul," said her mother. "The way you kowtow to that man!"

"He's a prima donna," her father said proudly. "Yes, sir, a regular prima donna! You have to know how to treat Gasper! He won't take just anyone out in his boat! He won't take Al Bates anymore, not after—."

"Al used flies when Gasper told him to use eggs," said her mother in a sing-song voice.

"No, sir, he won't take Al anymore." Her father's face became very serious. "Now, we're getting up at six o'clock in the morning," he said. "No foolishness on this trip!"

"It's all foolishness," said her mother, and Ann agreed with her silently. "But if you're going," her mother said, "I'll make you a lunch. You ought really to have a good lunch and I'll make one for you. And, Paul," she said, with the tiniest trace of concern, "take your pills with you, dear. You can never tell. Someday you might need them in the most unexpected place!"

At eight in the morning Gasper waited for them at the bridge. He was a squat, fat-muscled man and he was wearing khaki pants and a white T-shirt.

"Gasper, this is my daughter, Ann, who thinks she can fish,"

her father said. Gasper called her Miss, however, throughout the rest of the day.

The river under the bridge was deep and still like a pool. While the two men worked to get the flat, heavy boat off Gasper's trailer, Ann wandered to the water's edge and looked down into the amber-clear, rock-edged bottom. She put one hand down deep into the water and brought it up, ice-cold and red. She sat down, cross-legged, in the damp sand and looked up at the green leaves that trailed from tall trees into the water and she could smell the spiced dew that still clung to the shade. The men shoved the boat into the water and they all climbed in and Gasper motioned with his hand for Ann to sit in the bow.

"Ought to be a good day, eh Gasper?" her father said.

"Ought to be."

Now, what would make it a good day, she wondered, for even if it rained, they wouldn't care!

The river under the bridge was still and deep but as Gasper rowed them toward the bend, the thunder of the first rapids came to them from far away. Soon they were in another part of the river, a narrow rush of water, arched by dripping willows and shaggy oaks and gray flowering snakebrush and there were little streams that wandered off into the tangle or the strange, lonely meadows that lay within the tangle.

"Did you save a riffle for me, Gasper?"

"Don't worry!"

But one riffle, Ann thought sadly, was so much like another. And the most ridiculous thing was that, when she went to Los Angeles she would carry her false faith even there. "You should see our Rogue River!" she would exclaim, as she had heard him exclaim so often. "Zane Grey said his favorite riffle was on the Rogue!"

"You mean 'ripple,' don't you?" the city girls would say.

"You don't know what a 'riffle' is! Well!" And she would go on from there, as he did, to enumerate the virtues of her little Oregon town. It was strange the way he loved the place she longed to leave.

The boat was bouncing on the river now. The sun hit hard upon the water and the moist heat sank into their limbs.

Gaspar squatted on the floor of the boat to drop anchor. "We'll try this spot," he said. "Mike Denim had a fellow up from Frisco last week who caught the limit here. Fellow said he was going to send for his family and set up housekeeping in Coney Point!"

"Smart fellow!" said her father.

Oh, Coney Point! Oh, Coney Point! Ann remembered a friend of hers who had gone to college in the East and when she returned to Coney Point she could not stand it. There's no culture here, she had said to Ann's father. It had been a supreme *faux pas*.

No culture in Coney Point! Did Thoreau keep an apartment on Fifth Avenue? Was Emerson an habitué of Bohemian dives? And what about the river? The beautiful Rogue River? What about the mountains and the pear blossoms and the moon over Table Rock? If one can't derive one's culture from all of this, not to mention the Andrew Carnegie-endowed Public Library, built like a Greek Temple, and the Civic Music Society and the famous authors and artists who had their pictures, holding their catch, in the *Coney Point Gazette*, then one wasn't looking for culture, was one? And just wait until you buck the streetcars for awhile, my girl! You'll be back!

But of course the poor girl never returned. She didn't have the courage after that. It took courage to live in Coney Point, anyway, Ann thought.

Still, it was strange, these days, to find a man so satisfied.

"Eggs, Miss," said Gaspar. He turned to her father. "You might try a fly in here."

Ann put an oily, pink egg upon her hook, entangled the leader in the line, disentangled it and let it drop over the boat. "More line, Miss," Gaspar said from the stern.

Her father cast his lines out over the water and the green and red fly touched and flickered and dissolved in the glare.

"Understand you have a rival on the river, now," said her father.

"Takes out movie stars and millionaires. He can have 'em."

"Now, you're just jealous," he said and grinned at Ann. "Gasper here, just loves movie stars!"

"They can go back where they come from," said Gasper.

Her father winked at her and then, leaning over, adjusted her line. "Keep the tip up higher," he warned.

"Took a movie star out once. Never again."

"Why, that's too bad," her father said. "Ann was hoping she'd see Clark Gable on the river."

"You can have Clark Gable," said Gasper. "I'll take Mickey Mouse."

"Say," he said in a whisper to Ann, "that was a strike! You got to pull up quick on those babies!"

"I didn't see anything," Ann said.

"You have to feel it," said Gasper with a sigh.

The lines were brought up and examined. Ann's egg was gone.

"No use even talking about movie stars," Gasper said. "Bad luck."

Once more they floated, tense, in the swirling pool, and a slow excitement caught Ann and she felt in the silence that every nerve in her body was on guard for a bite.

"Ah!" Her father's line jerked, then he released it. He let the line spin out over the water and every movement of his body was with the job. The line played in and out around the boat until the action on the other end of it was stilled. Then, at that moment, out over the water, a shower of speckled silver shot through the air. "What's the matter with you?" her father said, chuckling, taking a fat trout off his hook. "You going to let me catch all the fish?"

"Give me time. Give me time," Ann told him.

"We got all the time in the world," said Gasper.

Then right away her father had another strike and this time the fish got away. "Darn it," said her father, and Ann remembered he did not swear before the prima donna.

"You'll get him, Paul," said Gasper.

"I'll get him," her father said, "wait and see."

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But after awhile there were no more nibbles and Gasper took up the oars and they started down again through the green and solitary archway and once, when there were not too many trees, a monstrous shadow filled the river with darkness, and Ann looked up and saw Table Rock, rooted in the valley on her right. Once, long ago, Chief Joe of the Rogue Indians had smoked a peace pipe with the white men on that gaunt and jagged stone. She thought how odd it was that he had done so, long ago, and how the shadow still covered the water and the water still tumbled over granite ledges and divided into swift, dark channels and the steelhead and the salmon still came up the river to spawn and die.

"Oh," said Gasper, grunting. "Over there!" For there was something dead upon the rock. A vulture moved in a slow circle above it, descending in degrees upon his prey.

They had stopped, now, at Zane Grey's riffle and this time Ann caught two trout, one right after the other, and her father, after ten minutes, in which he jumped into the shallows to fight, landed a ten-pound steelhead that lay, gasping, at the bottom of the boat.

Now the sun shone straight above them and Gasper took off his T-shirt and wiped the sweat off his red, hairy chest and they all took out their lunch and ate with the boat anchored deep in the noisy stream.

Her father remembered that this was where he'd caught the big one this time last year. Gasper said it was the biggest one he'd ever seen.

"My wife's father wouldn't believe me," her father said.

"Jealous," said Gasper.

After lunch they went on down the river. Their silence seemed a part of the sound of the water. As they plunged through the rapids of the lower fork, Ann looked up and saw the United Air Lines' passenger ship sailing low, too, over Table Rock.

Then, at that moment, her father's line was almost wrenched from his hand. His body stiffened and the pole bent low over the water and for a moment the tip was submerged. Her father

hurriedly released his line and the great fish on the other end of it shot off under the boat and her father changed his position and released more line, his chest heaving with the exertion and his face red with sweat.

Ann saw that Gasper watched her father, not the line, and she saw him slide away from his place in the stern, holding the net in his hand, waiting for the moment when the fish would stop fighting. But instead, quite suddenly, her father's arm slackened, the pole wavered and would have dropped if Gasper had not reached for it in time. Quite suddenly her father's body seemed to waver like the rod and his face changed and became white under the redness. There was a moment when she would have screamed in terror, but then her father smiled and his face was all right again and he said, "I must be crazy, letting that baby go!" And Gasper said quietly, "Anybody has trouble after lunch."

Her father took his pole from Gasper then, who slid back to the stern and Ann, watching him, thanked heaven she had not screamed. Her father had said no foolishness on this trip, and he had meant that kind of woman-foolishness that spoils good things. Ann thought of asking him about his pills, but instead she said, "It must have been a monster, that one!" and she knew it was the better thing to say.

It was growing dark now and the fish had come out to play upon the water. Her father said, "Best time of the day," and Gasper said, "Ten minutes until sundown."

The sun, just sliding out of sight behind the great rock, had turned into a fiery orange, and for a moment, as it disappeared, the orange streaks split the sky.

"Five minutes more," said Gasper, looking at the sun.

But Ann, looking at her father, saw that the shadow of the rock had swallowed up his face. She thought, then, how in a few years he would die. Oh, he would fish no more! The thunder and the sweetness of the river held her, like a haunted thing, and she thought how, in a few years, her memory of its beauty would be filled with pain.

In a few years there would be movie stars and millionaires,

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for the cities were suddenly dangerous, and these people, who did not know her father, would walk the streets of Coney Point, and Gasper, who was younger, would take them out in his boat to Zane Grey's riffle in spite of himself, but her father would go no more.

She thought how in a week she would go away and how it seemed different, going, now. She thought, there will be more grace in leaving, when, for the first time, it would be easier to stay.

"I'll catch another," she said. "There's just time to catch another."

"Why, we'll make a fisherman out of her yet, won't we, Gasper?" said her father with his grin and it seemed to her the most gallant compliment she had ever received. "But you'll have to learn to hold your tip up, first," he added, carefully.

"Oh, I will, I will," she said to him. "Just wait and see!"

CYNIC'S PRAYER

Gustav Davidson

I ask whatever Powers there be
Neither for hope nor charity.
Better the spearhead in my side
And the humbling of my pride.

Better the road to grace untaken;
Failure, penury, and loss.
By men denied, by gods forsaken;
And love nailed bleeding on the cross.

RUMBLINGS OVER THE ANDES

by C. Langdon White

IN PERU'S majestic upper Andes, in a world apart, dwell several million descendants of the once great Inca civilization. Nowhere else in the world do so many people live at such high elevations — 9,000 to 12,000 feet. Thousands live even above 12,000 feet; in places they are growing potatoes up to 14,000 feet. Concentrated largely in one region—the sierra, in the center and the south, where dwell only small numbers of whites and mestizos* —Peru's large Indian population is here overwhelmingly in the majority. Spanish is little spoken in the Andes: Quechua and Aymara, the latter near the Bolivian border, prevail.

These Indians, miserably poor and neglected, are believed to be now worse off than at any time since the Conquest. For the most part Peruvian economy ignores them. Their white masters, by and large, scorn them.

Centuries of repression have left their mark on the aborigines and have affected their whole outlook. They are suspicious of most, if not all, white people and their pent-up antagonisms smolder ominously. The mountain Indian, however, is unpredictable. Locally he occasionally registers an impressive protest, but he lacks understanding and sympathetic leaders who will help him learn to help himself. Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, founder of the APRA party,† Manuel Seoane, Luis Alberto Sánchez, Ciro Alegría, and others are championing his cause and all are able. In time the Indian will no doubt have numerous competent leaders. But unless the whites, who dominate Peru economically and politically, deal with him and his problems more justly and more humanely than they have yet done, the so-called "Indian problem" will not be solved. These millions of people have been kept by their

* A mestizo is a person of mixed blood, the offspring of white and Indian parents.

† This party is now outlawed and its leader is a prisoner in the heavily guarded Colombian Embassy in Lima.

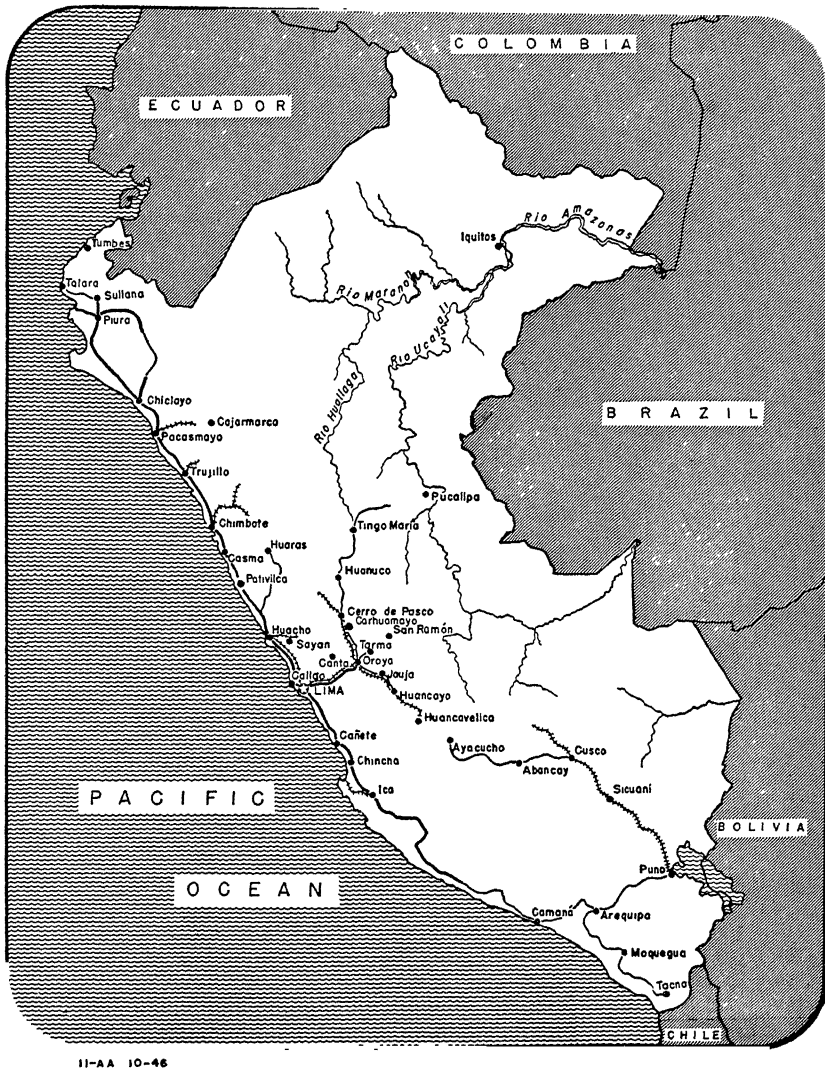
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conquerors and by geography in the mental molds of the sixteenth century. To be sure, they live in our time but they are not, for the most part, of the twentieth century. The treatment of the mountain Indian by the white man and his government centered in Lima is one of the blackest spots in Peruvian history. These people must be brought into the twentieth century; failing this, once the Indian's resentment and fury are released, he could become a storm center throughout the Andes, more fierce and frightening than any of nature's phenomena.

This study is concerned with the Indian of today and tomorrow rather than with the Indian of the past. Yet in order to understand the way of living of the huge Indian group now in the sierra, it is necessary to study briefly the aborigines of the pre-Columbian period. The past is presented less for itself than for the light it casts on the present and what dim illumination it gives to the future.

Despite the plethora of archaeological material in Peru, no one knows very much about the ancient civilization of the Andes: speculation is resorted to at almost every turn. Even so-called authorities disagree passionately on innumerable issues. Possibly the two principal reasons for this dilemma are, first, that the Incas had no written language and, second, that the Spaniards in their Conquest held a "Roman Holiday"—destroying fanatically and killing the Inca leader, Atahualpa, and his close associates. This last deed was especially significant because the Inca was supreme—all-powerful—and with his destruction the whole system collapsed like a deck of cards. The subservient masses, unused to making independent decisions, knew not what to do: they were like a craft at sea during a storm without a rudder—they were doomed.

Some things fortunately are known. We know that about A.D. 1100 a superior people under the first Inca, Manco Capac, began to build in the lofty and cold *altiplano* of what is now southwestern Peru, a solidly organized empire, which was to grow and flourish until its overthrow four hundred years later by the Spaniards under Pizarro. It reached its finest flowering under the Inca, Pachacutec, who ruled about 1400 to 1448. As the Incas began



Courtesy of The Institute of Inter-American Affairs

their ascent up the ladder of dynastic grandeur, they emigrated from their bleak home base down into the hospitable valley of Cuzco—a valley rimmed with superb mountains and watered by the Huatanay River. Cuzco became the empire's capital—the word “Cuzco” meaning “the navel” in Quechua.

Only in the light of the geographic environment can one com-

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prehend and appreciate the magnitude of the empire-building of these people. To get the "feel" of the hard environment, one should traverse the region on the ground, walking as much as possible; then he should ride the skyways, for only by doing this can the mind encompass the endless tumbled ranges of mountains and the infinite diversity—the regions and the subregions all separated one from another by almost impassable barriers.

Within this difficult terrain the Inca dynasty welded a host of tribes, having diverse languages and customs, into a political and cultural unit of eight to ten million people occupying an area that if superimposed along the Pacific seaboard, would equal in length the distance from Seward, Alaska, to the Gulf of California, and would exceed in width the state of California.

The magnitude of this task almost staggers the imagination of one who knows the region. Theoretically, the environment would appear fit only for producing and maintaining a backward, poverty-stricken people. The Incas, however, succeeded in making use of their natural surroundings by employing exceptional ability and through possessing "an inborn genius for growth and organization." As one writer expressed it, "everything was inferior except man."

The empire was administered from the top by a dictator. The government was a benevolent autocracy carried to the point of extreme totalitarianism. The people were in rigid strata and no one could soar above the stratum in which he was born. All the land was the property of the Inca.* Every man's labor belonged to the state except for royalty, priests, sons and grandsons of army officers, males under twenty-five or over fifty, the sick and incapable.

The economy was a planned one in which demand and supply were carefully controlled. Drafted labor was used for building irrigation canals and aqueducts, bridges and roads, for draining swamps, and for constructing buildings. To the leaders, the system assured power and to the masses, economic security. There was no poverty. Probably no leaders in any other early world

* Actually the name "Inca" applied solely to the ruling group—the hierarchy of administrators which surrounded the emperor himself.

empire match the various Inca rulers in benevolence and sagaciousness.

The masses under such a system needed no imagination and no initiative. It was not necessary for them to depart from the routine, to worry about poverty or hunger. Work was assigned by age groups, young people and old people performing only light work, those between twenty-five and fifty carrying the brunt of the responsibility.

The milieu of the Incas was a severe one. In addition to the difficult terrain, there was the matter of piercing cold in their practically fuelless world. Also the air was thin, oxygen-deficient. Fortunately, the rulers were altitude-wise; they knew that their mountain people possessed biological characteristics distinct from those of sea-level men, that "they were the product of centuries of painful adaptation to scarcity of oxygen."[†] Thus when they colonized newly conquered territory, they always sent people who were accustomed to its altitude. When they warred against coastal peoples, they divided their large army into sections, each of which served only a short time on the coast and afterward returned to the sierra to recuperate.

The Incas became truly great agriculturists. Not only are they credited with having domesticated from seventy to eighty different species of agricultural plants—root and seed crops, fruits and vegetables, pot herbs, condiments, medicinal plants, intoxicants, poisons, dyes and fibers—but from scratch, with only crude hoes and planting sticks as their farm tools, they developed a "scientific" agriculture, which included the preparation of the soil, destruction of weeds, use of fertilizer (guano), the terracing of steep mountainsides, irrigation of dry lands, and the development of special varieties and strains of plants through selective breeding. The making of these contributions took intelligence and time—lots of both.

They developed their great agriculture, moreover, without the

[†]The hearts of the mountain Indians are long and thick, they beat slowly and can do 20 percent more work than the hearts of lowlanders. Mountain men have more red blood cells per cubic millimeter. Their lungs, too, are larger.

RUMBLINGS OVER THE ANDES

aid of the ox, horse, or any other power than that of their own muscles; the only work animal they succeeded in domesticating—the haughty llama—never has to this day condescended to permit man to harness him to a plow or a cart. Hence the foot plow was employed, a pointed stick with footrests and handles and guided by the hand. It penetrated only to a depth of about four inches. Women and boys knelt down in front of the “plowmen,” turning over the sod as rapidly as it was pried loose.

The foot plow was well adapted to steep mountainsides and tiny fields. Inca terraces are among the man-made wonders of the world. Steep, even precipitous, slopes were terraced to form staircase farms. Constructed of stone, the terraces were so well built that even today, after centuries of neglect, many are still in use.

The Incas, however, were not agriculturalists only. They were skilled road builders and great workers in stone. Cuzco and its environs fairly bristle with masterpieces of their art. In making, designing, and dyeing textiles, they have probably never been equaled, certainly never surpassed. They developed and used vegetable dyes with an almost incredible range of colors. They discovered and made use of every technique of weaving. The finest of their weaving was made from the wool of the vicuña, softest of all animal fibers—270 threads to the inch as compared with 140, otherwise considered to be the world’s finest. Because the vicuña was hunted almost to extinction, the Peruvian government now protects it. Fortunately the animal is being bred successfully in captivity.

The last Inca to rule the entire Incan empire, Huayna Capac, experienced much difficulty in administering so vast a domain. Prior to his death, therefore, he divided the realm into two parts—a northern and a southern—to be ruled by his two sons, Atahualpa and Huascar. The northern capital became Quito, the southern remained Cuzco. Unfortunately there was jealousy between the brothers, each wishing to gain the ancient supremacy. They quarreled and civil strife followed shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards. Huascar was defeated.

Into this empire of eight to ten million people in 1531 burst

the swineherd, Francisco Pizarro, with a small band of less than two hundred men and only twenty-seven horses. The story of the Conquest is well known and has been graphically and fascinatingly told by Prescott and others. Suffice it to say that the Spaniards took advantage of the dissension between Atahualpa and Huascar and effected the Conquest in November of 1533. Theirs was a ruthless conquest, characterized by murder, rape, and terror. When they had finished, nothing much was left but death and ruin.

Once the ruling group was destroyed, the rest was comparatively easy. The majority of the Indians, long accustomed to unquestioning obedience to central authority, accepted the new rulers. The Inca empire and its unique politico-social philosophy died with Atahualpa. Those strange twins, gold fever and Christianity, entered Peru together and, though the intentions of both the Church and the King of Castile were just and fair, there were too many individuals in Peru who sought to wring as much metal as possible from the Indians in the shortest possible time.

The Spaniards were surprised and delighted to find so dense a population of sedentary Indians, for they could put them to work in the mines and on the land, and the Church could convert them to Christianity. *It was only where the Indians had been living in an environment where irrigation and co-operative living had been practiced for several centuries that the Spaniards were able to take over easily. The Conquest meant at first only a change in rulers.*

During the colonial period the Indian population declined notably, the causes being epidemics brought by the Spaniards (the Indian had no immunity to smallpox, measles, and tuberculosis); forced labor in the mines and fields; destruction of the elite of the population with a political purpose of subjugation; and obligatory migration to zones of different climate.

Can anything at all be said *for* the conquistadors? They were indisputably vigorous and fearless men; they were energetic explorers and great conquerors. This was so because for centuries before Columbus reached the New World, war in the Old World had been the major occupation. The struggle to wrest Spain from the Moors inevitably produced such a breed of men. They were

not soft; they did not seek the easy way. They were not stopped by such hurdles as heat, cold, precipitous slopes, jungles, swamps, or warlike opponents. With them came the Catholic clergy, who sincerely considered the Indian worth civilizing and his soul worth saving. In all probability Inca civilization might have been utterly obliterated had it not been for the Church.

The Spaniards also brought cattle, horses, asses, goats, and sheep, and they introduced such crops as barley, wheat, and sugar cane. They inaugurated many new farm practices and they built cities, universities, and monasteries.

What, then, of the Andean Indian today? What type of person he was prior to the Conquest has been presented. What is he like now? The descendants of the highly civilized Incas are like most of their buildings, terraces, and roads—they are in ruins. Exploited for four hundred years, they have become merely degraded peons. Only occasionally are they physically impressive. Most often they appear depressed and exhausted. Their desire is to be left alone. As Kurt Severin expresses it, "The air is cold in the Andes and so is the heart and mood of the Quechua."* The spirit that characterized their ancestors is gone. They deaden their misery by chewing coca and stimulate themselves by drinking *chicha*.†

As has been said earlier in this paper, the descendants of the once mighty Incas are not a part of the twentieth century; theirs is a medieval survival. Almost their whole mode of life is of the past—their food, their methods of farming, their agricultural implements, their homes, their dress, their means of transport. In a very real sense they are outside a money economy, for they buy little and sell little. Instead they barter in their famous Sunday markets much as their Inca forebears did. Thousands of Indians from miles about trudge to such a market as that held in Huancayo and hundreds of items change hands in a few hours.

* Kurt Severin, "To the Navel of the World," *The Pan American* (April 1948), p. 13.

† Coca is not a food, but to the Indians it is just as important. It is a stimulant. The nervous system is adjusted to the chewing of coca. From coca we get our drug cocaine. *Chicha* is a kind of beer made from maize.

In spite of his changed condition, the Indian of the sierra still clings affectionately and doggedly to his piece of land (if he has one) and to his language, customs, and superstitions.

Before Pizarro and his Spaniards arrived, the largest political unit was the *ayllu*, a village community of variable size which held its lands in common. *Ayllus* were neither people alone nor land alone, but both "wedded through a mystical bond." They were embryonic co-operatives, bound together by blood, lands, beliefs, and co-operative work. The wonderful irrigation works, for example, were community enterprises. Farm workers sowed and harvested their crops together and owned their primitive implements in common. The Indians knew nothing about land as private property. Landownership for profit and prestige was utterly foreign to them. Land had value only in terms of what it could yield. After more than four hundred years the descendants of both the Incas and the Spaniards have yet to find a common ground for understanding the land problem.

The Spaniards believed that conquered peoples should pay tribute. Thus came into existence the system known as *encomienda*. Actually *encomienda* did not carry with it the right to the ownership of land. But the Spanish adventurers passionately wanted land, because it would give them prestige. Grants of land by the Spanish Crown, therefore, soon led to the creation of large estates. But land alone was not enough: the supply of Indian workers was needed too. Hence in the more accessible parts of the sierra, Indian communities were transferred as a part of the land, much as wild game would have been handled in the transfer of a European landed estate. In the more out-of-the-way corners, however, the Indian communities continued to use the land in the traditional way, paying only a type of rent to the new owner. In this way the two contrasted systems of land tenure have continued to exist together in the same general region.

Where the Indian still has land, he guards it with unbelievable affection. He fences it with a wall of stones! he guards faithfully the boulders which mark its bounds. He suspects every stranger—white and mestizo. Though he can wring from it only the meagerest

subsistence, the land, no matter how impoverished by its long use, is still his dearest possession. He leaves it only when he is forced to do so: "centuries of occupation have fixed him to the soil." Even if the land be absorbed by an adjoining hacienda and passed from one owner to another, the Indian stays on, being transferred with the soil.

Nearly all the arable land in the sierra is now individually owned. A series of historic steps has resulted largely in transforming collective landholdings into privately owned plots.

The mountain Indians suffer from biting poverty. Their homes, food, clothing all reflect this. A house is built for protection against wind, rain, and snow. It is a small, one-story, thick-walled adobe or stone hut, frequently of one room, with thatch roof. There frequently is no window or door; there is, of course, no chimney. The family spends most of its time outside the house, for warmth is found there in the sun rather than inside. There was good reason why the Incas became sun worshipers!

It is bitterly cold in the sierra. Hence clothing is worn for warmth, wool being the textile material. Sheep, introduced by the Spaniards, now supply most of the wool for clothing, though some llama wool is also employed. Alpaca wool is reserved only for finer garments and for export.

Most Indian feet go bare, particularly among women and young girls. Walking over all kinds of terrain makes their feet as tough as elephant hide. Where sandals are worn, some are made from leather, but the majority are fashioned from old worn-out automobile tires. Men wear sandals, short black pants, shirts, vestlike jackets, and ponchos. Ponchos are woven in one piece with square corners and a hole in the middle for the head; they increase in length with increasing altitude and cold. On the head, under a felt hat, is a closely fitting woolen cap. Each adult carries his pouch containing coca leaves. Women wear blouses, many, many skirts and petticoats of gay colors—orange, red, yellow, blue, and green—belts, felt hats,* and bright, woven blankets slung over

* Fashion demands that natives of different localities shall wear hats of different patterns; hence, headgear varies greatly from region to region.

their backs. These blankets invariably contain produce, a baby, or, perchance, a live sheep.

Seventy percent of the Peruvian population is reported to be illiterate. If this be true, certainly at least 95 percent of the mountain Indians must be. The problem of education has many facets. To build schools and train teachers in so poverty-stricken a land is a slow and costly task. Moreover, the caste system prevents upper-class Peruvians from teaching in Indian schools. Thus education cannot reach the Indian from the top down. And if it is to come from the bottom up, how is it to get started? What can the future of the sierra be when almost the entire population is condemned to ignorance?

Despite modest wants and unbelievable thrift, the mountain Indians are continuously on the verge of starvation. The failure of a crop means famine. Their diet consists mostly of potatoes, *oca*, dried beans, and quinoa.† Beans supply most of their protein. Meat is eaten only occasionally and sweets rarely. This problem of food is important because it is tied up with the matter of health. Malnutrition is the rule, not the exception; since the sierra is one of the worst-fed regions in the world, sickness is widespread and a shocking death rate is prevalent among children, between a fifth and a third dying before the fifth year of age.

Under such conditions it becomes imperative for the Indians to supplement their scanty living by engaging in home industries, by serving as carriers in cities and between regions not yet reached by the railway or the truck, by becoming transient workers on the sugar, cotton, and rice plantations of the coast, or by actually moving to Lima (some fifty are reported to be doing this every twenty-four hours). This last is serious, because Lima, unlike Buenos Aires, for example, cannot live in a "dream world," where nature yields food abundantly and easily. Lima's agricultural hinterland is not a great pampa but a very restricted valley, which narrows eastward mile by mile until finally pinched off altogether in the

† Quinoa is an ancient crop of the Andes and was regarded as sacred by the Incas. It can stand more cold than any other cereal. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Association is now making a major study of this crop in the Andes to help reduce wheat and flour imports.

steep canyons of the Andes. Lima's food is won from a stern and hard environment and only by the hardest kind of toil. Moreover, the mountain Indian's health suffers when he remains at sea level for any considerable time. Yet all the supplementary measures enumerated here are but temporary palliatives; the real ailment, insufficient food and hunger, lingers on.

Ill-health does not linger, it marches. Goiter, gonorrhea, influenza, measles, smallpox, and syphilis all take their toll. Pulmonary diseases are said to account for 80 percent of the deaths in the sierra. Close to 100 percent of the mountain Indians are ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed.

The problem produced by these conditions sooner or later will have to be met head on: it must, moreover, be met by the government. The problem in principle is not unlike that of the "mountain whites" in that part of our South now included in the TVA: they were poor and becoming poorer each year; much of the land was submarginal and the people were or were rapidly becoming submarginal too; submarginal land begets submarginal people. There was nothing they themselves could do to ameliorate their situation. Only a great socioeconomic program such as the TVA could save them. It has done just that. The situation in the Peruvian sierra, of course, is far more serious, more hopeless, because the whole Andean region is involved—a region comprising 40 percent of the area of the nation and approximately one-half the total population. Unless these Indian farmers are aided to become a productive factor in the country's agriculture, a really sound national economy cannot be developed. Farm practices must be improved, good tools supplied, transport facilities increased and improved, and, above all else, the system of land tenure altered.

More than three million Indians in the sierra live by farming. Actually there is a relative surplus of population in terms of arable land. The more favored valleys are so completely occupied with fields that a larger population can no longer find support except by diminishing the per capita food supply or by part-time employment elsewhere.

The agriculture in the sierra is largely of the subsistence type—

that is, the crops are grown for the consumption of the farm family. Only an infinitesimal part of the yield of the soil ever reaches even a local market; 99 percent is consumed on the spot of its growth. Thus Andean agriculture affects the outside world hardly at all. Any cash income is derived almost wholly from the sale of livestock and most of it is earmarked for the *hacendados*.

Sierra agriculture undergoes a progressive decline from north to south, a decline attributable to increasing latitude and altitude (7,000 feet in the north, 13,000 feet in the south near Lake Titicaca). In the north the number of crops is greater—beans, corn, potatoes, even some fruit; in the south concentration is on the hardier crops—potatoes, barley, and quinoa. In the higher south the only crop is native hay, which is harvested by flocks of sheep, llamas, and alpacas and by some cattle.

No discussion of mountain agriculture should fail to mention the terraces. At elevations of 5,000 to 11,000 feet, the terraces or retaining walls were built of huge rocks, unsquared but fitted together with precision. Hundreds of thousands of these terraces transform even precipitous slopes into small level fields. Some are six to seven hundred years old and some possibly two thousand years old. Though many have fallen into disuse, many still are yielding abundantly. Terraces enable tens of thousands of people to live in a milieu that in its natural condition could not have supported man agriculturally at all.

Unfortunately soil erosion is reducing the productive area. Countless slopes have been and still are being stripped of their precious topsoil and are horribly gullied. It is in the oldest inhabited areas and those having the densest populations that most of the steep land has been pressed into service: some cultivated slopes attain a steepness of 60, 70, and even 100 percent. Some of the untterraced but cultivated mountainsides are so steep that oxen cannot be used; only the hoe and the foot plow can be employed.

On plateau summits Indian shepherds pasture their sheep, llamas, and alpacas. Their huts and corrals, built in the lee of the cliffs just below the edge of the plateau, protect humans and

animals from the violent winds. These huts rank among the loftiest human habitations on earth. No cultivated fields are near them.

Most of the minerals, especially the metallic ones, are located high up in the Andes, where the air is thin and only the "mountain men" are at home and can perform physical labor. It is estimated that about twenty to twenty-five thousand Indians are employed in the mining industry at large. Some white men consider the Indian miner inefficient and irresponsible. Others assert that he can become quite efficient. One American mining engineer who has worked in a number of South American mining camps says, "I have worked in mines where we had Indian foremen and Indian engineers. There was absolutely nothing to stop the Indian, once he got in, from being as good at that kind of work as anybody else."

One reason why Indians of the sierra are considered "unreliable" is because of their habit of leaving any kind of work when the time comes to harvest their own crops in the mountains. Everything else is of secondary importance! Of this, Monge, noted authority on the mountain Indian, says:

. . . . but sooner or later he [the mountain Indian] returns to his place of origin where nature and the accustomed economy of his community furnish him with his ideal life conditions. These cycles are usually annual Thus he obeys without realizing it an ancestral biological law. Peruvian sociology must one day give to these facts their proper interpretation.*

Probably a hundred thousand men are involved in the seasonal labor migrations of the sierra to mines in the Andes and to haciendas in the coastal region.

A considerable number of Indians own flocks of llamas which they hire out for hauling freight. Railways are so few and so far apart that a large proportion of the products that ultimately move by rail are first transported by llama train. Each animal carries up to a hundred pounds. The llama is well suited to this habitat; he is sure-footed, can go long distances without water, and has the ability to live on little food. It is estimated that there are about seven hundred thousand llamas in the Peruvian sierra.

* Carlos Monge, *Acclimatization in the Andes* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1948), p. 75.

In cities and towns many Indians are engaged in carrying all kinds of burdens on their backs—doing the work that would and could be done only by animals and trucks in the United States.

After more than four hundred years of association with white men, the mountain Indian sees little that is good in most of them. From the Conquest to the present moment, the white man has been an exploiter rather than a protector, and the government he represents is, in Indian eyes, oppressive, dishonest, and discriminating. The Indian has learned that invariably the white man covets his land—the very thing that is dearest to his heart. He knows that the Spaniard changed his way of life—causing him to lose the best of his native culture and giving him little or nothing in place of it.

The white man on his part regards the Indian as little more than a domestic animal. He is not concerned with either his abjection or his needs. One writer bitterly asserts that “By and large Peruvian masters despise the Indians and their contempt has made of that splendid human material a disjointed mass of coolies.”

It would be erroneous, however, to believe that all whites at the time of the Conquest, now, or in the intervening centuries have treated the Indian badly and have not had his interest at heart. Many have tried to raise the Indian to the status of the Spaniard but their efforts came to little. In the end, those who demanded great numbers of slave laborers won.† The APRA party, headed by Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, for example, is opposed to the plantation system and wants the Indians educated, but thus far the party has accomplished little.

Pizarro and those who followed him tore the Indian social organization to pieces and after four hundred years of disorganization, the Peruvian government still has no plan. Lacking education, the Indians can take no part in public life. To make matters worse, there is probably no other important country in all Latin America where the colonial tradition survives as it does in Peru. In Lima lives an oligarchy, a small group of the “best” families, who con-

† Lewis Hanke, *The Spanish Struggle for Justice in the Conquest of America* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1949).

trol the whole nation. Since they have all the power, there seems to be nothing for the Indian to do except obey submissively. Long ago he became used to "strong governments."

The Indian problem has been a burning issue in Peruvian politics since 1920. The *indigenistas* have insisted that in the light of the huge number of Indians in the country, the government should be preoccupied with the welfare of these people; the *hispanistas*, on the contrary, have argued that since the most progressive and best elements in the country are the whites and mestizos of Hispanic culture, they should absorb the Indians until Peru, like Mexico, becomes a uniformly mestizo country.

In the matter of national income and government service, the mountain Indians, tilling their tiny fields on the steep slopes, have been and still are "the forgotten men." Invariably the capital cities and provinces get the lion's share. Peruvian officials admit that only recently have they realized that the major agricultural problem of the nation is the social and economic plight of the several million Indian farmers in the sierra. Heretofore the government and the Ministry of Agriculture have been mostly concerned with the problems of commercial agriculture in the coastal valleys.

If the standard of living of the mountain farmers is to be raised, agriculture must be commercialized and the productivity of the land increased. More machinery, modern machinery, must be introduced, improved methods followed, shifts in crop economy made, and there must be more irrigation works, reclamation, land reform, and education. The cost of all this is well beyond the means of the poverty-stricken Indians. Only under government auspices is such a program possible.

It has been pointed out that the amount of arable land in the sierra is definitely restricted and that the methods of farming are centuries behind the times. It has been pointed out also that, in spite of ill-health, the population is increasing at an amazing rate and that the standard of living is dangerously low. Tyrannies have been heaped upon the Indian population ever since the days of Pizarro. When the dam breaks—as it most certainly will unless the small divided class, the oligarchy, does something constructive

—a terrific torrent may be expected to hurl itself forth. This favored group soon must realize that the Indians are not merely statistics, they are human beings. Nor are they inferior. What they need is a chance—something they have not yet had.

The difficulties and bewilderments in the Andes are many but at the root of almost all the trouble is land. There can be no real political and economic stability in Peru until an honest attempt is made to bridge the tremendous chasm that separates the classes and the masses. To date the Peruvian "elite" has been unable or at least unwilling to extricate itself from the factional strife in which it has been enmeshed since the country gained its independence. To a degree, the nation still is ruled in the spirit of the Conquest.

Democracy, real democracy, obviously will be a difficult goal to attain in a region such as the sierra, where nearly the entire population is illiterate. But even complete literacy would not solve the problem automatically. It may be generations, possibly centuries, before the Indian gets back any appreciable part of his land and is ready for a responsible part in government. Social cohesion is unattainable so long as there exists this great landless peasantry. Land hunger and poverty make the mountain man a factor to be reckoned with. For centuries his spirit appeared to be broken; perhaps it was and perhaps most of it still is. But though the Indian is silent, patient, resigned, he has a tremendous capacity for resistance.

During the past decade or so, ideas have been permeating his consciousness. Leaders have been pointing out to the inarticulate mass that the Indian is Peru and that he should fit himself for leadership; that he should insist on a "new deal" in land distribution throughout the sierra; that he should not be denied access to schools and courts simply because he speaks his own language, Quechua and Aymara (both still unwritten), rather than Spanish.*

Storms appear to be gathering over the Andes—the rumblings now seem far away but they are unmistakable, they are getting

* To date the linguistic walls between the whites and the Indians are as solid and impenetrable as the stone walls of the great Inca fortresses and other buildings.

closer, and they are ominous. Over the Andes hovers the specter of agrarian discontent. Will the showdown come by evolution or by revolution? Probably no one knows accurately at the moment the answer to this question. The Indian, however, is unmistakably emerging with sufficient vitality to give impetus to the recent movements for social reform. He is engendering in most of the Peruvian *hacendados*, but particularly in those owning land in the sierra, an "ill-concealed fear of a general uprising." The mountain man is beginning to see the light even though as yet it be but a flicker—a spark.

Lord Acton stopped on a half-truth; and that the less important half. Power corrupts all right. If you have enough of it, it may, in the end, absolutely corrupt you; but you need only the least little bit, a modicum of power, the power of a staff officer, to do a good job of corrupting other people.

—From *Guard of Honor*

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Serious Business of Semper Took

CLINTON WILLIAMS

Twelve to the end cushion might by-pass the eight.
Twelve would do it.
Semper Took leaned over the green baize,
chalked cue steady, knuckle raised,
squinted down his mental paradigms,
tongued quid to side.

This is the moment pointed to the pulse
that Semper lives for, dies for,
rises for from dust.
Only the fiercely living know the joy
of seeing the pattern form
impeccable lines unseen on cloth.

“Two bits Took don’t make it.”

Semper heard again the lifting whirr
of pheasants flushed, saw sunlight glint on barrel,
watched his calculus of lines converge
in illimitable air.
Wrist swung smoothly. Cued right and low the ball
reshaped again its universe,
clicked off the twelve and cushioned
as it fell.

Semper straightened, racked his cue, and smiled.
The quarter changed hands as he spit.
He sauntered slowly out into the sunlight,
knowing the moment would return
designed of different elements,
and felt the centuries electric in his nerves.

by Ben Ray Redman

THE CHILD was born in November 1864, a fine plump boy; and there was no man in the house because his father was away at sea. Snow lay heavy on the island, pine branches froze and broke; not a boat had made the mainland for a week. And around the world, beating warily up the China Sea, a bearded sailor of thirty-one sat in a captain's cabin, looked at a tintype, and calculated. He couldn't be sure, but it was about time now. Around the middle of November, Theodosia had said.

The wind howled in from the Atlantic and broke in icy splinters on the island.

He knew the room and he knew the bed. He saw them as plainly as the cabin where he sat. Old Mrs. Ryder would be there, grumbling and mumbling, heating water on the stove, and bustling with importance.

"It'll be worse soon," said Mrs. Ryder, "and then over."

"Yes." Theodosia Parker's white skin was drawn across her cheekbones; little strings seemed to be pulling hard at the corners of her eyes. "Yes. If it'll only keep a-goin'."

Downstairs Elizabeth was busy with the cat's tail. She was six. When Captain Parker came on deck he swore at the helmsman.

The problem of getting the barkentine into the bottle had never occurred to Robert; the bottle had always been on the center table, and the miniature vessel had always been inside the blue glass. But now his father was explaining.

"They push the spars in with a bit of wire, and then make all fast with thread. See?"

Robert rubbed against his father's knee; he wasn't very interested. Elizabeth had said the minister was coming to dinner, and he didn't like the minister. His hands felt like dead fish when he patted you.

"And someday you'll be building ships," his father said.

"Real ships, real ships," chanted Robert, and ran off to find out what Elizabeth was doing. He was as old now as Elizabeth had been on that November day when their father had sat staring at a tintype in the China Sea. His legs were strong and he could run fast, and that morning he had just found three new birds' nests.

"Get your hands washed, children," said Mrs. Parker, with her face flushed from cooking. "The minister's comin'."

When Captain Parker looked down the table at Ezekiel Clarkson, the captain's eyes had a queer light in them. It was the light of laughter feeding on a quiet contempt. The idea that he owned this man of God was a thought that continued to amuse him. There had been no church on the island five years before, and there had been no minister. Captain Parker had built the church and hired the minister. He had examined him personally on his orthodoxy.

"The more fire and brimstone you get into your sermons, the better," he had told Ezekiel. "Let 'em know hell's hot." That jibed with Ezekiel's ideas, so there had been no argument.

Since then he had paid the minister out of his own pocket, and on Sundays when he was ashore he would stroll down to the Corners and watch the people turning into church.

Lew Garvey—moving carefully, as if he were brittle, the way he always did after his Saturday-night drunk.

"Mornin', Captain." Garvey ducked his stained and drooping mustaches into his black waistcoat.

"Morning, Lew. How's the missus?"

"Sick abed in the woodbox, Captain. Still sick abed. Joinin' us this mornin', Captain Ben?"

"Not this morning."

Benjamin Parker watched Lew Garvey scrape his boots clean at the church door and pull off his hat. Mrs. Garvey had told Mrs. Perkins that Lew had gone off in one of his fits and hit her in the chest with a chair leg. Mrs. Perkins had told the island.

Decorously spitting a stream of tobacco juice into the green

summer grass, and eyeing the wooden brig that veered with the wind atop the church's roof-tree, Captain Parker almost wished he believed in the human soul. He would have enjoyed speculating on the nature and probable destination of Lew's soul.

The Widow Creevy always sang louder than any of them, and this Sunday she would sing louder still, for her hat was new and all the way from Boston. Everybody knew Jed Baxter had come back from Boston last week. But Mathilda Baxter wasn't the only wife on the island who couldn't find a tongue to speak to the Widow Creevy. The small knot of black figures in front of the church porch untied itself and parted in two strands; through the gap the widow's full curves moved serenely into the temple.

John Gore, Mrs. Gore, Sarah Gore, and Lucy Gore.

"Mornin', Captain."

"Morning, John."

The Gore women were clinging to the stout pillar of John Gore, selectman, deacon, and schoolmaster. Gore was a great prayer and a great trader.

There came Grandma Hawkins with her jumping jaw. Captain Parker looked the other way and swung his thick stick at a cluster of dandelions. He never could abide that jaw. It had frightened him when he was a boy.

At the side of the church the Baileys' half-witted lad was tugging hard at a long rope that ran up to the bell in the open belfry. His mouth was open and his eyes were shining; he was panting with excitement. Pull, pull. Ring, ring! He pulled the rope and the folks all came. It was his bell, and all the island could hear it. His eyes climbed the rope to the bell, then they rose dizzily to the wide blue sky. God was up there. God was bigger than Deacon Gore, bigger than Captain Parker. He had a beard that was white as snow and a voice that roared like the winter wind. If you didn't do right He shoved you down into Hell, and the devil put a hot iron lid on your head and you couldn't budge an inch. Clem Bailey could feel that red-hot lid on his tow-colored thatch. But if he could only pull hard enough he wouldn't go to Hell. Ring, ring! Once, down to Turtle Head, the boys had nailed him in a barrel and

left him yelling. He hadn't been able to budge. And in Hell the barrel would be flaming hot. But ringing the bell on Sundays made up for what you did during the week, made up for anything you did in the barn. Pull, pull! If he pulled hard enough God would hear, and be fooled.

Lucy Gore, hidden behind her mother's back, found a chance to thumb her nose at Clem as she passed him.

"An idiot shall lead them, an idiot shall lead them; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven," chanted Captain Benjamin Parker to himself. Striding along the dusty road in the June sunshine, he was a walking tower of strength, a giant figure of a man; six feet three of steel-spring muscle and rock-ribbed flesh, scoured clean by the winds of seven seas, tempered by storms. An idiot shall lead them. Ring, Clem, ring! There was no denying that if you liked them fat the Widow Creevy was a fine body of a woman. Poor old Joel Creevy, he hadn't lasted long; had just dried up like a grasshopper and blown away. There had been plenty of joking, in the old days, around the stove in Perkins' store.

"Saw your wife today, Joel." Pause, while the speaker spat straight into the stove. "Think you'd be afeared to be married to such a good-looker." Spit. Then another speaker.

"That's a fine new dress your wife has, Joel. You do be a good provider."

Spit. Spit.

"Goin', Joel? Well, don't blame ye."

"Whistle when you turn into the orchard, Joel."

A sickly smile, and Joel Creevy had slid out the door.

The little man had dried up and blown away like a grasshopper, that's what he'd done. If his widow ever blew away, thought Captain Parker, it would be like a balloon.

Halfway home, the Captain swung off from the road and cut across fields toward Hawkins Cove. It wasn't far to the rocks and the blue water, for the island was only three miles wide, the road running straight up and down its middle like a spine.

A schooner was working up the bay. *Ernestine Edwards*; Charles Edwards, master. Back from Liverpool. New dresses for

the Widow Creevy in the bolts of English cloth; new knives from Sheffield for the butchers of Bangor.

"I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church," repeated Captain Parker, talking to the waves that slapped over the rocks, replenishing miniature lakes and oceans with bright water, "by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church."

Tom Paine's words, written during the wild days of the Terror, rang out and were muffled by the waters of the bay. Tom Paine had sailed with the Captain in fo'c'les and master's quarters for almost twenty years. In one small book, thumbed and penciled, with the salt dried upon its corners, Tom Paine had sailed around the world.

My own mind is my own church. But whom do I worship there? I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. So said Tom Paine. But do I, Captain Benjamin Edwards Parker, believe in God, and do I hope for anything beyond this life? Has man ever conceived a more terrifying idea than the idea of eternity? Eternity in any form, make it what you will. But eternity!

Low Garvey dreams of an eternity of Saturday nights, world without end. Widow Creevy's eternity is one in which the other women keep on doing the marrying and she keeps on getting the dresses and bonnets. Grandma Hawkins Would her jaw go on jumping for eternity? They are all there together now, down at the Corners, sweating in the church, making sure of their eternities. They are singing out to God that they want harps and wings and golden floors, but every mother's son and daughter of them wants something different, and some of them want so hard that there is hate in their hearts for the others. John Gore wouldn't call it Heaven if he had to be civil to Jed Baxter, and the Reverend Ezekiel Clarkson wouldn't think much of a Heaven in which baked beans couldn't be had for the asking. Elvina Gore wants to hold her baby boy in her arms again, and the Widow Creevy hopes she's seen the last of Joel. But there they all are, under one narrow roof, going through the same motions and uttering the same sounds, in

the hope that they can drive very private and very different bargains with a certain Lord God Almighty.

Well, he had bought a preacher for them, and they had Clem Bailey to ring the bell. And someday, perhaps, if he didn't lose his peculiar and expensive sense of humor, he would get them that organ from Portland that they wanted. He had the money to play the fool if it pleased him. Eight generations of tight-fisted, acquisitive, trading or seafaring Parkers had seen to that. Half the island was his. There was cash, too, in Boston banks; and two ships at sea.

But whom or what did he worship in that private church of his? The fools at Perkins' store would tell you that he had the whole Bible by heart, so that he could play hob with the preacher or any other body who had a mind to an argument. Well, he knew enough of it for his purpose. Nights are long at sea, and the Book is great reading. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Great reading. But what did he know of the glory of the Lord? He knew the glory of sunrises and sunsets, the slow swing of the stars, the pulse of waters that washed the rim of the world; he knew gross darkness. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. That light he had not ever glimpsed, even when the world of sea and sky had come crashing around him in tossing fragments. It was his own brain that had wrestled with the hurricane, his own voice that had shouted the gale. When the whirlwind found him, he rode the whirlwind. He had held ships and crews in the clutch of his own unyielding will.

The Parkers are proud and hard, they said on the island, but good landlords.

She'll have to luff again, he thought, watching *Ernestine Edwards*. But Charles always was a farmer if you showed him shoal water.

What did he believe in? I believe in one body and one brain,

one life, one strength, and one refuge. And that, God help me—he concluded with an inconsistency made unconscious by habit—is the best that I can do about it.

They said on the island, too, the Parkers are honest.

“Please, God,” prayed Mrs. Parker, standing back and surveying the Sunday dinner table spread with its white-and-red cloth, “soften Benjamin’s heart and chasten his spirit and show him light.” She set a fork straight. “And, dear Lord, if you can see your way not to, please don’t punish little children for the sins of the father.”

Such prayers had trembled silently on Theodosia’s lips for many years, but they had never fluttered forth into her husband’s hearing. If you had told him they lurked there, he would have stared at you for a liar. There was no nonsense about Theodosia.

“When we’re dead, we’re dead,” he said. It was her first night on the island; it was her third night away from Malden, in Massachusetts, where she had been born. He was sitting on the edge of the great bed, pulling off his boots and woolen stockings.

“Yes, Benjamin.”

“Dead, and that’s all there is to it. Dead as that boot.”

He dropped the boot to the floor. Darkness crowded the windows, and a wind from the east went roistering through the orchard. In the flickering light of her new room, the bride looked timidly at the man she had married. His shadow rose hugely on the wall behind him; he sat holding the second boot, looking as though he were waiting for an answer.

“Yes, Benjamin.” She shivered in her nightgown of heavy flannel. Surf was booming in the cove.

“You believe it, don’t you?” He was turning the boot round and round in his lean, hard hands.

She ran to him as though she were a child. “Yes, Benjamin.”

“Then kiss me now.” And, as though she were a child, he swung her to him, cradling her high in his arms, her long hair falling across his shoulder.

There was no nonsense about Theodosia.

She set another fork straight; Robert had been playing. Then she hurried to take the pies out of the oven.

Robert was tired of hearing the preacher explain about Jonah and the whale. Whenever the minister came to eat with them his father would ask him questions about Jonah, and, when old Mr. Clarkson answered, his father would ask more questions, with a smile wrinkling up his eyes, until the minister filled his mouth so full that he wouldn't have to answer for awhile.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Parker, I think I'll jest take the rest of those beans."

And about the woman who was turned into a pillar of salt. They talked about that sometimes. Cows liked salt, but Robert couldn't think what a pillar of salt would be like.

"I guess the women of that family were all a bad lot," his father was saying. "'And the first born said unto the younger, our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us, after the manner of all the earth. Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him ('I must see to those pies. Come, help mother.' Mrs. Parker rose hastily.) that we may preserve the seed of our father,'" concluded the captain imperturbably. Then adding: "And even so did it come to pass." Drinking half a cup of coffee at a swallow, he wiped his mustache.

The Reverend Ezekiel Clarkson, having finished his beans, looked up from his plate, and his eyes were the eyes of a rabbit; but his body stiffened bravely, and he intoned his words.

"Terrible was the judgment that the Lord visited upon the cities of the plain. 'Then the Lord rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven. And he overthrew those cities,' and, er, ahem"

Captain Parker helped him out: "'and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.' He did. I admit it."

"It was the judgment of the Lord God of Hosts," declared Ezekiel, peering absently into the empty bean pot.

"But it was after that that the girls had their fun," the sailor reminded him. "They had gone up out of Zoar into the mountains."

"Apple or mince, Mr. Clarkson?"

"Jest a mite of both, if you please, Mrs. Parker. And a bit of that cheese."

Captain Parker stared hard into his coffee cup, and the wrinkles around his eyes were smoothed flat. He seemed to have forgotten the daughters of Lot.

"If you were going to ride a horse," he asked slowly, "what would you think of yourself for putting a burr under the saddle, and then whipping the animal when it reared?"

Ezekiel's mouth was full of pie, but the Captain went on without looking up. "And what would you think of a Lord God Almighty who put sin into his creatures, and then came along with a lot of fire and brimstone to punish them for cutting up?"

"Mince, Benjamin?"

He looked up and smiled at Theodosia; and she smiled, too, for she saw him shaking free of his thoughts as a dog shakes itself dry of water.

"*Ernestine Edwards* came in this morning," he told them.

The Reverend Clarkson's mouth was now free for speech, but he knew that the ordeal for that Sunday was over.

"I'll jest have a bit more of the mince, maybe, Mrs. Parker. You're a dabster at mince."

"The Captain's a crank when it comes to pies," answered Theodosia brightly. Suddenly, for no reason that she could recognize, she felt happy. The children were neat and clean, and the sun was shining. But the sun had been shining all morning, so it couldn't be that. She looked across the table at her husband. He was fishing in his pockets for something. Out it came, and he handed it to Robert. The boy clutched for it.

"A rooster," said the father briefly. "Whittled it this morning. When you can do as well as that with a knife, young man, let me know. And it's about time you tried. You see, Bobby, you take a nice piece of wood first, and then you decide what's in it. After that, all you have to do is to cut away the wood that doesn't belong there, and out pops your rooster, or whatever it is. Now take this piece." He pulled out an oblong block. "What kind of animal would you say was shut up in there?"

Theodosia Parker was smiling as she cleared away the plates. Somewhere, she supposed, there was still a place called Malden. Letters came from there once or twice a year. How long ago was it, fifteen years, that a silly girl had left it as fearfully as though she had been stepping off the edge of the world itself? How the wind had howled that first night on the island. And it would come back again and again, howling through the years. It was always worst when Benjamin was at sea. Sometimes she would stretch out her hand to the half of the big bed that was cold, and then jerk it back as though she had touched a gravestone on a moonless night. Suppose it was never going to be warmed again, suppose Benjamin never came back to warm it. Dear God, she prayed. His father had been lost at sea, and his great-grandfather before him. In the burying ground there were stones with their names on them—Thomas Parker, James Durkee Parker—names and dates, but nothing under the stones. She burrowed wildly in the pillow. Dear God! And the wind howled around the house.

But Theodosia smiled. The silly girl from Malden had fared far better than she had had a right to. Or was there such a girl any more? She wondered. There was a woman smiling over her dirty dishes, smiling she scarcely knew why. Because a man had given a small boy a whittled rooster? There was a woman who had her roots in an island, who had forgotten that she had ever had another name than Parker. The days and the months slipped by, round and smooth, and there was no holding them; they left nothing behind. The day after tomorrow was always turning unexpectedly into today, and then dwindling into the day before yesterday. They left nothing behind. But they must leave something behind, reflected Theodosia, thinking more clearly than any woman who was a dabster at mince had a right to; they must leave something. And then she knew, suddenly, as she scraped Elizabeth's uneaten crust from the plate. She knew what it was. She couldn't speak for the others, but she could for herself. They had left her a reason for smiling.

When she went back for the last of the dishes, Robert was boldly hacking at the block with his father's big clasp knife.

The ways of a crab are enough to humble the vanity of man, for, whereas the human biped is incapable of moving in more than one direction at a time, these agile crustaceans appear to be capable of moving in each and every direction simultaneously. The appearance, like many another, may be delusive, but Robert, at the age of nine, after an hour's earnest study of crab habits, was convinced; and now he was busy trying to rise above his own natural limitations. On the handkerchief of beach that the little cove afforded, he was whirling and side-stepping, darting forward and retreating, as fast as ever he could. And at the same time, with all the breath he could spare, he was shouting for the world to hear: "I'm a crab, I'm a crab, I'm a crab."

Only old Mrs. Ryder, older than ever now, heard. And she had just arrived on the rocks above, panting from hurry and excitement.

"Whatever are ye doin', boy?" she cried as soon as she could find her tongue.

"I'm a crab, I'm a crab," sang Robert.

"Ye're to come to the house at once, Bobby. Your father wants you."

"I'm a crab." But he stopped whirling almost immediately. He was ready to go if his father wanted him; being a crab was all right for awhile, but you got tired of it.

Mrs. Ryder was lying. His father did not want him. Old Mrs. Ryder was disobeying orders. The argument had been brief, bitter on one side and righteously indignant on the other.

"I'll go get the boy," said the old woman.

"You will not," said the Captain, breaking the stride that carried him up and down the small room, up and down. "Let him play."

"Play! And his dear mother lyin' dead. Ye must be out of your mind, Captain."

"Let him play, you fool," the man barked. "God damn it!" He turned to the window, speaking more softly, as if to himself. "He's happy. Nothing else matters. Nothing else."

But old Mrs. Ryder, who for more years than anyone could remember had flitted up and down the island as a rusty black

harbinger of birth and death; old Mrs. Ryder, who knew what was expected of human beings in the crucial moments of existence; old Mrs. Ryder, who had never been happy, was already out the door, with flying shawl.

Benjamin Parker stared through the window at the bole of the giant cedar that shadowed the house. Nothing else matters. Nothing else. Happiness? He wondered, standing there, with his wife dead in the room upstairs, and his wondering was a torture. There was a question that bit into him like an iron goad. Lit by hard Spanish sunlight, etched sharp against yellow sand, there slipped before his eyes the picture of a bull fight, seen years ago in Santander.

"Ai yah yah yah yah!" the man behind him shouted, and young Parker could feel his hot breath on his neck.

"Ai yah yah yah yah!"

The man on horseback, rising in his stirrups, leaned full upon the pic; and the point bored into the bull's shoulder. With horns thrust harmlessly under the horse's belly, the bull strained hard against that iron point; braced on short legs, the great muscles heaved upward as though they would hurl aside their torturer. But the point bored deeper. Ai yah yah yah yah!

The point bored deeper now, as Benjamin Parker leaned hard against the goading question. Nothing else mattered. There was nothing else that one human being could give another in this life. Did that mean, perhaps, that he had failed? In a still fury of dread his mind ranged backward and forward through the years; here it seized upon a remembered gesture, hopefully; there it shrank from a word hastily spoken. But he refused to shrink. He must be honest. The goad sank deeper in the flesh he had bared to it.

Then, and it was a miracle, he saw Theodosia smile. Smile as she had that very morning when, after exerting her whole strength in a single pressure, her hand had relaxed contentedly in his. That smile bathed him in a healing flood; it enveloped him in light. Encompassed by Theodosia's smile, he was islanded against the world. The iron goad melted from the flesh, the wound closed and healed. He was whole.

Yesterday, coming downstairs, he had found Ezekiel Clarkson at the bottom. A sudden fury possessed him at the sight.

"Well," he roared; and then he hushed his voice.

Somehow the rabbit look was missing from Ezekiel's eyes; the little man stood clothed in unassertive dignity. He came as a messenger sure of his message, as a healer sure of his balm, as a visitor sure he was wanted. Conscious of the change, with one hand poised upon the newel post, the sailor eyed him.

"Well?" The question was spoken gently.

"Mrs. Parker," Ezekiel began.

"Yes?"

"She is sinking?"

"Yes." Then, as if the monosyllable seemed too bald, the husband added: "I'm afraid it will be soon."

"Then, if I might go to her." The Reverend Ezekiel Clarkson took a step forward. Captain Benjamin Parker, six feet three, stood firm on the first step of the flight. His hand gripped the post now.

"Why should you go?"

"Because," Ezekiel's eyes looked straight into Benjamin's, "because I think it would please her."

The hand on the newel post tightened.

"Are you lying, Clarkson, or do you know what you're talking about?"

"She has never spoken, but I am sure."

The man of God was not lying. Benjamin Parker knew that as he looked at him. He stepped aside, and the Reverend Ezekiel Clarkson went softly up the stairs.

That had been yesterday. And this morning Theodosia had smiled.

In later years, when Robert Parker tried to recall the circumstances of his mother's death, he recalled little more than a household of hushed voices and stealthy steps. Mrs. Ryder was sleeping in the house until the funeral, and the minister seemed always to be coming and going; there was a man in black from the mainland who shut himself up for an afternoon in the room where they told

him his mother was resting (he knew that being dead was not the same as resting, but he didn't argue); there was Maisie Perkins, with a face like a horse, who had come in to help out with the cooking; and there were other people who went in and out. His father would leave the house in the morning, returning for supper. And they were all so quiet; whisper, whisper, shuffle, shuffle. Elizabeth cried a lot, but she cried silently. Downstairs they were quiet enough, but upstairs it was even worse, and when they went past his mother's door they seemed to shrink into noiseless shadows.

Captain Parker, striding across fields, pondered the stillness of that conventional silence. It was always the same in the house of death; it had been the same when Grandpa Gilkey died, Grandpa Gilkey who had spent the last ten years of his life complaining that noises were killing him. Nobody had heeded, while he was alive. His wife had rattled pans in the kitchen, and his daughter had beaten carpets when he was sitting outdoors in the sun; and it had been the special delight of the boy Benjamin to pepper the old man's windows with pebbles. But the moment he died, once he had made good his escape from all noises whatsoever, silence fell. Whisper, whisper, shuffle, shuffle. Hush, Benjy! Captain Parker laughed aloud.

"He was cuttin' through the Short Acre when I spied him," Lew Garvey reported to the group in Perkins' store. "Walkin' along as if he seen nobody and as if he didn't care if he never did see nobody."

"Folks say he just keeps on a-walkin' all day long," said Bert Perkins from behind the counter. They nodded. "From one end of the island to t'other," Bert clinched the fact.

Reflectively they chewed.

"S'pose you've made the coffin, Jed?"

Jed Baxter spat disgustedly. "He had to send to Boston for it. I call it sinful pride."

They knew all there was to know about the coffin from Boston, but they liked to rile Jed.

"The coffin's comin' from Boston," said Mrs. Gore to Mrs. Garvey who was hanging out her wash.

"Lands! I'm in a lather to see it. It should be pretty."

"It should be," said Mrs. Gore, speaking with the authority of one who was the wife of a selectman, a deacon, and a schoolmaster. "Theodosia Parker was one of the sweetest women that ever lived on this island."

"Jest a mite high-spirited," ventured Mrs. Garvey, shaking out a damp towel.

"Shame!" cried Mrs. Gore.

"She's dead, dead, dead, and she'll have to go to Hell," chanted Clem Bailey, hiding away in the loft of his father's barn. "Never went to church, so she'll have to go to Hell. Never went to church, never went to church." The idiot chant went on, Clem slobbering from his loose mouth.

Captain Parker stood at the island's northern tip. His island. The first Parker to reach America, Matthew Parker of Norfolk, had left Salem to settle on the mainland across the bay. Two years later he had removed himself, his family, and his few possessions to the island; and since then the male Parkers had never taken a final leave of it, except sometimes to die at sea. Robert was the last of them, the last who would be born on the island. As he stood there, looking northward over the water, Robert's father was sure of it. And it was better so. They had taken all the island had to give, through the generations; they had traded fair, with the best that was in them. If the place had shaped the men, the men had stamped their image on the place. But time claimed its own. Decay had set in. Youth was striking out for itself, striking strong and far, while age and impotence lingered. The great days of sail were over, too; iron hulls and stinking engines were nosing the fleet clippers from the seas. Soon ships would be commanded by bookkeepers and manned by cobblers. The Suez Canal had rung the death knell of the China trade for American skippers. In England, at that moment, a certain Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, member for Derby (Derby, as far inland as you could get, thought Captain Parker) was urging that every British ship be marked with a legal load line. Marked by a house painter under the eye of a clerk, growled the Captain. Well, they were welcome to stuff their iron bottoms as best and as safely

as they could. In the old days a master could be trusted to find his own load line, and owners be damned, for likely as not he was the owner too. They could take the China trade. What with the stink and the noise and the bookkeeping, it was a man's business no longer. Robert would never go to sea.

The New England severity of the front parlor flowered here and there into the brilliant colors of Chinese scarves and the softer tones of Persian fabrics. Jewels in the hilt of a Turkish scimitar glowed in an obscure corner, and a square box of intricately carved ivory caught the light on a low table between the windows. Two Zulu spears were crossed above the door. A shrunken head from the Amazon stared into the room from the top shelf of a cabinet; under it, toes neatly pointed toward each other, were two miniature wooden shoes brought back from Amsterdam.

As he stood there, silent as an oak, topping them all, the black figures flowed into patterns around him like insubstantial shadows. They spoke, but their words were meaningless, for they knew nothing. How could they exist, when they knew nothing? They talked to him of Theodosia, but they had never known her. She was a name on their lips, a name that would be repeated at intervals through the years until the last of them died. That was all. A name. They had nothing to say to him, yet they spoke. The words were lost before they reached his brain.

That spring was the most beautiful I can remember, he was thinking; that spring when we walked in the woods back of Malden. Flowing into new patterns, the black figures detached themselves one by one to press his hand. She was afraid before Elizabeth came, but she would never confess it. Mrs. Ryder was late, and I delivered the child with my own hands. How she pulled on the broomstick I held out to her. They were still talking, the black figures; words, meaningless words. And they thought they were talking about Theodosia.

He did not see the people he passed on the road. They had been to the funeral, but he passed them without a nod. They had stood in his house, they had eaten his food—that was old Mrs. Ryder's

doing, Mrs. Ryder who always knew what was expected—but he did not see them.

There goes the Captain, cuttin' across fields again, thought Grandma Hawkins, shading her eyes at the back door.

"Yes sir, it was enough to give a body the creeps," John Gore declared at Perkins', "to watch him standin' there in the parlor, seein' nothin'."

"It clean took my appetite away." Jed Baxter spat in a melancholy curve that underlined a lost opportunity.

"It didn't take the Widow Creevy's." Bert Perkins grinned at Jed behind his back, for the rest to see.

Jed agreed complacently. "She's a healthy feeder."

"She's a female hawg," said John Gore, and walked out the door. Jed straightened up, looked after the vanishing selectman, scratched his head, slumped back and spat again.

Swish, swish, went the Captain's stick in the underbrush; thud, thud, against the trunks of spruce, pine, and hemlock. A white owl, startled from his perch, wavered blindly in front of him; a green snake slithered away from his heavy boots. In the grass, in the trees, in the sky above him, in the waters around the island, there was life. A crane was settling over Cranes' Pond; flounders were skimming the bottom of Hawkins Cove. Mackerel and had-dock would be biting off Black Rock. Everywhere there was life. Theodosia was dead.

Dead as that boot, was what he had said. She had shivered, and said she believed it, and then he had taken her in his arms. Dead as that boot. But he had lied. So long as he lived, she would live in his knowledge of her; and if he had never lived, if they had never met, why that Theodosia would never have lived at all. There would have been another Theodosia; there might have been a hundred, all different. Funny thought. He kicked a stump.

Elizabeth would remember her one way, and Bobby another; but with him it was not remembering, it was knowing. And then it came to him, with the flash and force of revelation, that the man who had lived in the heart and mind of Theodosia was truly dead. Dead as that boot. Of him the saying was true. He had died with

the woman who had given him life. Captain Parker, with money in Boston banks and ships at sea, father of Elizabeth and Robert, landholder and selectman; Captain Parker, who had built the church and who paid the minister; Captain Parker who lived in a white house three-quarters of a mile above the Corners; Captain Benjamin Parker, the son of Thomas, who was the son of Robert, who was the son of James, all of this island, and so on back to Matthew; Captain Benjamin Edwards Parker, sound in mind and sound in body, swinging his stick at a darting bluebird, was alive.

"There goes Captain Parker," said Luke Bailey to Carroll Littlefield, as they pulled in their dory over the mud flats of the Inlet.

He was right. There went Captain Parker, swinging his stick. But the husband and lover of Theodosia was dead forever.

*Printing, which comes necessarily out of writing
 is equivalent to democracy: invent writing, de-
 mocracy is inevitable.*

—THOMAS CARLYLE, *Heroes and Hero Worship*

TWO CRITICS OF SOCIETY

A HUNDRED years ago two men, Karl Marx and Henry David Thoreau, were looking about them at progressive Western civilization, then transforming itself into our industrial society, and much disliking what they saw. What they said about it in their vigorous expressions of dislike becomes more important, their influence gathers strength, with every day of our century.

There is a striking similarity and extreme contrast between them, both in their lives and in their thought.

They were born less than a year apart, in 1817 and 1818, both members of middle-class families (if indeed Thoreau's was not too poor to be called middle class). Karl Marx was born in Trier, a citizen of Prussia, and Henry Thoreau in Concord, a citizen of Massachusetts. Their native towns were both situated on rivers, though the Moselle did not make of the young Marx a lover of rivers or lead him to any writing like Thoreau's *Week*. Neither boy was an only child. Both grew into the sort that likes books and reading, and both in due course received university training, at Bonn and Berlin for the one and at Harvard for the other. The study of Greek and Latin and of the literatures in those languages was a large part of the education of both; that is, they were both equipped with that classical background which from the Mid-

dle Ages until the decline of education in the twentieth century was the common property of educated men, and they were educated men. Both seem to have been more attracted to the Greeks than to the Romans. In college Marx began the study of English and Thoreau of German. Both while undergraduates had intervals of sickness which invalidated them away from school for a while. College gave them both the desire to become poets and both tried, but the fame of neither is a poet's fame.

In the period just following their undergraduate days both spent a good deal of time on philosophical thought. Marx took formal graduate work and a Ph.D. in philosophy; Thoreau was studying Hindu philosophy by himself. And at about the same time that Marx joined the group of young Hegelians, Thoreau was becoming one of the Transcendentalist group centered around Emerson.

Neither one, as it turned out, was really willing to exchange his own time, his own life, for a living, and so their economic status in life was to be for the most part that of the unendowed unemployed. For both of them it was really poverty by choice, but Marx complained and felt resentful, whereas Thoreau did not. Often they did not eat meat. Marx ate it whenever Jenny's (not his) grappling with the problem of

das Kapital stretched the budget that far. Thoreau was almost a vegetarian, but he did eat fish after fishing; he ate moose tongue and apparently would have tried that special delicacy, moose upper lip, if the Indian guide had not reserved it for his squaw; and during the time he lived at Walden he even bought meat, spending roughly eleven cents a year on it. Marx never engaged in the useful labor of the world and only once brought himself to the point of even applying for a job; he really could not tear himself away from the reading room of the British Museum. Thoreau did rather more useful work, what with his pencil-making and the graphite business and occasional surveying, but then Marx had an angel in Engels, and Thoreau had none. In the end they took journeys, for both their only long trips, to strange places and far-off climates in search of enough health to stay alive on, bootless journeys to Algiers and Minnesota, respectively, and came home again to die; and death when it came found neither one rich or famous. They were two writers who could not make a living from their writing—no wonder, perhaps, for their writing is not of the easy-reading sort.

It is odd that one man, Horace Greeley, founder and editor of the *New York Tribune*, provided these two men who were so separated

from each other in space and ideology with encouragement for their writing and much of the small financial reward they respectively received. For a decade Greeley's *Tribune* gave Marx a literary outlet, running an article or so of his a week at five dollars an article. Not much of Thoreau was printed in the *Tribune*, since it was not a suitable medium for his untopical and unjournalistic kind of writing, but extracts from *Walden* were printed there in the advance notice of the book; and Greeley acted as a kind of literary agent and in a small way as a bill collector for Thoreau.

There were, naturally, immense differences between the life experience of the two men, chiefly perhaps in the married life of Marx and Thoreau's intimate relationship with nature. Also Marx spent most of his life in various exiles, gave up the citizenship he was born to, and died and was buried abroad; Thoreau on the other hand burrowed ever more deeply into his native Concord, until he and Concord, especially the Concord of meadows and waters and forests, were almost one. (But did he not live there as in some sense an alien in the human society, as a queer one?) Their characters were different in many ways. They were egoists, but differently. Marx was an egoist with a weak stomach and a taste for caviar and pickles—that kind of an egoist;

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Thoreau was a much more engaging person, and his concentration on Thoreau was bound up with his idea that a man should try to make himself, rather than his neighbor, fine. Marx, though like anybody he had his jovial moments, was an unhappy man in a much-afflicted body, a man who felt that for the sake of his work he had sacrificed his health and his happiness and his family. Thoreau found life to be good, inhabited his body with satisfaction, and said that he loved his fate "to the very core and rind." Bitter and angry reproaches from people who had once been his friends did not come Thoreau's way.

Their histories are mostly the histories of the development of their minds. Their early interest in poetry remained with them throughout life. They both continued to read Greek literature—in Greek—for pleasure, and it is odd to note that one great Greek exercised a peculiar charm over both of them, Aeschylus. Marx is said to have reread Aeschylus in the original once every year; Thoreau speaks particularly of Aeschylus in his *Journal* and made a translation of the *Seven Against Thebes*. Both took an interest in the contemporary literatures in several languages and personally knew poets of their own time (Heine and Freiligrath; Emerson and Whitman). But both turned away from literature, if one can say that of men who were professional writers and who were self-critical writers at that, with high standards for their own

work that led them both to endless reworking of their writing. Partly they both turned to science and scientific reading; mostly they turned to social criticism. Both of them became essentially critics of the life they saw around them, both of them in a sense, or in two different senses, moralists and reformers and teachers and even preachers, though Marx was an atheist, not reticently, and Thoreau had harsh things to say about Christianity as he observed it.

Both saw with pity that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" (the good phrasing, memorable and much remembered, is Thoreau's), and both sought according to their lights to make the world better for men. It should be noted that neither of those two himself led a life of quiet desperation, for Thoreau was not desperate and neither of them kept quiet. They addressed themselves largely to the same audience, to the despairing people of the world—to Marx that meant the workers for wages; to Thoreau, almost everybody. Marx wanted to improve the lot of the common laborers; Thoreau did not limit his concern to them alone.

Their thought, though basically antipodean, ran partly in the same channels. Both considered the relationship of men and their governments, and neither ranged himself on the side of government. Marx envisioned an inevitable rebellion by the proletariat which would result in the overthrow of all the govern-

ments of the world and the establishment in their stead of proletarian dictatorship, to be followed eventually by a withering away of the state in a final utopia. Thoreau wrote on the duty of civil disobedience to government and practised it in his own person, himself rebelling in a quiet and private warfare against a government with which he felt it a disgrace to associate, refusing it his tax money and his allegiance. The State of Massachusetts could wither away for all the \$1.50 of poll tax that it would get out of Henry Thoreau to use for purposes he disapproved of, jail or no jail. But a concern for politics and government was actually only incidental to the thought of both.

They saw the world as economically ill. They looked with horror on economic slavery, worsened by the new industrialization. (Both specifically opposed American Negro slavery, too, Thoreau by deed as well as word, but both concerned themselves chiefly with the other kind of slavery.) Marxists sometimes now mistakenly try to claim Thoreau as a flawed or incomplete Marxist because, for instance, Marx and Thoreau had similar ideas about production for use. They were both opposed to wealth (characteristically for different reasons: Marx because he thought it harmed the poor, Thoreau more because he thought it harmed the wealthy).

But the remedy of Marx was to change the economic system, the organization; that of Thoreau to

point out that each man in the system might, if he wished, change himself. Marx would have the proletariat, by forcibly seizing political power for itself, bring it about that the workers would no longer be deprived by the exploiting classes of that value, produced by their own labor, which was surplus over and above what was needed to maintain their miserable proletarian existence. That is, the poor should take the goods they lacked. Thoreau, on the other hand, is the apostle of the simple life and his is the doctrine of renunciation; his answer to the problem is that the poor, and also the rich, should not desire those economic goods which the world values so dearly. In effect Marx said, Seize them by violence; Thoreau said, Pause and consider whether they are even worth your stooping to pick them up. The communist aim as formulated by Marx and Engels was the abolition of private property; Thoreau's was the abolition in human beings of the desire for property. And so their economic remedies were separate as the poles. Thoreau's was the more radical. For whereas Marx accepted the current values of society and aimed primarily at a rearrangement, at some tinkering and shuffling really, Thoreau called for a new set of values, a new moral order. Marx was the exponent of materialism and Thoreau its despiser.

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It is characteristic of them that Marx thought primarily of changing the environment, the system, and that Thoreau's concern was not with the environing social structure but with the individual. Marxist geneticists of today derive clearly from their spiritual father in their concern with environment.

The different ways they had of seeing individuals is fundamental. Where Marx saw classes of men, Thoreau saw men. Where Marx saw hatred and bitterness between classes, one class exploiting the other, Thoreau saw unhappy men, mostly not leading lives as noble and dignified as they might have done. Where Marx saw the proletariat deprived of leisure because it had to produce wealth for another class, Thoreau saw a shanty Irishman without leisure because of personal and private reasons (because he had a taste to satisfy for coffee and tea and meat and other things he could have done without). Marx addressed himself to a class of people (Workers of the world, unite!), and in that he differs from Thoreau.

There are many ways in which we Americans have chosen to follow neither of these two men. We are not, either as separate individuals or as classes, much engaged in resisting the government, and we are a taxpaying people—very much so. We mostly do not hold with Marxist theories, and neither have we ever believed in plain living and high thinking. We believe

instead in a high standard of living, in an un-Thoreauian sense of that term. It is contrary to the American way of life to be unwilling to give working time to the acquisition of refrigerators and radios and telephones and automobiles and to give leisure time to the gregarious manipulation thereof. An attitude characteristically and importantly American runs here against Thoreau—and as most Americans do in this respect, so probably would most of the rest of the people of the world if they could.

And yet in a fundamental way the cleavage between the thought of Marx and Thoreau is the cleavage that divides the world in our time, and America stands on the side of the American prophet. We have in Thoreau some one to set over against Marx. We Americans may be reactionary swimmers against the current of our time, but it is nevertheless our glory that we do really—we hope really—believe in individuals, in people not as members of the class or state or ant heap but as men. It is important that almost all Americans think that they are members of the middle class. The hatred between classes which Marx saw so clearly we do not see, trouble between unions and management to the contrary notwithstanding, simply because by and large the class distinctions do not exist here. Granted that hateful distinctions do exist—any one can point them out, and we all know that Jews and Negroes, and in some important re-

spects women, are second-class citizens deprived in various ways of equality of opportunity—still we have created and we live in a society of such classlessness as is a Marxist dream of the distant future. Thoreau, a handy man who was friends with the intellectual aristocracy of the country, scarcely saw the relatively faint class distinctions of early Concord. He lived in an approximation of the classless society, and so, relatively speaking, do we.

A corollary of the value we put upon the individual is our belief that not only in the long run, but here and now today, the state is servant of the man, not vice versa. True, we are ruled, but we are rulers, too. To housewife and businessman and drunk in the gutter, to all of us, the American government is a servant. It is our creation and an instrument in our hands. In another great state, our contemporary, matters are different.

In 1849 *Civil Disobedience* was published, the work of an obscure American who was still revising his account of two years when he lived alone at Walden Pond. How should Victorian England have known what *Civil Disobedience* was to mean to a civilly disobedient Gandhi, what influence it would have on a British Labour Party that did not yet exist, how that paper would help to trouble the social structure and the empire itself? And in 1849 how should Americans have known that England was harboring, in Marx of the recently pub-

lished *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, a force that during the next century would work to her hurt and the world's?

Perhaps neither man would be greatly astonished at his late-grown influence. Marx actively and directly strove for power, especially through his influence on the then young and weak Communist Party, and he was perfectly certain that the movement would grow, certain, indeed, that it would eventually result in the overthrow of existing governments and the establishment of a new order. Thoreau's writings and his example both of civil disobedience and of the rejection of material values seemed to have no effect on the world around him, but he himself said in *Civil Disobedience* that "it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be."

In the hundred years since 1849 communism has become a religion, godless but not prophetless; and in our secular century Thoreau does for many people a thing which a good church should do: he persuades them to aim at nobility in their living. Both men exert enormous pressure upon our world. Those two eccentrics of the Victorian period, those two unsuccessful poets, those two thinkers so like, so opposite, they were the bearded prophets and they were the movers and shakers; their views divide the world today.

by Angelo M. Pellegrini

ANYONE WHO PASSED by her house on October 15, 1948, at about five in the afternoon, might have seen her at work in the garden: a small, stoutish woman, a little bent with age, gray hair gathered neatly in a knot at the back of the head, dressed in a plain cotton garment faded by many washings. At about that time she had finished setting out a bed of garlic for her family that extended to three generations scattered in various parts of the Northwest. It was one of the little ways in which she continued to look after the needs of her children who had long since left the immigrant homestead to which she had taken them on the eve of World War I; and some of whom had become so well adjusted to American urban life as to exclude the possibility of growing their own aromatics.

She smiled as she surveyed the straight rows and the rich, black earth that she had tilled for so many years; for she knew that the children would come, as they had come in years past, and that each would return to his own home, bearing with him the garlic, flowers, herbs, and whatever other produce from Mother's garden which happened to suit his fancy. And she knew, too, that they would come frequently and unannounced because there was a bond between them and herself and the little plot of earth that had been their first home in America. Her smile reflected all this—and a mother's life marred by no major regrets.

She gathered the tools and brought them to the shed, then returned to the garden with her harvest basket. Singing softly an old Italian song—"La chiamavan Capinera pe' suoi ricci neri e belli"—she gathered bits of celery, parsley, chard, savoy cabbage, zucchini, a few fresh roman beans and brought them to the kitchen, there to be converted into a savory vegetable soup for the evening meal.

She made the *soffritto* of herbs and salt pork, added a large, ripe tomato, and left the ingredients to simmer while she washed

and cut the vegetables. These she put into the pot and stirred thoroughly in the aromatic sauce. When the vegetables were partially cooked she added salt, pepper, and a bit of boiling water, set the pot to one side on the flat surface of the wood range, and went to her bedroom to dress for lodge meeting.

She delighted in the fall months because the garden then made possible the best variant of her vegetable soup. She ate it with unusual relish that evening—a large bowl on toasted and buttered homemade bread lightly rubbed with garlic—because a hard day in the garden had given edge to her appetite; but more so because it was simple fare made with her own fresh produce, in the salutary quality of which she had an almost mystical faith. *Nella vecchiaia bisogna accostare la tavola con prudenza.* In old age one must approach the dinner table with prudence.

When she had washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen she set out to walk the short distance to the hall of the Knights of Pythias. On the way she met her old neighbor, Pietro Fornili, leading his jersey cow home from the pasture.

Ei, Bimbina, andate forse alla messa vestita così bene? Well, well, Bimbina, I suppose you are all dolled up to go to church?

Via, via, Pietro, non prendetemi in giro. Tutti lo sanno che in paese mi aspetta il fidanzato. Come, come, Pietro, don't kid me. Everyone knows that my beau is waiting for me in the village.

At ten past nine that evening, when the meeting of her lodge was about to be adjourned, she died quickly and unexpectedly in the arms of one of the sisters.

Death came to her appropriately at the end of the day's labor. She had lived seventy-four years, on three continents, and had borne six children whom she had seen married and established, each in his own home. She had shared with them the first frightening anxieties of parenthood and had minimized their terror with her easy talent for subduing adversity. There had been great-grandchildren, too, who had called her "Nonna" and to whom she had taught the gay little songs, French and Italian, that had delighted her own little ones.

After the death of her husband she had added his burdens to

her own and completed the task they had begun together in Italy at the close of the last century. She had increased the little substance he had left and improved the immigrant homestead. A mother's impartial love of her children was reflected in the will she had prepared; and among her personal effects she had tucked away a receipt for a grave adjoining that of her husband.

She died appropriately, as if by design, at the end of the day's labor. Unto the very last she had worked with her hands that those to whom she had given life might have their daily quota of Bread and Wine, and that she, as a good Christian, might justify her existence. In Europe, in Africa, and finally in America, in the home and in the fields, she had never known the dubious luxury of idle hours. Her prowess with scythe and sickle at harvest time, when work must be quickly done, her aptitude in the kitchen, the song and banter with which she accompanied each task—these are still the talk of her *paesani* when they remember *La Bimbina*.

She was one among millions who at the turn of the century fled the denuded corners of the earth. Fled penury and indignity, want of the flesh and want of the soul, driven by despair and enticed by a new hope. Came positively and determined to our prodigal shores where they knew there was work to do and the means to realize every peasant's dream: a permanent home. Some found more than they had dared to hope for; *La Bimbina* found labor. And through labor, fulfillment.

The trip from her native village in Tuscany to a lumber camp in the state of Washington, where she went to join her husband, was not an easy one. The space on train and steamer was little else than a cubicle for the damned. And there were five children in tow—the sixth was born here—who were frequently hungry and always helpless. There was the frustration of depending for guidance upon people with whom she could not communicate and who lacked the sympathy and imagination necessary to overcome the language barrier.

The little home that her husband had prepared, the village in which it was situated, and the surrounding country were not, at first glance, the immigrant's dream of America. The entire setting had

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a quality of virginal primitivism to which the Italian eye was unaccustomed. The forest at the back door, the ugly frame shacks in which Americans lived, the grass-covered streets, and unstable boardwalks were such a sharp contrast to the thoroughly humanized Italian landscape that they gave an initial impression of poverty rather than of wealth.

But *La Bimbina* was quick to appraise the possibilities and to accept the challenge. The new environment was an invitation to work. There were boardwalks in disrepair, grass at the doorsteps, dwellings of wood hastily and carelessly put together because there was so much of everything that the natives had acquired neither the habit of work nor the idea of permanence in what they did. Since these were central attributes in her character, she accepted her new home with gratitude.

Within a year her contributions to the family income were somewhat in excess of her husband's wages. There were cows, pigs, chickens, and rabbits in a barn that had been built with waste lumber from the mill. Land abutting the family property, never before touched by human hands, was soon producing for the table and for the animals. Surplus milk, eggs, and poultry were sold to the villagers. Occasionally there were pork and beef to be exchanged for other necessities at the local store. Of the immigrant bachelors who had begged to share her cheerful home, some were taken in and they paid well for their board; others had to be satisfied with sharing the Sunday dinner and having their laundry done.

These resources she tapped on her own initiative; for her man worked ten strenuous hours daily, in fair weather and foul, at the lumber camp. Except for the occasional aid that he could give, the main burden fell upon herself and the children, who ranged in age from ten to sixteen years. *La Bimbina* knew how to harness their energy shrewdly and sternly. "Come immediately home from school or I'll skin you as I would a frog." Such imperatives, delivered with a clenched fist and a penetrating eye, were completely effective with children who had observed a thousand times the skill with which she "undressed" a sackful of croakers—a skill, be it

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noted, that has happily survived in at least one of her children. Let the expert in child psychology make of it what he will.

And so the two boys practiced their right and left jabs at the kneading trough twice weekly and learned early in life to make an excellent bread—a salutary lesson. They worked in the garden, gathered wood, tended the animals, sold and delivered the surplus produce. The girls labored at the endless tasks in the home and did more than, in retrospect, it was fair to ask of them. But there was work to be done; the handicap of many lean years to overcome. And in the excitement of the abundant present and the peasant's perpetual anxiety about the future, *La Bimbina* drove her little ones with a relentless urgency that she later regretted.

But in fairness to the children, and to their credit, it must be acknowledged that they all worked with more willingness and sustained enthusiasm than is common among youngsters. For each was old enough to remember the futility of toil in a land of scarcity and to be considerably excited by the immediate and tangible rewards of labor in their new home. But still they were children; and had their mother been less exemplary in the behavior she expected of them, less shrewd in her grasp of what the new home offered, and less exacting in the demands of what she knew they could give, they would have succumbed soon enough to the more indolent mood of their strange, new associates.

II

Her Italian friends, with an uncanny talent for summarizing a character in a single word, called her *Bimbina*, which is a slight Tuscan perversion of *bambina*—little girl. The name described perfectly her infectious gaiety, her love of life, her utter ingenuousness in dealing with people of superior rank, and her willingness to participate in any community mood that brought hearts closer together. That is why she was always included in the gatherings of the young. They seemed to sense that she could express with the authority of age the abandon they felt but about the propriety of which they were a little uncertain.

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I saw her last at the engagement party of one of her grandsons, just a few months before her death. It was a typical Italian affair of that kind, held at the rather swanky home of the young lady's parents. The guests, as is common among Italians, had come in family units; so that life in its various stages was seated against the four walls of the spacious recreation room. The disparity in wealth between the host and the guests made the latter a little more diffident than is usual on such occasions. They sat in a kind of collective uncertainty and smiled appropriately as the accordion, guitar, and mandolin wheezed and twanged their invitation to abandoned merriment.

Those who knew *La Bimbina* were secretly calculating how long it would be before she kicked up her heels and got things going; for they knew that in such a gathering she was the allegro movement in a major key. They did not wait very long. When she had had enough of the funereal atmosphere she walked across the floor to the musicians and after a brief consultation with them burst into song. In a high, strained voice in which the overflowing heart completely dominated technique, she sang the song that was in the hearts of the two lovers:

*Vieni dolce amore ti voglio baciare
Se mi sai baciare ti do tutto il cuore*

The heart valves were opened wide. Old and young alike followed her in song and then into a spirited waltz that she led with one of her sons. *Il Penseroso* disappeared from the room and *L'Allegro* ruled the roost until three o'clock in the morning.

Her gaiety never wholly surrendered to grief and pain, of which she had more than her share; and although it was nature's gift to her, in America it became rooted and thrived in the assurance that here there was work to do, that at last she had found a continent where the reward of toil was food and clothing for herself and her family. Thus it became so much a part of her being and its influence was so penetrating that those who knew her intimately will never quite realize that she is gone. Like a memorable experience, one that penetrated deeply and permanently oriented the

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personality, the memory of *La Bimbina* will haunt her friends until they follow her to the grave.

And she had other attributes that the community will not easily forget. She was an intelligent isolationist. Her busy life in Italy, in France, in Algiers, and finally in America had taught her that every individual must function within two orbits: in the home and in the community. She knew the frequently subtle difference between one's own and everybody's affairs; and although she may on occasion have confused the two, she never stepped beyond the domestic circle until she felt that a larger interest summoned her to action. A reputation for tending to her own affairs and the honor of having been chosen one of two women who had done most for the community—this honor came to her just a few months before her death—are testimony to the accuracy of her judgment in such matters.

Anyone within her sphere who was guilty of a palpable injustice knew that sooner or later he would have to reckon with *La Bimbina*. Her tactics on such occasions were conciliatory, disarming, and persistent. She smiled and asked embarrassing questions. The chronic bibbler who neglected his work and endangered the security of his family, and with whom no one could cope, she would search out in the pool room and lead home to his family. "Do you want to lose your job? Don't you know that your children need your help? Aren't you ashamed of yourself with your wife home crying? Now come on home and behave like a man. When you want a drink come to my house." He would follow her home because the appeal of her generous spirit was irresistible; but also because he had learned from experience that to refuse meant only that he would have to confront her later when he would be in a less irresponsible mood.

The executives of the timber mill and camp, typical of the rugged exploiters of the West in their independence, found in her an adversary who was not easily awed by power. They employed almost exclusively immigrant labor, Greeks and Italians to whom *La Bimbina* had become a second mother. When she felt that one of them had been unjustly dismissed from his employment—the

man's reputation as a hard worker was all the evidence she needed to label the dismissal "unjust"—she confronted the "big boss"; and by the sheer force of her personality, expressed in a steady eye and in inimitable jargon, in which one might recognize the elements of Italian, French, and English, compelled reinstatement.

There may have been technical reasons and, as such, adequate enough for the dismissal. But the secret of her power lay in a mind unencumbered by a perception of even the most elementary legalisms. Her heart and not her mind was the seat of justice. She could penetrate quickly to the irreducible reality and produce the unanswerable argument. "There is work to do. The man is a good worker. He has a wife and children who need bread. Well?"

Wherever she intervened, no matter what the issue involved, one felt immediately a benign presence whose appeal could not be easily resisted. For want of words she had to be brief; and in being brief she cut through to the reality that in others is frequently lost in excessive verbalizations. "The children need bread. Well?" That is an embarrassing question when asked by one who cannot be engaged in verbal distractions. And, more frequently than not, it is, in its context, the humane question.

And thus she made everyone feel the importance of the heart in human relations—a basic corrective in an environment that is becoming dangerously intellectualistic on one plane and alarmingly materialistic on another. By remaining suggestively close to life she reminded her contemporaries that we are born to live and that we must learn to live together, and that any activity, any preoccupation that is not inspired by this basic truth leads inevitably to personal grief and to collective wretchedness.

When her husband died some months following an industrial accident, her claim to a pension from the state required proof that death was caused by the injury. The physicians, with their characteristic ambivalence in such cases, failed in their report to satisfy the state that the claim came within the provisions of the statute. Other learned intermediaries whom she had procured to present her case returned convinced that nothing could be done. She finally went to the state capitol herself, armed with a single argument:

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"My husband worked at the mill for ten years. He was never sick. One day his chest was crushed between two flatcars on the tracks. He never returned to work. Who is to feed me and the children? Well?" When she returned home and thrust her first check under the nose of her learned representative she exclaimed, with good-humored scorn and superb irony: "*Si avessi la vostra educazione!*" If only I had your education!

III

Se avessi la vostra educazione! She had come to America a virtually illiterate peasant. At sixty-five, when the family was well established, she went to school for the first time. She learned enough English to be able to study the elements of American democracy and to pass the naturalization examination. She approached her new experience with enthusiasm, made the teacher her intimate friend, and took immense delight in the simple facts she learned.

When she walked out of the courthouse, a citizen of the United States, she was a proud little lady. But not for the usual reasons. She had lived under five presidents and, as she often said, "*Ho lavorato duro per tutti.*" I have worked hard for all of them. So she had no illusions about politics. She was proud because the discipline to which she had submitted was her first skirmish in the realm of books—and she had won! It was a victory in which she found more personal satisfaction than she cared to betray; for despite the fact that "educated" men frequently made little sense to her, she had a genuine respect for education. During her last years she read Deledda's *Madre* and Silone's *Fontamara*.

Se avessi la vostra educazione! What she really meant was that if she could only read, write, and speak the English language she would feel equal to any task. Immigrants generally, after repeated failures to express themselves in words, come to have some such understandably naïve faith in the magic of language. But there was more than that in *La Bimbina's* attitude. She was too wise to be impressed by idle words. *Chiacchiere, chiacchiere e non si fa*

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niente had been her frequent, caustic observation in council, whether at home or at community meetings. Chatter, chatter and we accomplish nothing. Or she would whip out the appropriate proverb: *Ragazzi, questa vigna non fa uva*. Boys, this vineyard produces no grapes.

Her high regard for the ability to read, write, and speak the English language was rooted in quite something else. She was an individual uniquely and extraordinarily proud. Of family? Personal accomplishments? Nationality? She was never known to boast about such trifles. She was proud of being a human being, alive and full of daring, in a world where there was so much to be done, where there were so many petty fellow creatures to chastize, and of herself feeling able to do so much and feeling it with a haunting urgency. "You are too easily beaten by injustice and adversity. You lack gall, spirit, initiative." *In questo mondo ci vuol coraggio!*

In this, her most frequent criticism of her fellows, she revealed an important side of her own nature. She had a driving will and an abundance of spiritual energy; but she lacked the means for giving them the direction she saw so clearly. As the years passed she became increasingly aware of what she might have accomplished had not the circumstances of birth and the vicissitudes of a hard life deprived her of the means necessary to cultivate her talents. It was the one frustration in an otherwise remarkably integrated life.

Especially in America, where she spent the last half of her life, where she found so much to appreciate, so much to criticize, and so much to do, she felt constantly the urgings of a generous heart and the spur of a keen mind. But always there was the annoying barrier of a bewildering language and no time to master it beyond the degree necessary to satisfy her simplest requirements. It is little wonder that she came to equate education with the ability to read, write, and speak the English language.

And yet, despite this limitation, which in serious crises she simply refused to recognize, her influence on the community was appreciable. It was not an influence easily defined. Especially

during the last decade she participated widely in community affairs but was never in nominal leadership. She was not an organizer and she was inclined to be a little suspicious of organizations as such. In the groups to which she belonged she did the little things she could do best: she sang, she cooked, she collected funds—with amazing success—and she made things with her hands.

But the source of her influence on the village lay elsewhere; and to understand it we must look a little more closely at *La Bimbina* as a mother and homemaker. It was her total behavior in the community that inspired her neighbors to search within themselves and to re-examine their way of life.

She was a mother first of all; and in being a good mother, harassed on occasion to the point where she would exclaim, "A nest of scorpions would be a greater blessing than you brats," she could not avoid being a good citizen. Her children were always clean, always well fed, always in leash, always compelled to assume the burdens appropriate to their years. She was suspicious of surface frills and finery as camouflage for dirt behind the ears; and as she scrubbed her lusty brood and examined their undergarments, she reminded them that one never knows when one may be kicked by a mule and find it necessary to be undressed by a stranger. Impressed by this frightening and somewhat anachronistic possibility, the young ones submitted to soap and tub and learned a valuable lesson.

The neatness, cleanliness, and bucolic simplicity of her home and her person reflected an experienced husbandry that in America is a neglected virtue. The garden was well kept and productive, a constant reminder that she had come to America not to exploit but to labor and to enjoy and conserve the earth and its fruit. Her cellar was always stocked as if the danger of being snowbound were ever present.

It was this sense of economy that was the best clue to her wisdom, expressed in a series of bedrock absolutes from which she never deviated: It is wrong to waste. It is wrong to depend on others when one has strength. It is wrong not to provide for an uncertain future. It is wrong not to be able to offer bread and

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wine to the unexpected guest. It is wrong to refuse aid to those in need. This solicitude for her family and for all others who came within her orbit integrated into a larger significance her industry and frugality. It gave to these simple virtues a meaning that in a less humane spirit they do not possess.

In obedience to this unsophisticated credo she worked and conserved. Every fall she converted the yield of two plum trees into jam for her friends and three generations of offspring. In accord with a tradition, sacred among Italians, that the cellar should be stocked with choice wines against periods of illness and convalescence, her children and friends had kept her well supplied over a period of years. *Bimbina, alla vostra età ci vuole vino buono*. At your age you need good wine. Apparently she had not heeded their advice; for what they had not consumed themselves during their frequent visits was found at her death in the protective custody of cobwebs. And in the trunks that had crossed the Atlantic was stored sturdy linen she had woven with her hands nearly half a century before her death.

It was in these unpretentious ways that she exerted her influence on the community; and the status of the men who carried her body to the grave reflected perfectly, as if by design, the extent to which she had penetrated the life of the village. There were Joe Tincani and Guido Ciloni, two immigrant laborers whom she had taken into her home and to whom she had been a mother for three decades. There were Duke Sherwood, Pete Townsend, and Ernest Teagle, three executives in the Henry McCleary Timber Company. And there was Len McCleary himself, the last survivor of the McCleary brothers who founded the town that bears their name.

As I saw those six men standing at the graveside, in final tribute to an Italian peasant who had come to America in search of bread for her children, I became suddenly aware of a symbolic meaning that, for the moment, eased my own personal grief. They were the representatives of two cultures, those six men, and of both sides of the tracks. The symbol was wholly fortuitous; and as I reflected upon its meaning in terms of America's future, I remem-

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bered lines by the great Walt Whitman whom time may yet prove, we fervently hope, to have been our most accurate prophet. *Here is not merely a nation but a teeming nation of nations.* America!

Center of equal daughters, equal sons
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young or old,
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,
Perennial with the Earth, with Freedom, Law and Love,
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,
Chair'd in the adamant of Time.

In recalling these lines I heard in them the voices of my best teachers and of all authentic Americans I have known; and for a brief while I forgot that the body of my mother was being lowered into the grave.

*There is no defense against reproach but obscurity;
it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and
invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.*

—*The Spectator*, Tuesday, June 26, 1711

CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED

by Eldon L. Johnson

DEMOCRACY is a tarnished word. We need to restore its luster. Why is it tarnished? Like many another inheritance, it is taken for granted while being dissipated. Why do we need to restore its luster? To outshine the specious luminosity of dazzling counterfeits.

The tarnish will not be removed nor the luster restored by new Samuel Adamses or Thomas Paines. Their zeal would be too naïve for our political sophistication. Their fervor might unhappily remind us of Vishinsky and Ehrenburg. But there must be other ways. One is to enlarge every man's stake in that which we wish to preserve.

Our smugness about our attainment of democracy is justified only if we conceive of democracy in a highly restricted sense. We have achieved it in a narrow political sense, chiefly the sense of voting, but we have a long way to go to achieve it as a social ideal. We have devised citizen participation in government, but we have not always done so in many other associations that comprise the state—industry, church, school, labor, agriculture, and the professions. Even within government, we have democracy of politics but not democracy of administration. This limitation is not only great but growing, as shown by the increasing extent to which we express ourselves through myriad organizations besides government and the increasing extent to which our lives are administered. If we look, therefore, upon democracy as a means of securing active consent, or citizen participation, in the most significant decisions and policies affecting our lives, we have vast areas in which not much democracy can be found. To cite but one illustration, next to his basic personal liberties, man regards few things more important to him than the conditions under which he works. Yet he has little voice in their determination unless he is in business for himself or in an independent profession.

In other words, "the consent of the governed," the keystone of the Declaration of Independence, has not kept pace with the times. It has not grown as our institutions have grown. Its interpretation has been limited to minimum requirements rather than maximum possibilities. Differ with us as they might on the meaning of "consent" and "governed," the Founding Fathers were enunciating a broad philosophical principle. Its implications have to be reckoned with a hundred seventy years later, just as "all men are created equal" had to be reckoned with, in a manner not contemplated, three-quarters of a century later in the slavery controversy.

Rational man, the ideal of the Age of Enlightenment, found organization necessary for protection and for economic satisfactions, no less than all other men. But organization threatened freedom. How to have authority and still have freedom, that was the problem, as always. The dilemma could be resolved only by compromise, by creating authority through consent alone. The happy solution was to have authority *on condition*, to have it held in check by consent that could be withdrawn. The Founding Fathers, children of their day, naturally applied this philosophy to that organization which most involved their liberties—government.

We, children of our day, find that the problem is not confined to government in the customary sense. Government is only one of the colossal organizations through which we achieve our purposes in life, and through which our liberties may be involved. The Technological Revolution, still in full swing, has given us a proliferation of powerful organizations. Many of these are governments in themselves, more far-flung, more influential, and more prosperous than ancient kingdoms or medieval principalities. If they are "private," as we euphemistically call them, it is only because "public" and "private" are becoming increasingly indistinct. They are not, apart from external controls, fundamentally different from conventional or public government. Any one of the great trade unions illustrates the problem; so do the employer groups, the farm organizations, the great corporations, and many others. Government in the public sense is necessary to order and balance, and sometimes to regulate, these diverse groups which become, in

effect, auxiliary governments. They, in fact, are sometimes emboldened to step forth to challenge public government itself.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has approximately 450,000 employees, more than twice as many as employed by any public government in the United States except the national government itself, or more than twice as many as employed by New York City. It has six times as many as employed by the most populous state and approximately one-fourth as many as employed by the entire national civilian government in all the 48 states, the territories, and the posts overseas. Or look at the Congress for Industrial Organization with its 6,000,000 members. These do not work for the CIO as the 450,000 work for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; instead, they look to the CIO for protection of their welfare in one area as we look to the state for the protection of our welfare in general. They are, in a sense, citizens of the CIO as we are citizens of the state of Oregon or California. The 6,000,000 members approximate the number of citizens of Texas, and exceed the combined prewar population of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico. Size, therefore, is not the basis of distinction between public and private enterprises.

Both the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the CIO have problems of formulating policy, of organization both at headquarters and in the field, of executing policy and adjudicating disputes, of balancing freedom of discretion and control of action, of managing finance and personnel, and of integrating the diverse parts resulting from the division of labor. Do these differ from the problems of public government? Not at all. The external objectives differ but the internal problems are the same. Peter Drucker has devoted an entire book to the General Motors Corporation as a policy-forming body, an administrative body, and an adjudicative body—in other words, as a private government. Internal organization, therefore, like size, is not the basis of distinction between public and private enterprises.

As stated before, the difference is in external objectives. Public government sets its external objectives by citizen participation, by

a system of eliciting consent from the recipients of the services to be provided. Private government keeps itself, as it would say, unencumbered by such restrictions. There the difference ends. In administration, or internal management for purposes of obtaining objectives, both public and private governments keep free from systems of consent. Public government is, to oversimplify the case, democratic in politics and authoritarian in administration. Management of the auxiliary governments called "private" is, to oversimplify again, antidemocratic both in the formulation and in the execution of policy. Active consent is largely confined to direct political participation; passive consent is expected elsewhere. If active consent is a concomitant of democracy, we have indeed been niggardly in the use of those principles we so glibly eulogize. We have some of the defects of the shortsighted missionary whose zeal for proselyting abroad makes him insensible of the need for improvement at home.

The significant point for the future is that, outside government, we are becoming increasingly dependent on the kind of organizations and associations that govern by antidemocratic means or by passive consent; and that, within government, we are becoming increasingly dependent on administration, which is again essentially antidemocratic in its internal operations. The instruments of society have multiplied because of modern economic organization, communication, and education. But how can a democratic society control its own instruments? How can such a society get intelligent democratic participation out of its citizens who, in most associations and particularly in their working groups, are trained to disciplined obedience?*

Can the subservient human automaton of the office or workbench suddenly don the cloak of creative, democratic political responsibility when called upon? If its constituent units are antidemocratic, how can the state itself remain democratic? These great constituent units raise for democracy the same problem that the army has always raised—the problem of reconciling democratic ends with authoritarian means.

* A. D. Lindsay explores this question in *The Modern Democratic State* (Oxford University Press, 1947), pp. 180–90.

The shibboleth, "consent of the governed," meaning the privilege of voting and being represented in the legislative process, was sufficient when government was simple and its impact on the governed came chiefly from a few protective devices. The term must take on a new meaning to achieve the same results today, when government reaches the citizen through thousands of administrative decisions, many of a regulatory nature, handed down through a governmental hierarchy of officials guided only by broad, discretion-granting statutes. The old relation of government and governed has shifted to management and managed. In the process, democracy has been betrayed unwittingly. Whereas the government-governed relationship presupposed the consent of the governed, the management-managed relationship frequently considers the assertion of such consent an impertinence and an encroachment. Government is something hammered out in open debate, in the conflict of opposing interests, and at the polls. But management does not grapple on the ground. It is superimposed from above. It is scientific. Being scientific, it represents the truth; and the truth is, of course, not subject to challenge. We consent to it as we consent to the atomic bomb: it is merely an inescapable fact. What this has done, and threatens to do, to "the consent of the governed" is all too obvious.

We can sometimes better understand trends by following them to extremes. Note what happens, therefore, when government itself moves from the government-governed relationship to the management-managed relationship. Government as a manager expects of its employees special allegiance, special restraint, and special discipline. Government has a double standard: one for its citizens and one for its employees, who retain a kind of second-class citizenship. Suppose *X* industry is in private hands today and is nationalized tomorrow. By what legerdemain, or by what rational principle, are the employees overnight deprived—as they well might be—of their freedom of political activity, their freedom of association, their freedom to work or not to work, and their freedom to bargain collectively? Again to take the extreme, by what logic does the United States government guarantee collective bargaining at the

Winchester Arms Company and forbid it at the Watertown Arsenal? One is under contract with the government and the other is managed directly by the government.

Suppose the trend toward more government is carried out, as in Britain, and then carried beyond that to complete collectivization. When *all* are employees of the government, with special discipline, political restrictions, and subordination to higher authority, what has become of our customary freedoms? Government will have extended its internal political vacuum to all human associations and the last breath of democracy will have expired. Our only protection lies either in preventing governmental extension (an unlikely prospect) or in filling the vacuum with a kind of internal democracy largely unknown to present-day government.

For these reasons, the administration of large-scale government and of its numerous "private" subgovernments raises vital questions of internal democracy and how it is to be attained. The problem touches every one of us because in our employment we are part of some administration, in some office, some factory, some government, or some business. We are, unless in business for ourselves or members of independent professions, a part of the management-managed relationship somewhere.

The trends that we have noted will have to be stemmed by forces looking in new directions. This means a new role for the individual, a new conception of leadership or management, and, finally, a new relation between the two, different from that which we now call "authority." Let us examine each of these three briefly.

The individual is of transcendent importance in any work situation. While apparently no one deludes himself into believing that an organization can exist without individuals, many do delude themselves into thinking the organization is an end in itself. They say such and such should be done "for the good of the organization," not for the employees or for the management, but for "the organization." Does such a disembodied spirit exist? It cannot, no more than a swarm can be divorced from its insects or a herd dissociated from its gregarious animals. Whatever meaning exists in this dichotomy of organization and individual actually enhances

the individual's role rather than minimizing it. Organization does differ from the sum of its isolated members in that it is also a vast complex of relationships—each individual's relations with his individual associates, each individual's relations with groups (individuals in the company of other individuals), and the over-all crisscrossing pattern established thereby. The tendency to personify organization as a separate entity, therefore, arises out of our recognition of organization as "associated" behavior. The associates in associated behavior must be very important. They should be so recognized.

The individual alone creates, never the organization. The individual alone thinks, never the organization. The individual alone acts, never the organization. To be sure, his creating, thinking, and acting are conditioned by similar acts on the part of his associates. This brings us to the new role of the individual: his individuality must be recognized in associated behavior. He must be dealt with as an associative being, as a part of the social process, as both producer and consumer of social satisfactions, as one who adds to and takes from the group situation. This implies consent, participation, and belonging. If it is not logically implied on rational grounds, it can be empirically demonstrated on emotional grounds. Extensive investigations carried on by the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, the Western Electric Company, and the Institute of Social Research at the University of Michigan all show that man's sentiments must be carefully weighed with his reason. Time after time in these experiments, the workers acted in an irrational or a nonrational way, not according to the measurable facts but according to feelings and suspicions. What existed was not so important as what they thought existed.

Human motivation, therefore, has become more important than human reason alone or managerial skill alone. It requires study, and proper motivation requires cultivation. No pattern other than a highly democratic one, or a consensual one, can achieve maximum results. Employee motivation takes its cue from management—from management's overt acts, its omissions, and its philosophy as transmitted to the worker. The proper recognition of the individual

calls for his active participation in the formulation of internal policies; in short, for his vocational citizenship. He is dynamic and developing. Given a chance, he can create and contribute significantly. He must have that chance.

This new role for one of the two human elements in the work situation calls for a new conception of the other; that is, of leadership or management. A genuine leader wields power because he is trusted and believed in, not because he has fallen heir to pre-existing power. He has power *with* others rather than *over* others. Someone has aptly said he "mediates between ideas and people." The new conception of management must recognize that scientific management is a snare and a delusion if the adjective "scientific" carries the connotation of the natural sciences. In his little book, *The Modern Democratic State*, A. D. Lindsay observes, "Many talk of 'scientific management': no sensible person ever talks of scientific government." Management is not scientific, and cannot be made so in the sense that demonstrable facts and observed data can alone supply solutions to human problems or in the sense that discoverable technical principles can reduce management to an engineering job. If management ever becomes scientific, it will be a science of human relations, with so many variables, so many concessions to sentiment, and so many consensual conditions that it may not be recognized by the natural scientist. He does not have to bother with what his test-tube materials think, suspect, fear, or hope, not only about him but also about the test tube, about all its other contents, about the purposes being sought, and about the methods being used. It is already apparent that scientific management will never yield a technique for dominating the human situation and dictating the human results as it does with inanimate materials. Such progress as has been made in the application of scientific methods to management emphasizes the need for harnessing creativity through participation and consent. Management that is really scientific points to shared rather than unilateral control.

This new conception will have to give up the notion that management is a technical job to be divorced from ordinary social relations. Management is and must remain an integral part of social

relations as found in every organization, every business, and every governmental agency. Each of these is a social institution and must be managed, or governed actually, as such. The deliberative and adjudicative processes, characteristic of all government, as well as the managerial process, are at work in such institutions. Studies in group dynamics are replete with documentation on this general point. Employees identify themselves with working groups and shift their performance as such groups are secured or threatened. They produce more, not as the tangible working conditions improve, but as the intangible human relations improve. They push production higher and higher while measurable working conditions are getting worse and worse, provided they are consulted, they have a voice, and they feel that they count. They act not on the basis of fact alone but on the basis of fact plus sentiment, with the latter often predominant. Management, therefore, will need to consider its task that of leadership or government, not of restricted technical competence. It is a job of perpetually winning consent and deserving it. Out of the proper interrelations of management and managed come both power and loyalty.

With a new role for the individual and a new conception of leadership, it follows that there must be a new interpretation of the relation between the two. That relationship has been looked upon traditionally as a power relationship known as "authority." Its correct employee response is obedience. Of course all organization must have the internal power of making decisions. All must have authority or internal force. That does not, however, invalidate consent. Indeed, some kind of consent is necessary for authority or force to exist. Authority, as a practical matter, means no more than the ability to secure consent. Authority in a society that professes to be democratic is trusteeship rather than ownership.* It rests on consent, human dignity, and equality. It is a co-operative product. Like Thomas Paine's government, it arises *out* of the people rather than *over* the people; or like Harold Laski's sovereignty, it depends not on coercive power but on "the fused goodwill for which it

* For elaboration, see Charles E. Merriam, *Systematic Politics* (University of Chicago Press, 1945), chapters ix-x.

stands." Properly conceived, it may release the individual instead of restricting him. It may mean direction, consultation, and reward instead of command, obedience, and punishment. The Declaration of Independence noted regretfully that "mankind are disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable"—up to a point. The organization that tries to operate up to that point, or knows no restraint except awareness of that point, is indeed archaic. It is losing live power to vindicate a dead theory.

This new kind of authority is not disturbed by the absence of unanimity or uniformity. In fact, it recognizes that progress can come from diversity and variation. Conflict is viewed as neither good nor bad but simply as a fact, a normal process. Each side should gain from the other and both remain free, as is possible when opposites meet and merge or even when they cannot merge but understand why. This is what Mary Follett calls "co-creating, . . . the core of democracy, the essence of citizenship." This notion of the relation of leadership and the individual is one that substitutes consent for authority. It impales no human relations on the sharp exigencies of superefficiency, but it confidently expects true efficiency to emerge from this implicit respect for the psychological bases of morale.

The principle of consent in management has been so little adopted because management has traditionally conceived of itself as self-sufficient, as master of the situation, and as the possessor of all necessary and useful knowledge for attainment of the desired objectives. To rely on consent would be a confession of weakness. Management both in business and in government has been unduly influenced by military administration, which has strengthened the antidemocratic method. Management uses military terms, cites military analogies, and too often expects militarylike subordination. It would be hard to exaggerate the effect on management of the military theories of hierarchy, authority, chain of command, and responsibility. Strangely enough, our concepts of democracy have made little headway in penetrating these strongholds of traditionalism, now outmoded in their extreme forms by recent industrial research. Even their military efficacy was challenged long ago in a

most penetrating way by Leo Tolstoy's great Russian novel of the Napoleonic period, *War and Peace*.

A critical examination of the trend of the times shows two significant developments, one buoyantly encouraging and one profoundly disturbing. All material forces are conspiring to give man the possibility of self-realization, the possibility of coming to the full fruition of his potentialities, such as never before witnessed in the history of mankind. Medicine is prolonging life. Government is making it more secure, except against war. Education is enriching it. Production is making it bountiful. Communication is freeing it from time. Science is liberating it from space. All combined are equalizing opportunities and enlarging personal development. In such an emerging society, the future of the democratic way of life would appear to be indubitably secure.

But there is a major deterrent. Democracy encourages free association. These so-called free associations, following the dictates of what is spuriously called scientific management, govern themselves antidemocratically in the name of efficiency. Hence democracy subsists in the relations *among* free associations but authoritarianism flourishes in the relations *within* each association. How long can such incompatibility exist? Which will engulf the other? The government that legislates to force industry to develop consensual arrangements with its workers sees no irony in steadfastly refusing to accept its own good advice. The labor leader who fights for the establishment of the voice of labor in the councils of management sees no inconsistency in the tyrannical organization and management of his own union. If democracy means anything, it is not a cloak to be put on for politics and put off for administration, to be put on for government and put off for management.

It is precisely the attempt to shift cloaks in this way that leads to the greatest indictment of our vaunted progress. It is voiced by Professor Elton Mayo of Harvard University. After a lifetime of significant social research, he gives this as his considered judgment: "While material efficiency has been increasing for two hundred years, the human capacity for working together has, in the same period, continually diminished." In other words, these vast or-

ganizations that have brought us forward to material efficiency and abundance have thrown us backward to human insufficiency and social disintegration. They have extended to us great material gifts while robbing us of our human substance. They have forgotten to what end all this is related.

After a statement of the case for internal democracy, the democracy internal to free association, something should be said concerning its attainment. Once the end is accepted, the innumerable means suggest themselves. If we can get our feet on the path, we can surely take the necessary steps. Administration is an educational process. Therefore, effective communication from top to bottom and from bottom to top, with a free and unimpeded flow of information and with unrestrained freedom of expression, is indispensable. Participation is the keynote—a voice in all matters affecting oneself, consultation on policy, and a chance to be heard if not heeded. Suggestion systems and joint management-employee councils have proved useful. So have more and better training, especially training in objectives in order that everyone may find pride and significance in what he does because of its known relation to a significant whole. If one is going to act, he needs to read, if indeed not to interpret, the script; otherwise, he will merely respond to directions, like a puppet—something far different from creative acting. Utilization of informal group associations, the normal clustering of kindred or complementary spirits in the work situation, and respectful consideration of *what* is thought as well as *whether* it should be thought also move toward the desired goal.

In addition to these devices, new investigation is needed to learn the scope and method of consent in various organizations committed to different ends, the techniques of balancing freedom of expression and need for action, the means of individual participation without confused responsibility, the mainsprings of human motivation, and the ways of improving social communication within groups and between groups.

All government, despotic or democratic, does obeisance to consent. That survives which best elicits consent. Even the most tyrannical dictator professes to act in the interest of the governed. But

the consent of despotism is the consent of acquiescence; the consent of democracy is, potentially, the consent of active co-operation. "Potentially" because, as has been said, we have not realized our democratic aims. We have not realized democracy as a social ideal, with its revolutionary implications. We have not accorded men and women active citizenship in their many associations. In its fierce competition with other forms of government, democracy has only those advantages that we are continually tempted to throw off as we strip down for ideological combat. Today is a fitting time to understand that superb irony. Confidence in democracy's triumph stems from its conformity to the nature and aspirations of man. Man differs from the animals in his power of communication and creative thinking. He learns not only by what he sees and feels but by what is handed down to him from the past and by what is relayed to him by colleagues of the present. He can put together and generalize not merely personal experience but also social experience; hence progress and capacity for emerging forms of higher association. Government and other human associations should take advantage of the known nature of this gregarious, political, and social animal. He cannot attain that of which he is capable without the opportunity for making the most of his unique quality—the ability to communicate, to generalize, and, therefore, to progress. In other words, consensual machinery is indispensable, not only within government but also within the many forms of human association subordinate to government. That which distinguishes man from the other animals needs to be capitalized on at every level of association, not merely at the level of the sovereign state.

In our diligent quest for the security of the democratic way of life, we should not lose sight of the forces threatening from within the citadel as well as from without. We know that public policy is the resultant of forces from powerful organizations. These organizations are, in theory, spokesmen for the citizen's multifarious interests and segmental approach to public policy. We have come to the realization that the common good can be served, and the social fabric preserved from being torn asunder, only by getting each association to understand the other and the whole, and by effective

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intergroup communication. But why bridge the gaps and why ameliorate, striving for hollow consent, if the competing groups have no adequate consensual organization internally? It is a strange distillation that produces democratic elixir from anti-democratic grain. Our liberties are secured, in the final analysis, not by the Constitution but by our social mores and our political habits. These mores and habits are the product of inheritance from the past, reinforced and revalidated by daily practice of the arts of free and creative communication in a society of political equals who are different. The struggle unto death between the recent dictators and the *relatively* free associations of labor, management, church, school, and farm dramatically exposes the real roots of democratic life. These should be cultivated.

The consent of the governed is still a radical idea, but we are fortunately committed to it as an ideal. As we proceed toward its full realization, we shall hear, receding in the background, the now-familiar crackle of revolution.

THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 367)

PATRICIA FARRELL ZELVER ("The Long Hot Day") publishes here her first story and her second piece of published work. Of herself, she says, "I received my A.M. in English at Stanford, am married, and write in the mornings and do housework in the afternoons. It might be of interest . . . with reference to my story, that I was brought up and spent most of my life in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon."

GUSTAV DAVIDSON ("Cynic's Prayer"), formerly research bibliographer of the Library of Congress, is now director of the Fine Editions Press, publisher of the *Poetry Chap-Book*, and curator of the Poetry Society of America Collection.

C. LANGDON WHITE ("Rumblings Over the Andes") is professor of geography at Stanford University. He is co-author of several books and has written numerous articles for professional journals and popular magazines. He has taught courses dealing with the Americas—both Anglo and Latin—for some twenty-five years and has conducted field parties with students and teachers in Central and South America. In 1947-48 he was visiting professor of human geography at San Marcos University in Lima, Peru, and lecturer in geography at the Instituto de Geografía. While in Peru he traveled widely throughout the country, studying the human geography of the *costa*, *sierra*, and *montaña*, with most time spent in the

Andes. During four months in 1948 he made an economic geographic survey for *Panagra*, traveling and studying in every country, with the exception of Paraguay and Venezuela.

CLINTON WILLIAMS ("Serious Business of Semper Took") is on the staff of the San Jose, California, State College, where, he says, "I teach a course in verse writing that I find most stimulating." Mr. Williams' verse has appeared in *Poetry*, *Interim*, *Poetry Chap-Book*, and many other magazines. A long poem, "This Little Room," is to be published in *The Quarterly Review of Literature*.

BEN RAY REDMAN ("Islander") is the author of "Pamplona Remembered," which appeared in the Winter 1949 *Spectator*. As noted in that issue, he is the author of several books, contributor to many magazines. As was not noted there, he is also the grandson of a state of Maine sea captain, shipbuilder, and shipowner. His New England ancestry on both sides reaches back to the early 1700's—a descent which may have had a good deal to do with both background and characterization in the present story.

C. R. B. COMBELLACK ("Two Critics of Society") has as her special interest research in the Troy legend in the Middle Ages, which, she says, "I chose in part because it fits so well with the research of my husband, who does his work on Homer." Mrs. Combellack teaches English at Oregon State College and,

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as the present essay shows, by no means limits her research to the Middle Ages.

ANGELO M. PELLEGRINI ("La Bimbina"), author of *The Unprejudiced Palate*, is a member of the English Department of the University of Washington. Mr. Pellegrini is now on leave for a year of travel and observation, first and briefly in Europe, then in the United States. One of the purposes of his travel in this country is to learn what may be learned of the contributions of Italian immigrants to the culture of their adopted land.

ELDON L. JOHNSON ("Consent of the Governed") is dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Graduate School at the University of Oregon. Before his coming to Oregon, Dean Johnson served as director of the Graduate School in the United States Department of Agriculture, and, during the war, as academic director of one of the major AAF college programs.

The present essay is Mr. Johnson's second contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*, his essay, "Government by Habit" having appeared in the Autumn 1947 issue.

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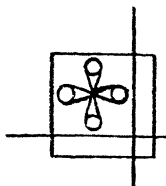
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